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to New Orleans



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THE TIMES-PICAYUNE

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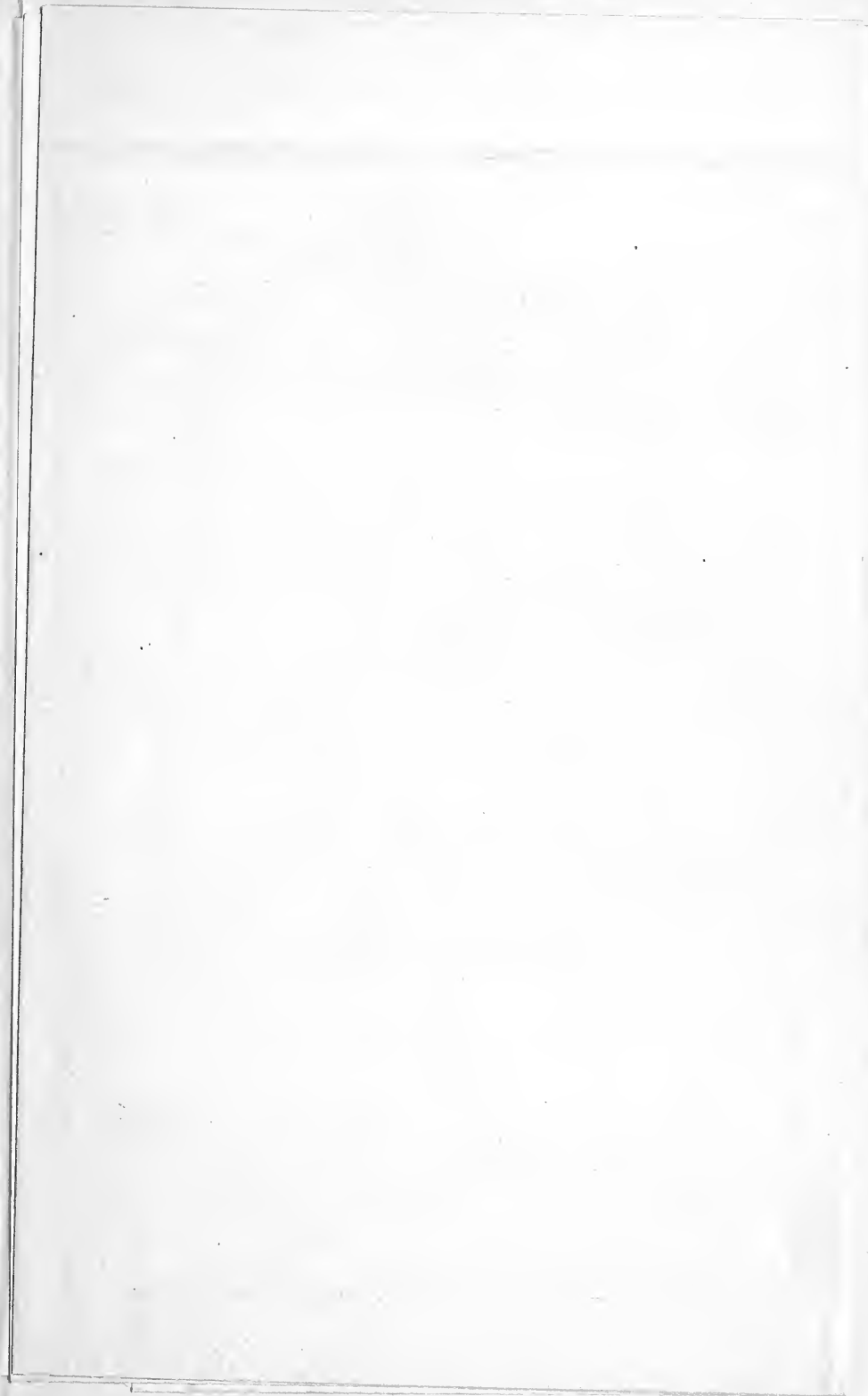
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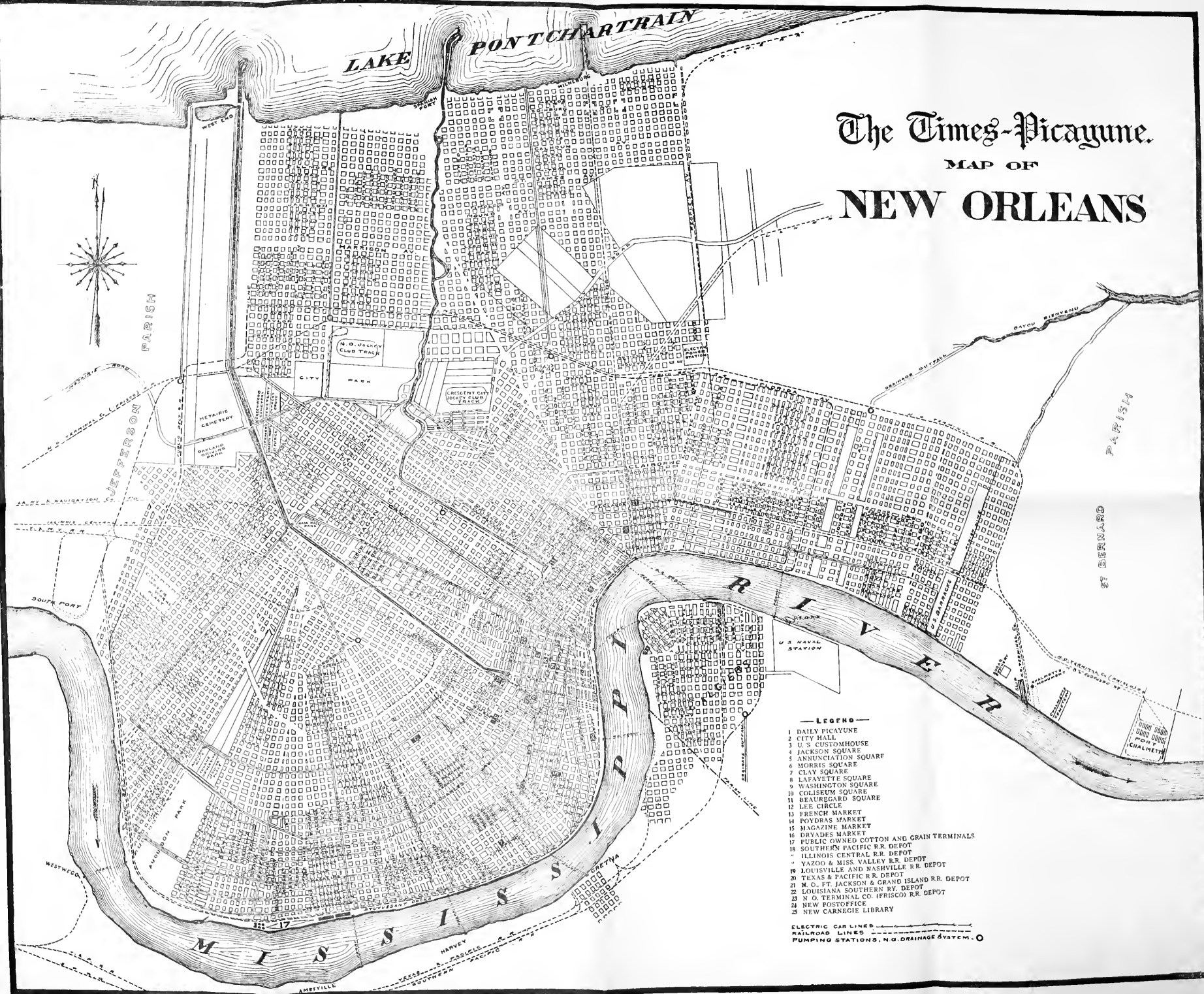


LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN

The Times-Picayune.

MAP OF

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**THE TIMES-PICAYUNE
GUIDE TO
NEW ORLEANS**

TWELFTH EDITION

**NEW ORLEANS
THE TIMES-PICAYUNE
1917**

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No. 1000

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NEW ORLEANS

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Sept. 7, 1907
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THE TIMES-PICAYUNE NEW ORLEANS GUIDE

TO FIND ONE'S WAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

RAILROAD STATIONS

- UNION**—At Howard avenue and Rampart streets, for Illinois Central and Yazoo and Mississippi Valley, Southern Pacific.
TERMINAL—At Canal and Basin streets, Gulf Coast lines (Frisco), Queen and Crescent (or New Orleans and Northeastern), New Orleans and Great Northern and Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company's lines.
LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE—Near head of Canal street, Louisville and Nashville and the Pontchartrain (Milneburg) lines.
TRANS-MISSISSIPPI TERMINAL—In Annunciation, near Thalia, Texas and Pacific line.
NEW ORLEANS, FORT JACKSON AND GRAND ISLE—Algiers, via Canal street ferry.
LOUISIANA SOUTHERN—St. Claude and Elysian Fields streets, Branch Gulf Coast lines.
STOP-OVERS—Free stop-overs are allowed at New Orleans on all railroad and steamship tickets, affording tourists an opportunity to see the city.

RAILROAD OFFICES

- ILLINOIS CENTRAL AND YAZOO AND MISSISSIPPI VALLEY**—St. Charles and Common streets.
LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE, SOUTHERN PACIFIC, TEXAS AND PACIFIC, QUEEN AND CRESCENT—Under the St. Charles Hotel, St. Charles street.
NEW ORLEANS AND GREAT NORTHERN—Terminal Station.
LOUISIANA RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION COMPANY—709 Gravier street.

BAGGAGE TRANSFERS

- New Orleans Transfer Company, 840 Common.
Parcel Transfer Company, 734 Union.

STREET CAR LINES, WITH THE ROUTES TRAVERSED BY EACH

UPTOWN.

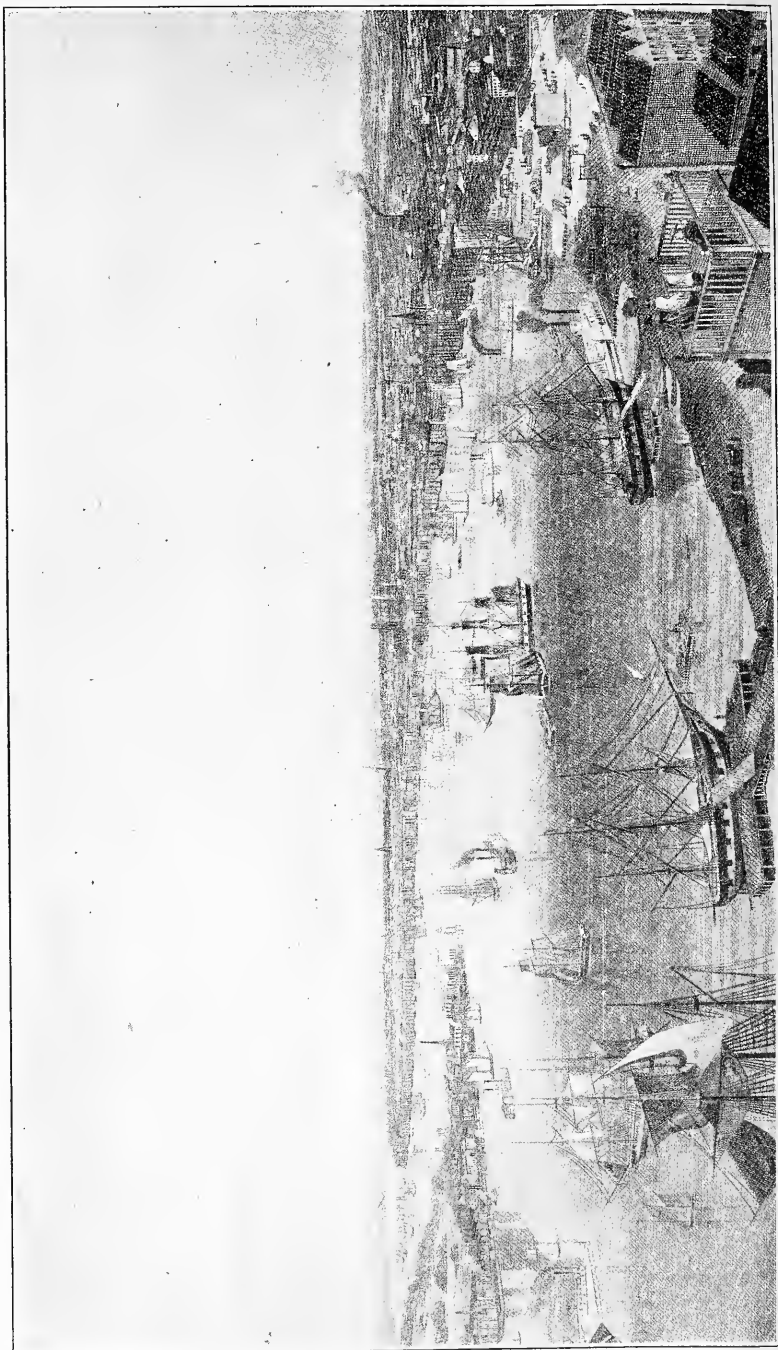
TCHOUPITOULAS—Starts at Audubon Park and Tchoupitoulas street. Down Tchoupitoulas to Race, to Annunciation, to Howard avenue, to South Peters, to Canal, crossing Canal to North Peters, to Esplanade avenue to Villere. Returns from Villere and Esplanade avenue, in Esplanade avenue, to North Peters, to Canal, crossing Canal to Tchoupitoulas, to Howard avenue, to Annunciation, to Race, to Tchoupitoulas, to Audubon Park.

ANNUNCIATION—Starts at Louisiana avenue and Howard street. In Louisiana avenue to Chippewa, to Orange, to Race, to Annunciation, to Erato, to Camp, to Canal, to Carondelet. Returns from Canal and Carondelet. Up Carondelet to Clio, to Camp, to Erato, to Annunciation, to Race, to Annunciation, to Louisiana avenue, to Howard.

ST. CHARLES BELT—Starts at Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to Baronne, to Howard avenue, to St. Charles avenue, to Carrollton avenue, to Tulane avenue, to South Rampart, to Canal to Wells.

TULANE BELT—Starts at Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to South Rampart, to Tulane avenue, to Carrollton avenue, to St. Charles avenue, to Howard avenue, to Baronne, to Canal, to Wells.

PETERS AVENUE—Starts at Tchoupitoulas and Peters avenue. Down Peters avenue to Dryades, to Julia, to St. Charles, to Canal, to Wells. Returns from Canal and Wells. Out Canal to Carondelet, to St. Andrew, to Brainard, to Baronne, to Dufossat, to Dryades, to Peters avenue, to Tchoupitoulas.



New Orleans in 1850 from an Old Print.

PRYTANIA-VILLERE—Starts at Audubon Park and Hurst street. Down Hurst to Joseph, to Prytania, to Camp, to Canal, to North Rampart, to Dumaine, to Villere, to Lafayette avenue, to Franklin avenue, to St. James avenue. Returns from Franklin and St. James avenue. In Franklin avenue to Lafayette avenue, to Villere, to St. Peter, to North Rampart, to Canal, to Camp, to Prytania, to Joseph, to Hurst, to Audubon Park.

NEW ORLEANS AND PONTCHARTRAIN—Starts at Napoleon avenue and Tchoupitoulas street. Out Napoleon avenue to Broad, to Washington avenue, to Carrollton avenue, to New Basin Shell road to Metairie road, to Seventeenth street canal, to Shrewsbury. Returns from Shrewsbury to Seventeenth street canal, to Metairie road to New Basin shell road, to Carrollton avenue, to Washington avenue, to Broad, to Napoleon avenue, to Tchoupitoulas street.

JACKSON AVENUE—Starts at Tchoupitoulas and Jackson avenue. Out Jackson avenue, to St. Charles avenue, to Howard avenue, to Baronne, to Canal, to Wells. Returns from Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to Baronne, to Howard avenue, to St. Charles avenue, to Jackson avenue, to Tchoupitoulas street.

LAUREL—Starts from Audubon Park and Laurel street. Down Laurel to Louisiana avenue, to Magazine, to Canal, to South Franklin. Returns from South Franklin and Canal streets. In Canal to Camp, to Camp Place, to Magazine, to Louisiana avenue, to Constance, to Valmont, to Laurel, to Audubon Park.

MAGAZINE—Starts from Southport. To General Ogden, to Poplar, to Carrollton avenue, to Maple, to Broadway, to Magazine, to Canal, to Camp. Returns from Canal and Camp streets. Up Camp, to Camp Place, to Magazine, to Broadway, to Maple, to Carrollton avenue, to Oak, to Southport.

LOUISIANA AVENUE—Starts from Tchoupitoulas and Louisiana avenue, to Howard, to Jackson avenue, to South Franklin, to Calliope, to Dryades, to Canal, to Wells. Returns from Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal, to South Rampart, to Calliope, to South Franklin, to Jackson avenue, to Freret, to Louisiana avenue, to Tchoupitoulas.

HENRY CLAY-COLISEUM—Starts at Henry Clay avenue and Magazine street. Out Henry Clay avenue, to Coliseum, to Louisiana avenue, to Chestnut, to Felicity, to Camp, to Howard avenue, to St. Charles, to Canal, to Camp. Returns from Canal and Camp streets. Up Camp to Henry Clay avenue and Magazine street.

DRYADES—Starts at Eighth and Carondelet streets. Out Eighth, to South Rampart, to Philip, to Dryades, to Felicity, to South Rampart, to Canal, to Canal street ferry landing. Returns from Canal street ferry landing. Out Canal, to St. Charles, to Howard avenue, to Dryades, to St. Andrew, to Baronne, to Philip, to Baronne, to Eighth, to Carondelet.

SOUTH CLAIBORNE AVENUE—Starts at South Claiborne and Carrollton avenue, South Claiborne avenue to Erato street, to Carondelet, to Canal, to St. Charles. Returns from Canal and St. Charles streets. Up St. Charles to Howard avenue, to South Rampart, to Clio, to South Claiborne avenue, to Carrollton avenue. Shuttle car operated from South Claiborne and Carrollton avenue to Protection levee.

DOWNTOWN.

CLIO—Starts from Elysian Fields avenue and Decatur street. Out Elysian Fields avenue to Royal, to Canal, crossing Canal to St. Charles, to Howard avenue, to South Rampart, to Clio, to Magnolia, to Napoleon avenue, to Freret, to Broadway and Maple streets. Returns from Broadway and Maple streets. Out Broadway to Freret, to Napoleon avenue, to Magnolia, to Erato, to Carondelet, to Canal, crossing Canal to Bourbon, to Esplanade avenue, to Decatur, to Elysian Fields avenue.

CARONDELET—Starts from Louisa and Royal street. Up Royal to Canal, crossing Canal to St. Charles, to Howard avenue, to Baronne, to Philip, to Carondelet, to Napoleon avenue, to Freret, to Broadway, to Maple. Returns from Broadway and Maple streets. Out Broadway to Freret, to Napoleon avenue, to Carondelet, to Canal, crossing Canal to Bourbon, to Esplanade avenue, to Decatur, to Elysian Fields avenue, to Chartres, to Louisa street.

NORTH CLAIBORNE AVENUE—Starts from St. Claude avenue and Kentucky street. Up St. Claude avenue to Lafayette avenue, to Urquhart, to Elysian Fields avenue, to North Claiborne avenue, to Canal, to Wells street. Returns from Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to North Claiborne avenue, to Elysian Fields avenue, to St. Claude avenue, to Kentucky street.

SPANISH FORT AND WEST END—Starts from South Rampart and Canal streets. South Rampart to Canal, to City Park avenue, to West End Boulevard, to Adams avenue, to Esplanade avenue, to Spanish Fort. Returns over same route from Spanish Fort.

CANAL BELT—Starts at Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal street to City Park avenue, to Moss, to Esplanade avenue, to North Rampart, to Canal, to Wells.

ESPLANADE BELT—Starts from Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to North Rampart, to Esplanade, to Moss, to City Park avenue, to Canal, to Wells.

DAUPHINE—Starts from Canal and Wells streets. Out Canal to North Rampart, to Esplanade avenue, to Dauphine, to Reynes, to Chartres, to Tricou, to North Peters, to Mehle. Returns from Mehle, to North Peters, to Delery, to Dauphine, to Poland, to North Rampart, to Canal, to Wells.

LEVEE AND BARRACKS—Starting from Canal and Chartres streets. To North Peters, to Lafayette avenue, to Chartres, to Poland, to Dauphine, to Reynes, to Chartres, to Tricou, to North Peters, to Chalmette. Returns from Chalmette. To North Peters, to Delery, to Chartres, to Reynes, to Dauphine, to Poland, to Royal, to Lafayette avenue, to North Peters, to Canal, to Chartres.

BROAD-ST. BERNARD—Starts from Canal and Dauphine. To Burgundy, to Dumaine, to Broad, to St. Bernard avenue, to North Claiborne avenue. Returns from St. Bernard and North Claiborne. St. Bernard to Broad, to St. Peter, to Dauphine, to Canal.

BROAD-PARIS AVENUE—Starts from Canal and Dauphine. To Burgundy, to Dumaine, to Broad, to St. Bernard avenue, to Paris avenue, to Gentilly avenue. Returns from Gentilly avenue. Paris avenue to Broad, to St. Peter, to Dauphine, to Canal.

BAYOU ST. JOHN—Starts from Canal and Dauphine. To Burgundy, to Dumaine, to Moss, to Grande Route St. John, to barn. Starts from barn. To Gentilly and Laharpe, to Bayou Road, to Broad, to Ursuline, to Dauphine, to Canal.

MARKET AND CITY PARK—Starts from Canal and Decatur Street. Canal to North Peters, to Dumaine, to City Park avenue. Returns from City Park avenue and Dumaine streets. In Dumaine, to Rendon, to Ursuline avenue, to Decatur, to North Peters, to Canal, to Decatur.

CEMETERIES TRANSFER.

ACCOMMODATION CAR—Operated from entrance of Greenwood Cemetery to Half-Way House.

STEAMBOAT LINES

For Baton Rouge and Upper Coast Landings to Melville and on Black and Ouachita Rivers—Carter Packet Co., 530 Gravier street.

For New Iberia, Jeanerette, Morgan City, Berwick and Landings on Teche—316 Magazine street.

For all Landings on Bayou Lafourche—Head of Iberville street.

For Vicksburg and the Bends—301 Magazine.

For Across the Lake Points—Wm. Miller, 126 South Rampart.

STEAMSHIP LINES

Morgan Line, wharf at head of St. Ann street—For New York and Havana.

United Fruit Company, wharf at head of Thalia street—For Belize, Barrios, Limos, Bocas, Puerto Cortez and Honduras.

Bluefields Fruit and Steamship Company, 104 Whitney Building—For Cape Gracias, Nicaragua.

Mexican Fruit and Steamship Company, 706 Whitney Building—For Cuba and Mexico.

Gulf and Southern Steamship Company, 707 Gravier street—To Tampa.

Mexican Navigation Company, 513 Whitney Building—For Vera Cruz.

Italian Lines, L. Del Orto, 129 Decatur street—For Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa. Paris and other European points.

MESSENGER SERVICE

National District Telegraph (Western Union).

Postal Telegraph, 206 St. Charles.

American District Telegraph, 618 Common.

Hurry Messenger Service, 110 Elk Place.

TELEGRAPH OFFICES

Western Union, St. Charles and Gravier.

Postal, 206 St. Charles.

EXPRESS COMPANIES

American, St. Charles and Union street.
 Southern Express Company, 724 Union.
 Wells-Fargo Express Company, Camp and Common streets.
 New Orleans Express and City Delivery, 522 Gravier.

HOTELS

St. Charles, St. Charles and Common street.
 Grunewald Hotel and Annex, 123 Baronne.
 Cosmopolitan, 120 Bourbon.
 Monteleone, Royal and Iberville.
 De Soto Hotel, Baronne and Perdido.
 Lafayette Hotel, St. Charles and South streets.

RESTAURANTS

Grunewald Forest Grill, Grunewald Hotel.
 St. Charles Hotel Cafe.
 Kolb's, 125 St. Charles.
 Louisiane, 717 Iberville.
 Rathskeller, 414 St. Charles.
 Galatoire's, 209 Bourbon.
 Antoine's, 713 St. Louis.
 Gem, 127 Royal.
 Begue's, Dettatur and Madison.
 Comus Restaurant, Common street, near St. Charles.

LIBRARIES

Howard Library (Reference), Howard avenue, Camp and Lee Circle.
 New Orleans Public Library, St. Charles, near Howard.
 Branches of New Orleans Public Library, Royal, at Frenchmen; Napoleon avenue, at Magazine; Canal street, near Gayoso; Pelican street, Algiers; Philip, near Dryades (for negroes).
 State Library, Orleans Parish Court Building, Royal street.
 Tilton Library, Tulane University.
 Medical Library, New Orleans Medical School, 1551 Canal.
 Bobet Library, Loyola University.

MUSEUMS

State Museum (Historical), old Cabildo, Chartres street.
 State Museum (agricultural and animal exhibits), old Presbytery, Chartres street.
 Delgado Art Museum, City Park.
 Natural History Museum, Gibson Hall, Tulane University.
 Medical Museum, Medical Building, Tulane University.
 Memorial Hall (Confederate), 929 Camp street.

THEATRES

French Opera House, Bourbon and Toulouse.
 Tulane, Baronne, near Common.
 Crescent, Baronne and Common.
 Orpheum (vaudeville), 432 St. Charles.
 Lafayette (vaudeville), Baronne, near Lafayette.
 Lyric (burlesque), Bourbon, at Iberville.

SHOPPING DISTRICT

The principal shopping district is along Canal street, between Camp and Dryades, and on the cross streets either way; though there are important centers of trade up Dryades and Magazine streets and in other sections of the city.

Poydras street, from Camp to the river, with several blocks along the cross streets, comprises the principal wholesale district.

CLUBS

Boston Club (social), 824 Canal street.
 Pickwick Club, Canal, near Rampart.
 Chess, Checkers and Whist Club, Baronne and Canal.
 Louisiana Club, Canal and Carondelet.
 Harmony Club, 2134 St. Charles.
 Young Men's Gymnastic Club, 224 North Rampart.
 Stratford Club, 313 St. Charles.
 Round Table Club, 1435 Jackson avenue.
 Young Men's Hebrew Association, 1205 St. Charles.
 Elks' Club, 121 Elk Place.
 New Orleans Press Club, 117 St. Charles.
 Southern Yacht Club, West End.
 Young Men's Christian Association, 817 St. Charles.
 Rotary Club of New Orleans, 840 Gravier.
 Choctaw Club, Grunewald Hotel.
 Audubon Golf Club, 400 Walnut street.
 New Orleans Country Club, Metairie Ridge.
 Knights of Columbus, 836 Carondelet.
 New Orleans Lawn Tennis Club, 4025 Saratoga.
 Pontchartrain Rowing Club, West End.
 Catholic Athletic Association, 6137 Marquette Place.
 Catholic Woman's Club, 349 Baronne street.
 Young Women's Christian Association, 920 Common.

COMMERCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

Cotton Exchange.
 Board of Trade.
 Contractors and Dealers' Exchange.
 Stock Exchange.
 Sugar and Rice Exchange.
 Association of Commerce.

PROMINENT CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN:

First Presbyterian, South street.
 Prytania Presbyterian, Prytania and Josephine.
 Napoleon Avenue Presbyterian, Napoleon Avenue and Coliseum.
 Lafayette Presbyterian, Magazine, near Jackson.
 Memorial Church, Franklin avenue, near Erato.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH:

First Methodist, St. Charles avenue, near Calliope.
 Rayne Memorial, St. Charles avenue and General Taylor.
 Parker Memorial, Nashville avenue and Pitt.
 Carrollton Avenue, Carrollton avenue and Elm.
 Louisiana Avenue, Magazine and Louisiana avenue.
 Felicity Street Church—Felicity street and Chestnut.
 Second Church, 824 St. Ferdinand.
 Mary Werlein Mission, 1026 Tchoupitoulas.

BAPTIST:

Coliseum Place Church, Terpsichore street and Coliseum Place.
 First Baptist Church, St. Charles Avenue and Delachaise.
 Second Baptist Church, Hillary and St. Charles avenue.
 Grace Baptist Church, 3900 North Rampart.

EPISCOPAL:

Christ Church Cathedral, St. Charles avenue and Sixth.
 Trinity Church, Jackson avenue and Coliseum.
 St. George's Church, St. Charles avenue and Cadiz.
 St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaiennie.
 Free Church of the Annunciation, Camp and Race.
 St. Anna's Church, Esplanade, near Marais.
 St. Andrew's Church, Carrollton Avenue and Zimpel.
 Grace Church, South Rampart, near Canal (will be moved).

CATHOLIC:

St. Louis Cathedral, Chartres, between St. Peter and St. Ann.
 Jesuits', Baronne, near Canal.
 Holy Name of Jesus, St. Charles, opposite Audubon Park.
 Notre Dame de Bon Secours, Jackson avenue, near Laurel.
 St. Alphonsus', Constancee, between St. Andrew and Josephine.
 St. Mary's, Chartres, between Ursuline and Hospital.
 St. Patrick's, Camp, near Girod.
 Mater Dolorosa, Carrollton and Plum.
 St. Roch's Chapel, between North Derbigny and North Roman.
 St. Stephen's, Napoleon avenue and Camp.
 St. Theresa's, Coliseum and Erato.

SYNAGOGUES:

Temple Sinai, Carondelet, near Calliope.
 Touro, St. Charles, corner Berlin.

CHRISTIAN:

First, Camp and Seventh.

EVANGELICAL:

First Church, 1831 Carondelet.
 Salem Church, 4214 Camp.
 German Church, Jackson avenue and Chippewa.

LUTHERAN:

First English, 1032 Port.
 Grace Church, 220 North Scott.
 Zion Church, St. Charles avenue and St. Andrew.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL:

St. Charles Avenue Church, St. Charles and Calliope.

UNITARIAN:

First Church, Peters avenue and South Rampart.

STREET NUMBERS

Beginning with Canal street, going north and south, the streets are numbered one hundred to the block. Cross streets are numbered from the river, in the same manner. In streets running parallel with the river the even numbers are on the river side and the odd numbers on the lake side. In cross streets the even numbers are on the south side and the odd on the north.

THE PRINCIPAL SIGHTS OF INTEREST.**DOWNTOWN:**

The Haunted House, the Cabildo, the Cathedral, the Presbytery, the Pontalba Buildings, Jackson Square, the French Market, the old Archiepiscopal Palace, the United States Mint, the Chalmette Battlefield, the National Cemetery, the Old St. Louis Cemeteries, the Scenes in Cable's Stories, the City Park, with the Delgado Museum, and the New Courthouse in Royal street.

CANAL STREET:

The Shopping District, the Customhouse, the River Front and the Cemeteries. *

UPTOWN:

Lee Monument, Howard Library, Memorial Hall, New Orleans Public Library, Tulane University, Loyola University, Newcomb College, Audubon Park, the Charity Hospital and the Water Works and Filtration Plant, Great Municipal Cotton Warehouses.

ON THE WATER FRONT

Nearly forty miles of docks, the wharves and the steel sheds, the cotton warehouse, the grain elevator, the banana wharves and coffee warehouses.

AN IMPORTANT THING TO KNOW

With the exception of the Napoleon Avenue line, all street cars may be taken on Canal street. All of the uptown cars give transfers to the Napoleon Avenue line. The system of transfers between cars running up or downtown makes it possible to traverse the city from end to end on payment of a single fare of five cents.

FERRIES

Ferries cross the river in several places, so that there is constant intercourse between the two sides of the Mississippi.

The First District ferry crosses from the head of Canal street to Algiers; the Third District ferry from the head of Esplanade avenue to Algiers; the Fourth District ferry from Jackson avenue to Gretna; the Sixth District ferry from Louisiana avenue to Harvey's canal; the Richard Street ferry from Richard street to Freetown, and the Walnut Street ferry from Walnut street to Westwego.

SOMETHING ABOUT NEW ORLEANS

Population (estimated), 1916	378,000
Area of city in square miles	196
Number of city parks	84
Area of city parks in acres	906
Total assessed valuation municipal 1915	\$243,237,331
Number of miles of modern dock facilities	30
Total value of exports for 1915	\$218,977,752
Number of miles of water mains laid	592
Number of premises connected with water mains	71,600
Average daily water consumption (gallons)	31,571,000
Number of miles of sewer mains laid	493
Number of premises connected with sewers	69,776
Belt Railroad, municipal owned (miles)	48
Miles of open streets	525
Miles of paved streets	308
Number of public libraries	11
Public library volumes	178,000
Number of public schools	88
Enrollment in public schools	49,116
Valuation of schoolhouses and equipment	\$4,242,000
Number of railroads entering city	11
Fire department, equipment sixty modern machines.	
Has one of the finest electric street car systems in the world.	
Has the largest sugar refinery in the world.	
Is the largest oyster market in the world.	
Has the largest floating steel dock in the world.	
Has the largest immigration station in the South.	
Temperature in the winter, usually between 50 and 60 degrees.	
Temperature in summer, between 75 and 90 degrees.	
Has most modern system of water purification in the world.	
Is the largest cotton, sugar, rice and banana market in the Union.	
Water supply potable, palatable and free from dangerous bacteria.	
Water—Safest obtainable and quantity unlimited.	
Water rate comparatively lowest in the United States.	

IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.

NO. 127 ROYAL STREET, connected with Reconstruction times as the scene in which the speaker of the House of Representatives bolted from the Legislature and tried to organize an independent branch of that body.

NO. 126 ROYAL STREET, the old Merchants' Exchange, the lower floor of which was used as a postoffice from 1835 to 1844. On the second floor, in the United States Courthouse, Walker, the celebrated filibuster, was tried in 1857.

OLD BANK, granite building one block from Canal street, in Royal, which was built by the Union Bank and occupied by it for many years.

THE ANTIQUE STORES in Royal street, where one will find the wreckage from many luxurious homes of the old days.

NO. 417 ROYAL STREET, the first bank building in New Orleans and afterwards the home of Paul Morphy, the well known chess player. It was in this building that he died in 1884. The courtyard has always been an object of interest to tourists.

The site of the OLD HOTEL ROYAL, immediately below the new marble courthouse.

AT NO. 527 ROYAL STREET, the old Commanderia, the headquarters of the Spanish Mounted Police. This building was erected in 1784 by Governor Miro, one of the Spanish governors. The archway is flanked by old cannon, deeply imbedded in the ground.



French Opera House—See Page 42.



Old Hotel Royal, recently demolished—See Page 37.

The structure known as "SIEUR GEORGE'S HOUSE," described by Cable in "Old Creole Days." This might have been called the first sky-scraper in New Orleans, as it was originally three stories in height, and in 1814 another story was added.

THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY, back of the Cathedral in Orleans street. This building was originally a dance hall, where the famous quadron dances were held; adjoining, the old Orleans Theater; and afterward it was used as a criminal court building. It was opened in 1817 as a theater, and in 1827 was for a short time the State House, as the Legislature met here, the State House having been burned.

At the corner of Dumaine and Royal, the **RESIDENCE OF MR. POREE**, on the balcony of which Gayarre, the historian, saw a group of Creole women waving farewell to the American troopers as they marched out to fight the British in 1815.

At Royal and Hospital streets, the "**HAUNTED HOUSE**," scene of another of Cable's most popular stories.

On Esplanade near the river the disused **UNITED STATES MINT**.

In Chartres, in the block above Hospital, the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley; the **URSULINE CONVENT** for many years, and afterwards for some years the Archbishop's palace.

Immediately opposite, the old **HOME OF THE BEAUREGARD FAMILY**.

JACKSON SQUARE, once the Place d'Armes.

THE ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL, with the **PRESBYTERY** below and the **CABILDO** above.

In the rear of the Cabildo, in St. Peter street, the old **SPANISH ARSENAL**.

In Chartres and Dumaine, an old tile-roof house, Spanish, and next to the Archbishop's Palace, perhaps the oldest in the city.

THE PONTALBA BUILDINGS, on either side of Jackson Square.

THE FRENCH MARKET, near the river, below Jackson Square.

Above Toulouse street, in Chartres, the old **ORLEANS HOTEL**, once the finest hostelry in the Mississippi Valley, now used as an ice factory.

At 514 Chartres street, the "**GIROD HOUSE**," built in 1821 by Nicholas Girod as a home for Napoleon, whom he planned to rescue from St. Helena.

THE OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE, at Bourbon and Bienville.

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE, at Bourbon and Toulouse.

At Rampart and Conti, the old church of **ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA**, for many years the mortuary chapel of the French Quarter.

In the rear of this church the oldest cemetery in the city, **ST. LOUIS CEMETERY NO. 1**.

Near this, the **OLD BASIN AND CARONDELET CANAL**.

In Rampart street, **BEAUREGARD SQUARE**, once known as Congo Square.

THE CITY PARK, with the tomb of Allard and the Duelling Oaks.

The old **URSULINE CONVENT**, downtown, occupied from 1824 to a few years ago, when the convent was moved to State street.

THE UNITED STATES BARRACKS.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHALMETTE.

ST. ROCH'S CHAPEL and burial ground.

At Canal and Bourbon site of Christ Episcopal Church, the first Protestant house of worship in New Orleans, also of the first synagogue, bought by Judah Touro for the Congregation Dispersed of Judah.

Site of Dr. Antommarchi's office, at the Royal street entrance of the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

In St. Philip street, between Royal and Bourbon, the site of the **St. Philippe Theater**, built in 1808; the second theater constructed in New Orleans.

At Chartres and Esplanade, the headquarters of the slave traffic in New Orleans, the barracks where the slaves were quartered being near at hand.

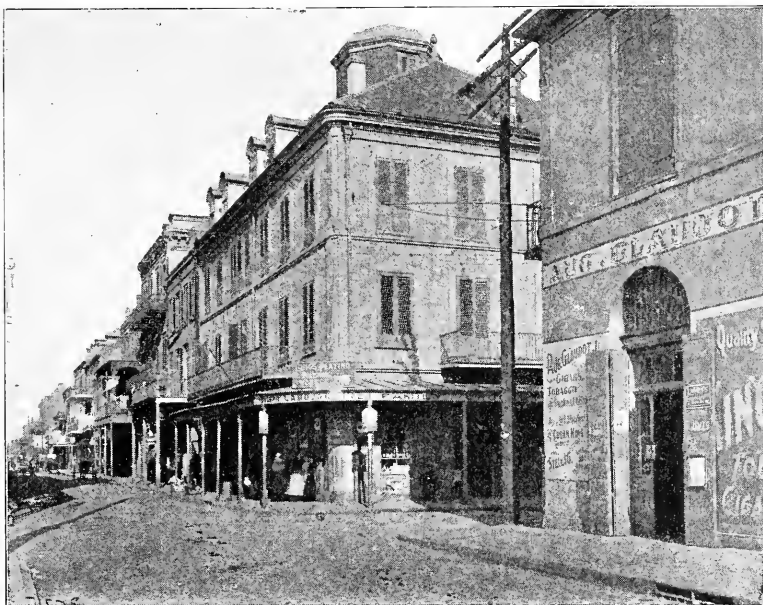
The block from Barracks to Hospital street, the site of the **French military barracks** erected by Governor Kerlerec in 1758.

Corner of Hospital and Chartres, the site of the first hospital erected in New Orleans.

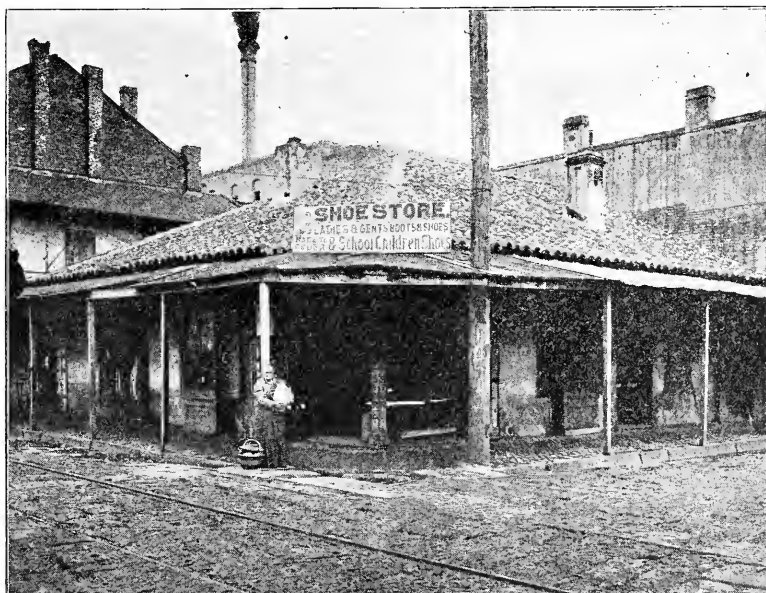
In Chartres, river side, between Philip and Dumaine, the site of the **United States Courthouse**, where General Jackson was fined \$1000 for contempt.

Corner of Chartres and St. Philip, the site of the blacksmith shop of Lafitte, the pirate.

Corner of Chartres and Dumaine, site of the first public hall, built in 1795.



Chartres Street, showing Girod Residence and the Napoleon House.



Spanish Tile Roof House at the Corner of Chartres and Dumaine Streets.

In Chartres, near St. Louis, the site of the old Strangers' Hotel, where Lafayette was entertained, and where Antommarchi presented the 'death mask of Napoleon to the city.

Conti and Chartres street, the site of the first mayor's residence.

Corner of Bienville and Chartres the Ursuline nuns were housed temporarily while their first permanent home was being made ready for them.

Corner of Chartres and Iberville, the site of a clothing store kept by Paul Tulane, founder of Tulane University.

At 716 St. Peter street, the site of the old Tabary Theater, the first structure of its kind in New Orleans, built in 1791.

In the rear of Beauregard Square, the site of the old Parish Prison, the scene of the Mafia lynchings.

Site of Mechanics' Institute and University of Louisiana, University Place.

HOTELS.

The old Hotel Royal is but a site, now, for the structure which meant so much to this city before the middle of the last century has been demolished. The old Orleans Hotel is an ice factory. All the hotels are new and modern and attractive, and that is as it should be.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—Some hotel has always occupied this site, since the days when it began to be used for building purposes at all. The first structure was built in 1835, or a year or two later, by James H. Caldwell, one of the most enterprising and useful citizens of the old days. This building was the City Exchange; and it will be interesting for the public to know that even in that early day the ground cost \$100,000 and the outlay on the building was half a million, with its 350 bedrooms, its marble-paved octagonal rotunda and its beautiful dome, 185 feet high. This was considered, and doubtless really was, one of the finest hotel buildings in the United States, if not in the world.

In the great fire of 1851 the City Exchange was destroyed; and within two days the directors had met and decided upon a new hotel—and the second structure was completed within one year. This was the old St. Charles Hotel.

A New York visitor said of this structure: "Set the St. Charles down in St. Petersburg and you would call it a palace; in Boston, and ten to one you would christen it a college; in London, and it would marvelously remind you of an exchange; in New Orleans it is all three."

There were years of unparalleled prosperity for the new hotel, and then came the war. General Butler, arriving at the city, demanded the St. Charles as headquarters for himself and staff, but Hildreth, the lessee, declined to admit him. Butler's forces had to break their way in, and they occupied it for a few days; but finally moved to other quarters and left the hotel to its manager. The war times were discouraging times to the St. Charles, and after the war was over, when the forlorn and ragged soldiers began to trail through the city on their way home, in one sorrowful procession, this and other hotels threw the doors open to them and entertained the moneyless without money and without price.

In 1894, the old St. Charles was destroyed by fire. Then came the new St. Charles, modern in every way and always attractive to the visitor.

THE GRUNEWALD.—Once upon a time, years ago, there was a structure called Grunewald Hall, where musical entertainments were given during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It, like many of the prominent buildings of the city, went out by fire; and that time is memorable for the daring work done by members of the fire department in saving a number of persons who were in the fifth and sixth stories.

On the site of that building rose the Grunewald Hotel, that part of it which faces Baronne street. Some years later, so rapid was its progress, it became necessary for the hotel to have more room, so the Grunewald Annex was added, facing University Place, the tallest sky-scraper in New Orleans and one of the most up-to-date structures in the city.

HOTEL DE SOTO.—One of the modern hotels of New Orleans is the Hotel De Soto, erected in 1906, on Baronne and Perdido. The De Soto was at first the Hotel Denechaud, but the name and management were changed after a few years. It is the boast of the De Soto that all the rooms are outside rooms, owing to a peculiarity of position and construction.

HOTEL MONTELEONE.—The decade ending in 1910 contributed several hotels to this city, among them being the Hotel Monteleone, at the corner of Royal and Iberville streets. The hotel stands on the site of several historic buildings, but it may be said that the hotel itself is strictly new.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.—At 120 Bourbon stands the Cosmopolitan Hotel, one of the well known hostelrys of the city, and belonging to the group of modern hotels.

LAFAYETTE HOTEL.—The very newest of the new hotels is the Lafayette, at the corner of St. Charles and South streets, fronting Lafayette Square. Several old buildings, with iron-railed balconies, next to the First Presbyterian Church, were demolished to make room for this new and modern structure.

RESTAURANTS

From time immemorial New Orleans has had the reputation as the one place in the United States where one could always find the best cookery, and could get the best coffee that was ever put before mortal man. New Orleans cookery—distinguished men have raved over it; novelists have attempted to describe it; travelers have come back again and again just for the pleasure of making another round of the old restaurants and partaking of the old, incomparable fare.

What has become of the chefs of the old time?—of Boudro, Moreau, the elder Antoine, of the elder Madame Begue, of a hundred others who helped to make the fame of New Orleans in the old days?

They have gone their ways, alas! but there is still the best of good cookery in New Orleans. Boudro and Moreau are no more; and the elder Antoine has passed to his reward—but there are sons who have taken up the work of Antoine; and one may still have incomparable breakfasts at Begue's.

The restaurants of today have changed in some things, it is true; but there they still cook!

You will have trouble to find one of them with the sanded floor, which made up part of the charm of the old days—so quaint, don't you know! Now the old houses have been rat-proofed, and while they were about it they put down beautifully modern tiled floors in most of them; and they are as sanitary as the Board of Health could wish. Not only that—one must keep up with the times; people will dance, though the heavens fall!—and some of the oldest and most delightful of the charming old restaurants have introduced a cabaret feature, and the guests arise and dance between the courses!

Think of the contrast! The cookery of a hundred years ago—and the guests fox-trotting down the aisles while Alphonse brings on the next course!

This is one evidence that New Orleans is leaving the old traditions behind; but while she is doing that, she has kept the essential things—such as black coffee in the early mornings and the secret of preparing dishes for the gods out of most unexpected things.

When the elder Antoine passed away, two of his sons took up his work in different restaurants. One of them is called "Antoine's," and is at 713 St. Louis street; while the other is the "Louisiane," and is at 719 Iberville street. This one of the Alciatores makes his yearly journeys to Paris to study what there is of new to be learned from the best chefs in that city, and is very greatly honored in the gay capital—which is something to say of anyone. In this manner he keeps at the head of his profession, and instead of weakening with the years it seems that the chefs of today are still more efficient in their art than those of a past generation.

Galatoire's, at 209 Bourbon, is another of the old restaurants. As for Begue's—for fifty years or more Begue's has been one of the magnets which attracted all comers. Begue's moved across the street, and is now at Decatur and Madison street, serving the eleven o'clock breakfast as of old.

There are multitudes of newer restaurants, all of which have their devotees; but these old ones are like the antiques in Royal street—loved memorials of other times.

STREET CAR ITINERARIES

ST. CHARLES BELT.—Jesuit Church; Tulane and Crescent Theaters; Lee Statue; New Orleans Public Library; Young Men's Hebrew Association; Harmony Club; Christ Church Cathedral; Touro Synagogue; Sacred Heart School; Loyola University; Tulane University; Audubon Place; Audubon Park; Dominican Convent

and School; Carrollton Levee; Palmer Park; Heinemann Baseball Park; St. Joseph's Church; Hotel Dieu; Charity Hospital; Senses Hospital; Elk Place.

TULANE BELT—The same, in reverse order.

PRYTANIA, GOING DOWN—Audubon Park; Girls' High School; Touro Infirmary; New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum; Margaret Statue; Howard Library; Memorial Hall; St. Patrick's Church; New Federal Building; Lafayette Square; The Times-Picayune Office.

CANAL BELT—Liberty Monument; Customhouse; Hutchinson Memorial Medical College; Boys' High School; Cemeteries; City Park; Delgado Museum; Municipal Golf Course; Bayou St. John; New St. Louis Cemetery; Lower Girls' High School; Archbishop's Palace; Beauregard Square.

LEVEE AND BARRACKS—Jackson Square; State Museum; Cathedral (one block); French Market; Mint; Holy Cross College; United States Jackson Barracks; Chalmette.

CARONDELET, GOING DOWN—Rear of Tulane Campus; Audubon Place; Napoleon Avenue; Presbyterian Hospital; Scottish Rite Cathedral; crosses Canal street; Absinthe House; French Opera House.

CARONDELET, GOING UP—One block from the following points: Old Ursuline Convent; Cabildo (State Museum); Cathedral; 'Sieur George's House; Old Orleans Hotel; Girod's Refuge for Napoleon; past site of Hotel Royal; New Courthouse; Paul Morphy's Home; Orpheum Theater; Lafayette Square, with McDonogh Monument; City Hall; Washington Artillery Hall; Y. M. C. A.; Lee Statue.

NAPOLÉON AVENUE (all cars give transfers with this line)—From river, out Napoleon avenue, into Carrollton avenue, along New Basin Canal, past Country Club to Metairie Cemetery, and over Metairie Ridge to Shrewsbury.

TCHOUPITOULAS—The Tchoupitoulas line skirts the river, sometimes running very near and at others two or three blocks away. This line is the one which follows the docks and the commercial portion of the city, passing within sight of the Cotton Warehouse, the Grain Elevator, the Fruit Wharf, and many other thriving industries. This will be found a most interesting itinerary.



Car in the Rex Mardi-Gras Pageant.—See Page 25.

IN THE BEGINNING.

It is curious and interesting to know that New Orleans, on the very borders of the gulf, was founded because men were finding the fur trade very profitable, a thousand miles to the North.

In what was then called New France, everybody dealt in furs—traded with the Indians and with one another for furs; thought about furs as the one thing to be considered in this brave new world.

Therefore it happened that the governor of New France appointed a gentleman named Joliet to push explorations and extend the limits of the fur trade; and therefore Joliet and Pere Marquette started the voyages, further and further south, which finally led La Salle and Tonti to the mouth of the Mississippi, and which still later drew Bienville through Lake Borgne, up through the Rigolets and finally into Bayou St. John.

That was a fateful day, had be but known it, for the land on which he first set foot was going to be Esplanade avenue, in the fullness of time, beautifully paved and adorned with long avenues of greenery, and faced by the Girls' High School and the Archbishopal Palace and the Mint; and running gaily on to the river and docks, with the commerce of an empire going up and down before them.

Did Bienville have the far vision? Did he have the remotest glimpse of the city that was to be?

Settlements had been made on Dauphin island, in Mobile bay, and at Biloxi; but these were handicapped, the former by storms and the latter by a shallow and impracticable harbor. True, there were bars at all the mouths of the Mississippi, but the boats of that time could pass over them. Bienville himself, writing to France to ask that the seat of government be moved to the banks of the Mississippi, said that he seen two ships of at least four hundred tons burden entering the mouth of the river with all sails spread!

Eventually the change was made; but things moved slowly in those days. The settlement at New Orleans was made in 1718—that is, Bienville sent an engineer and workmen to lay out the new city, and to build such houses as should be needed in the beginning. The seat of government was not actually moved until 1722. During that year the tiny village with its cluster of huts, lifted but a few feet above the river, poorly ditched and not drained at all, with a thousand undreamed-of dangers and difficulties ready to confront the adventurous colonists, became the capital city of the French government in the New World.

The old city, or the Vieux Carre, included that parallelogram that extends from Canal street to Esplanade avenue and from Rampart street to the river. In the middle front a portion of land was set aside for a parade ground, and back of it another portion for ecclesiastical purposes. A rude church was at once constructed on the latter area—the progenitor of the St. Louis Cathedral of today—and the former became the Place d'Armes, now known as Jackson Square.

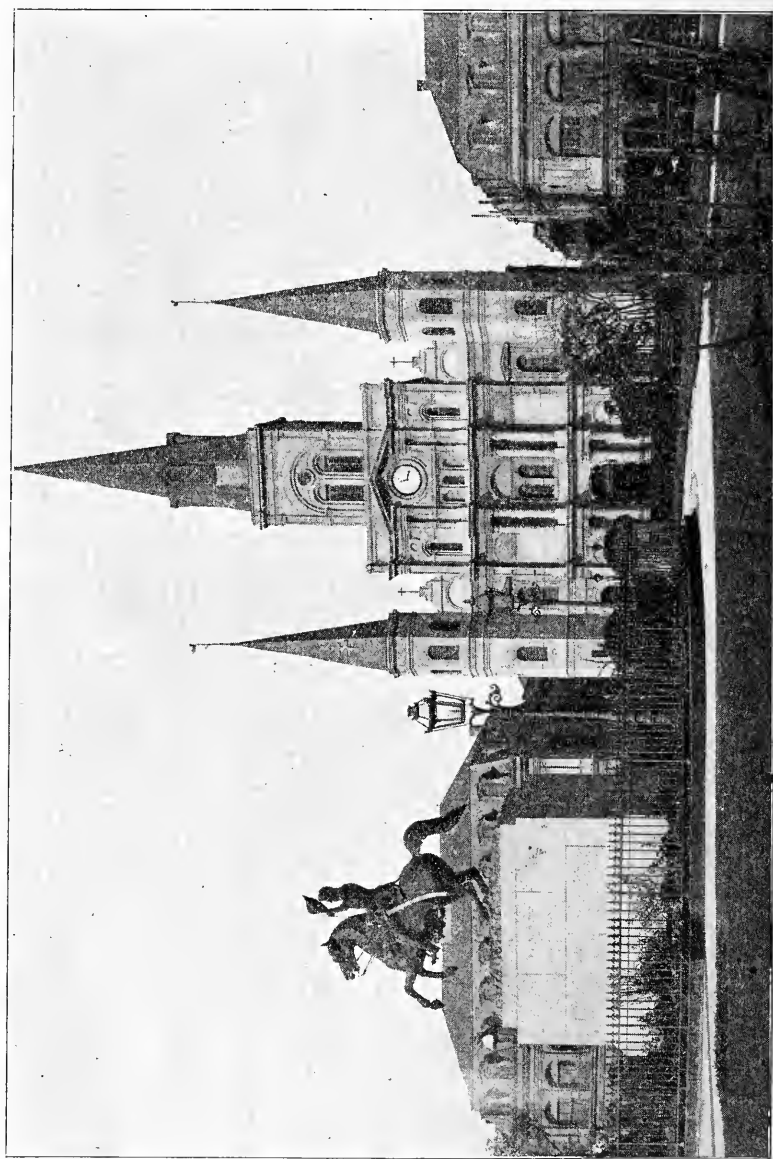
Most of the streets bore names in memory of that France to which the hearts of the exiles turned with homesick longing. Chartres, Royal, Burgundy, Du Maine, Bourbon, St. Louis, Conde, Toulouse—these are the names that tell the story of the origin of the city. One single street was named in honor of the founder of the city—Bienville—his only memorial in the city, which is generally gifted with a long memory; and another now bears the name of his brother, Iberville.

Later on there was a hospital—they needed it, be sure!—and the street that ran that way is Hospital street. When the time came that the French from the forts along the Ohio and other streams had to come down the river and take refuge in La Nouvelle Orleans, a new military barracks was erected at the lower river corner of the city, and that street came to be known as Rampart street.

On the side furthest from the river extended the old rampart beyond which was swamp and the grisly shadows of Congo Square (Beauregard Square). There runs Rampart street today.

The upper line of the city was a small bayou, emptying into the river, and when the town was afterwards fortified, this formed one of the moats.

When the Ursuline nuns came to the city, and a convent was built for them, the street at the corner became Ursuline street. One of those Ursulines,



Jackson Square and St. Louis Cathedral—See Pages 33 and 35.

housed temporarily at the corner of Chartres and Bienville, wrote in her letters home that she could not sleep at night for the roaring of the alligators in the bayou, almost under her window. That bayou is now Canal street!

The principal streets were Royal and Chartres, and here were the most important business houses, as well as many of the residences in which were housed the more important colonists.

The little city was, after awhile, protected by five forts; three on the Rampart street side, and one at each of the river corners. The customhouse occupies the site of one of these, the Mint the other. When the fortifications were at their best, the forts were connected by a parapet fifteen feet high, and by a moat seven feet deep and forty feet wide; and the ditches were crossed by drawbridges.

Parapets and moats and drawbridges—and the ringing of the curfew at 9 o'clock every night—all these in the history of an American city that is filled with skyscrapers and rings from end to end with the din of commerce, today!

In the new little town, every block was surrounded by a ditch—and the property owner had to keep his own ditch in order. These ditches were two feet wide and from one foot to a foot and a half deep—and they were expected to take care of the overflow during high water! Up to 1732 the bridges over these ditches were made of wood, but repairs were expensive, and it was then proposed to build them of brick. Many of the citizens were too poor to afford the extra expense, and therefore a tax was levied on the negro slaves. It seems that the citizens were inclined to shrug eloquent shoulders at this law, so the home government passed an ordinance making it compulsory to build brick bridges or pay a fine. It is said that even this did not have the desired effect, and the bridges were in perpetual disorder.

The second year there was an overflow, and the citizens of New Orleans began to learn what the river could do. The levee had to be raised, the ditches to be made deeper, and from that day to this New Orleans and all the valley have been struggling against the pitiless encroachments of the river.

There was a storm also, that second year, and thirty of the one hundred houses were utterly destroyed—among them, that first little church which meant so much to the new colony.

One of the interesting events of the early days was the arrival of a party of German immigrants. They had gone up the river to settle in Arkansas, but after they reached the designated point they were dissatisfied with the arrangements made for them, and came back down the river, intending to return to Germany. But there was delay about securing their passage; in the meantime, tracts of land thirty miles above New Orleans were offered them; and they settled there at what is now called the German Coast, and began raising vegetables for the colonists—thus beginning the great truck raising industry which has developed immense sections of Southern Louisiana.

It has been mentioned that a company of Ursulines came to the city before it had attained its fifth year, to take over the education of girls; that they had temporary quarters at Chartres and Bienville, and that a convent was erected for them further down Chartres, at what is now the corner of Ursuline. This interesting old building, believed to be the oldest in the Mississippi valley, is still standing and still in use. It was used by the nuns for ninety-four years, at the end of which time they moved their school and their belongings down the river, near the Barracks. In the course of the years it became necessary for them to move again; and they went uptown, to State street, where they were able to secure more land, and to erect stately buildings.

In the meantime, the convent became the "Archbishop's Palace." It was the home of the lamented Archbishop Perche, who died there; and it was there that Archbishop Janssens passed the declining years of his life. After his death, another residence was given to the succeeding archbishop, and this old building was devoted to the use of the young students for the priesthood, who use it still.

In 1727, the same year that marked the arrival of the Ursulines, came the Jesuits, who prepared to take over the education of the boys and young men. They were given a large plantation above Canal street; were furnished with a residence, a chapel, and slaves to cultivate their lands.

It was during the following year that the first consignment of "Cassette Girls" arrived in the city. Previously to this time, girls and women from the hospitals and the houses of correction had been sent over in great numbers, but now there was a demand for wives for the better class of citizens; and so came the Cassette girls, each one supplied by the king with a small chest of clothing or "cassette." The Ursulines took charge of these girls until they were honorably married, and many well known New Orleans families trace their

origin back to the marriage of some gallant French gentleman with a lovely *Fille de la Cassette*.

In 1758 the population was considerably augmented by the arrival of French refugees from the settlements on the upper Ohio, recently seized by the British. This required the addition of new barracks in the lower part of the city front, at a point afterwards known as Barracks street.

The governor of that time, Kerlerec, expecting an attack from the British, began to preach an early gospel of preparedness by improving the fortifications of the city. The five forts were built up and strengthened, and the connecting parapet was made fifteen feet high, with a ditch seven feet in depth and forty feet wide. The ditch was filled with water.

At this time what has been called the "Jesuit War" was being conducted between the Jesuits and the Capuchins, with considerable acrimony, and in July, 1763, the Jesuits were expelled from Louisiana and from all French and Spanish possessions. The famous Papal edict of expulsion is among the archives in the State Museum.

In November, 1762, France transferred Louisiana to Spain, without consulting the people who were most deeply interested. There was great indignation, and when the new Spanish governor, Don Antonio de Ulloa, arrived, he met with a cold reception. For some time there was no open outbreak, but in 1768 a conspiracy, long and carefully planned, in which some of the leading citizens of New Orleans were engaged, revealed itself in open hostilities. At the head of the movement was Lafreniere, the attorney general; and other well known names of that time implicated with him were Foucault, Noyau and Bienville, nephews of the gallant founder of the city, Milhet, Caresse, Petit, Poupet, Villere—prominent merchants and planters. They spiked the guns at the Tchoupitoulas gate, at the upper side of the city, and entered the town. Ulloa and his troops fled to the Spanish frigate in the river and sailed for Havana.

The Creoles then discussed a plan for forming a republic, and sent delegates to the British-American colonies to form plans for an American colonial union. Before anything permanent could be effected, however, came another Spanish governor with an Irish name; a man of very different character from the vanished Ulloa. This was Don Alexandro O'Reilly, who brought with him 3000 picked Spanish troops, fifty pieces of artillery and twenty-four vessels. The Louisianians could make no stand against this overwhelming force. Twelve of the principals in the insurrection were arrested; six of them were shot in the French barracks, and the others imprisoned in Morro Castle, which has since attained such undesirable notoriety.

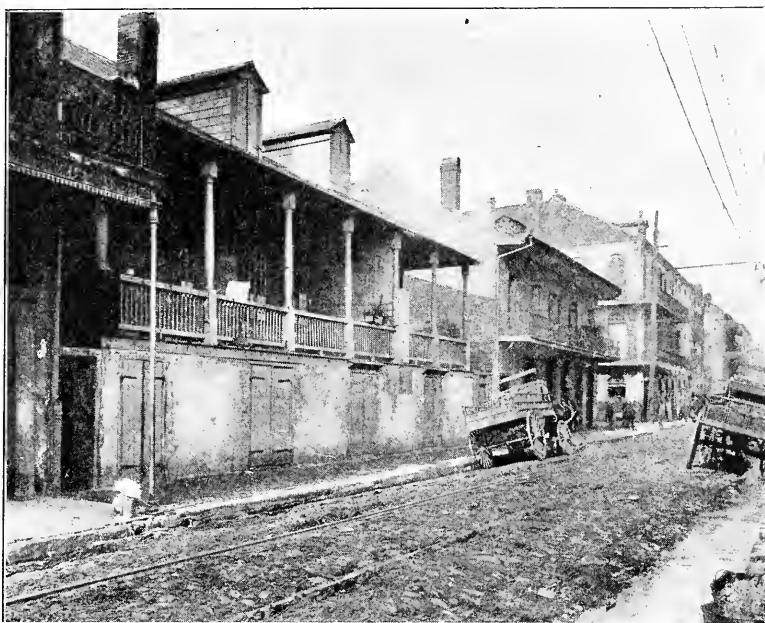
On Good Friday, March 1780, there was a great fire, which nearly destroyed the city. It began in Chartres street, near St. Louis, and swept away the central portion of the town, including the entire commercial quarter, the homes of the leading inhabitants, the city hall, the arsenal, the jail, the parish church and the quarters of the Capuchins.

Six years later another fire started in Royal street, and in three hours 212 dwellings and business houses in the heart of town had been destroyed. The pecuniary loss was estimated at \$2,000,000—an enormous loss for that time. Only two stores were left standing; and so many homes had been swept away that a large portion of the population was compelled to camp in the Place d'Armes.

These destructive fires resulted in ultimate good, however, for Baron Carondelet, who was then governor, offered a premium on roofs covered with tiles, and thus brought into use the tile roof, which was one of the picturesque features of the old French quarter. Not only that—as the city was rebuilt, it was with better structures, which took on a Spanish type; adobe or brick walls, arcades, inner courts, ponderous doors and windows, balconies, and white or yellow lime-washed stucco.

Not long after these conflagrations, Don Almonaster y Roxas, father of the Baroness Pontalba, began his benefactions. He had erected a row of brick buildings on either side of the Place d'Armes, on the site now occupied by the Pontalba buildings, put up at a later date by the Baroness Pontalba; and he made of this the fashionable retail quarter of the town. He built a chapel for the nuns in Ursuline street. He erected a charity hospital in place of the original one, which was founded by a sailor in Rampart street. He erected a new church on the site of the one that had been burned, and this became the St. Louis Cathedral. He built the Hall of the Cabildo, to take the place of the town hall and the jail, which had been destroyed by the fire.

About this time the French Market began its existence, and was known as the "Halle de Boucheries."



"Madame John's Legacy."—See Page 42.



Old Residences in Rampart Street.

In 1791 Governor Carondelet began the excavation of the "Old Basin," which has its head near Beauregard Square; and of the canal connecting the basin with Bayou St. John. Carondelet used slave labor, and the enormous undertaking was completed in two years, connecting the lake with the heart of the city, and greatly extending the commerce of the new colony.

In 1791 the influence of the Jacobins in France began to be felt in this far-away colony, which still considered itself a colony of France. Carondelet found it necessary to take the same precautions as if he had been holding the town of an enemy. In New Orleans, then, they shouted for the "Marsellaise" at the theater, and sang the "Carmagnole" with the bravest of the Red Republicans. In this emergency, once more the forts and the parapets were rebuilt and strengthened, and guard duty was rigid to the last degree.

In 1794 Etienne de Bore, whose plantation was in the upper reaches of the city of today, succeeded in not only producing sugar from the juice of the cane, but in producing \$12,000 worth; and this began a long period of great prosperity for Louisiana.

The export trade of and through New Orleans had already attained importance, but in 1787 the first shipment of manufactured articles was sent from New Orleans up the river, to Kentucky.

In 1793 the concession of an open commerce with Europe and America was given to New Orleans, and a number of Eastern merchants, quick to seize an opportunity, established branch houses in New Orleans. In the following year a treaty was signed at Madrid which declared the Mississippi free to the people of the United States, and New Orleans was made a port of deposit, free of any charge.

And then, on October 1, 1800, Louisiana was transferred from Spain to France. France did not take formal possession, however, till March, 1803. Then the envoy who came to prepare for the reception of the French general met instead a vessel from France with the news that Louisiana had been sold by France to the United States. Once, again, the flag that waved in the Place d'Armes was changed. First the flag of France had floated there; then it had been pulled down and the Spanish flag run up in its place; and then, hardly had the flag of France risen to the light again, when it was hauled down to make way for the Stars and Stripes. Louisiana had been treated from the first at a chattel—something to be bargained for and sold, and the people who braved the discomforts of life in the wilderness were never consulted in any way.

It is to be remembered that the name Louisiana included all that portion between the Mississippi and the Rocky mountains, and was an empire in itself. One of the earliest known directories of the city, a little vest-pocket directory published about 1808, says, in French: "New Orleans is bounded on the east by the Floridas, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, and on the north and west by the unknown lands." From this may be gathered how deep the wilderness really was during the first eighty years of the colony's existence; how deep was the isolation; how far the inhabitants must have felt themselves from their native land or the homes of their ancestors.

From the time of the American sway, however, the city grew rapidly in wealth and importance. For many years the surrounding plantations were given over to the cultivation of indigo, which was a very valuable crop. Afterwards, when indigo ceased to be as valuable as it had been, sugar was there to take its place. The invention of the cotton gin and the availability of slave labor had combined to make cotton growing one of the most lucrative forms of farming. Railroad building began—the little Pontchartrain railroad, which connects the city with the lake at Milneburg, constructed in 1830, being the second railroad in the United States to be completed, and the first opened for general commerce; also the first railroad that ever used the raised freight platform. This road is still in active operation, and is the property of the Louisville and Nashville line.

In 1818 the first steamboat from the upper rivers reached New Orleans. Before that time the wharves had been crowded with scows and barges and flatboats, which were floated down, laden with commerce, and were generally broken up and sold here for what they would bring, while the owners made their way upstream as best they could, to build other craft and bring them down, laden, and sell them in New Orleans. But the introduction of the steamboat opened the way for wonderful new things, and before many years the wharves were crowded with steamers, six or eight deep, waiting their turn to get near enough to unload, and New Orleans took on enormous prosperity.

This may be said to have completed the history of old New Orleans, for with the coming of railroad trains and steamboats a new era had dawned.

NEW ORLEANS

To write of New Orleans in such manner as to include the two centuries of its existence—to begin with the Indian trails from bayou to river and end with the great new enterprises of today and the magnificent plans for tomorrow—this should command the sure hand and the magic touch of genius. A halo of romance, of daring and adventure, and the braving of dangers and discomforts in a new land, surrounds the early beginnings of the city. To the middle of the last century belongs the time of great harvests, of a commerce that thronged and crowded the city, of immense prosperity, of elegant leisure, and of social graces, such as—they tell us—we shall never see again. After this followed decades when the old city was struggling for her life, to arise slowly from the dust of defeat, to rehabilitate herself and to become the eager progressive city of today.

New Orleans today is a city of great business enterprises, of skyscrapers and manufactories, of paved streets, of schools and colleges, of a steadily increasing commerce, of railroads and docks, of warehouses and elevators.

New Orleans is taking thought, not only of today, but of tomorrow, as well; and some of the greatest enterprises of her history are being planned, and will have their foundations laid deep and strong.

There has been an enormous change, not only from the days of the Indian portage and the little French village that was planted in the wilderness, at the river end of the trail, but from the time when the river boats were crowded with aristocratic Southerners, coming down with their families on periodic pilgrimages, to put up at the old St. Louis or the old St. Charles hotel, to attend the operas and balls and forget for awhile the ennui of plantation life.

Ah, those were beautiful days, very old people will assure you—but there will never be more like them! That is ancient history.

During the latter portion of the Nineteenth Century New Orleans was forced to carry her heaviest burdens, and to struggle on under her worst handicaps. The war had left her impoverished; the troubled years that succeeded the war left her still further torn and trampled and disorganized. It was not till this period had passed that she could even begin to arise from the dust of conflict and try to re-instate herself.

And yet, it is in the years since then that New Orleans has done most to win the respect and admiration of the world.

One of the most important mileposts in her progress has been the elimination of yellow fever. The knowledge which made this possible had to be won at the cost of noble lives; but it was won; and the decree went forth that yellow fever was communicated by a certain mosquito; that this mosquito bred in the clear and still water of cisterns; that the cisterns must be screened to prevent the entrance of the mosquito laying the egg. The city went still further; it established the finest filtration plant in the country, and gave the citizens a faultless water supply, and then it decreed the abolition of the cisterns.

The end of the cistern has almost been reached. Within a short time, not one will be left in the city. Yellow fever might be brought to the city, but it could not spread beyond the original case, because there would be none of the disease-carrying mosquitoes to carry it.

It is difficult for the younger generation to realize the ravages of the yellow fever in the old days, when there was no knowledge as to its origin or its means of transmission. During the winter of 1852-3, Mayor Crossman had the swamp between the lake and the city cleared out, in the belief that yellow fever was a malarial disease; and the press joyfully announced that the city had now put an end to yellow fever in New Orleans. But the next summer there was the most virulent epidemic the city had ever seen. There were so many victims that there were not coffins in which to bury them, nor men to dig the graves or open the tombs. Many instances were given, not only then, but in subsequent years, when entire families were swept away. One event is recorded when the mother was the only member left of a family of thirteen.

This is one of the greatest victories ever won in New Orleans.

Still later appeared a few cases of bubonic plague. It was established years ago that this disease was communicated through the medium of fleas—the fleas that infest rats. The thing to do was to abolish rats; and the state and the city joined hands with the United States government in destroying the city's large supply of rats. The slaughter was something worth recording—and the disease was eliminated. The city will have no more bubonic plague.

Added to this are the great schools and colleges which have been planted in the city during the past half century; splendid institutions, of which New Orleans and the South are justly proud. Nowhere are there better oppor-

tunities for education in literature, in the sciences, in the learned professions, than here in this city.

In civic lines, this may justly be considered a new city. Along the river front there is a splendid line of wharves, with wonderful facilities for handling freight. Huge warehouses for the accommodation of cotton and grain are nearing completion. The Public Belt Railroad has brought the traffic of the port within the lines of greatest efficiency. Many miles of paved streets have taken the place of the old mud roads; and every year is adding to the comfort and convenience of the city in many ways. Manufactories are springing up along the borders. The great drydock is never without a ship undergoing repairs, and a line of others waiting to take her place. Shipbuilding plants are springing up within reach of this city. Paper mills are heard from in several directions. Everywhere one hears the roar of the wheels of traffic. New Orleans is filled with busy people, intent on pushing the fortunes of this city as they never were pushed before.

NEW ORLEANS TOMORROW

So many great projects are in contemplation for this city that it would be difficult to enumerate all of them. One of the greatest plans is for the Industrial Canal, which is to connect lake and river, and which is to be available for all kinds of industrial enterprises. The river front cannot be touched by private capital, or bought or rented or leased by any individual whatever. It is proposed to have this great river-level canal within reach of private ownership so that a manufacturer may build on its banks and may have the immense shipping advantage this would give him; having the Public Belt also at his back door, but wharves of his own at the front. It is a great enterprise, which the projectors believe would add immensely to the wealth and power of this city, and would promote manufacturing interests as no other scheme could possibly do.

The one thing which is doing more than most other things for New Orleans is the good roads movement. This is a movement that is being fostered by the Association of Commerce with every influence it can bring to bear; by the spoken word and the written, and it is said that the managers dream good roads on the rare occasions when they sleep.

JEFFERSON HIGHWAY

Two thousand miles of beautiful paved roads, extending from New Orleans to Winnipeg and beyond—already built or contracted for, with the money in hand to pay for every mile.

Thousands of miles running through every parish in this state and every other state; for the epidemic of road-building has spread like wildfire, and every parish is getting out bond issues, and the roads are extending in every direction like spiders' webs.

The New Orleans-Houston Highway, to be bordered with palm trees throughout its entire length—a palm grove more than four hundred miles long!

In three parishes alone \$2,000,000 will be spent on good roads within the next half year!

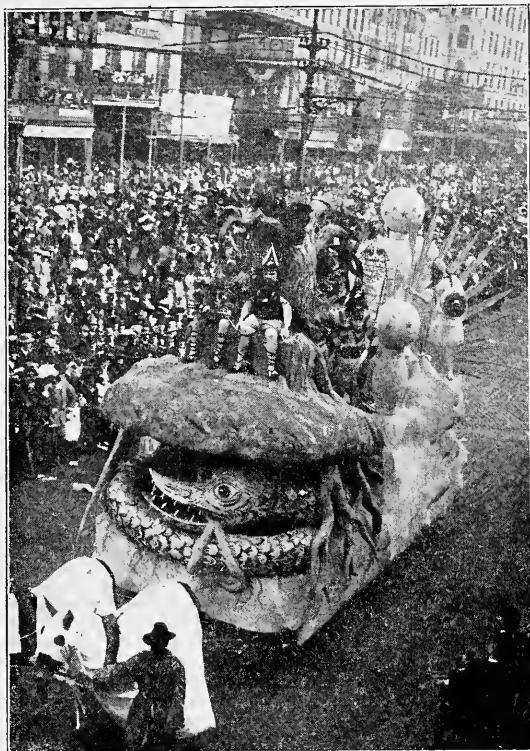
Farms are springing up along the good roads; for it is an inducement to a farmer to have a decent road over which to haul his produce to market. Orange groves and pecan orchards are being set out; and the whole country is developing.

All this is due to the good roads. The good roads, incidentally, are due to the gentleman who invented the automobile!

The Intracoastal Waterway is another of the dreams to be realized in the future. No country is so well supplied with waterways as Southern Louisiana, and the development of these waterways into a regular water road, sheltered from storms, and giving water transportation to an immense area, means more to this state than the ordinary citizen could well imagine. It is planned to extend this Inland Waterway along an immense stretch of coast, and to connect this city with the Rio Grande ultimately; but if it were only a waterway from New Orleans to the Sabine, the state and the city would take on unheard-of prosperity.

More miles of paving; a greater development of the Public Belt; more educational advantages; a great annual fair; there is an infinite number of directions in which New Orleans is stretching out tendrils and is climbing further and faster.

New Orleans of the present we know, of some sort; but the New Orleans of the future, the city of great possibilities, the average citizen has not even dreamed.



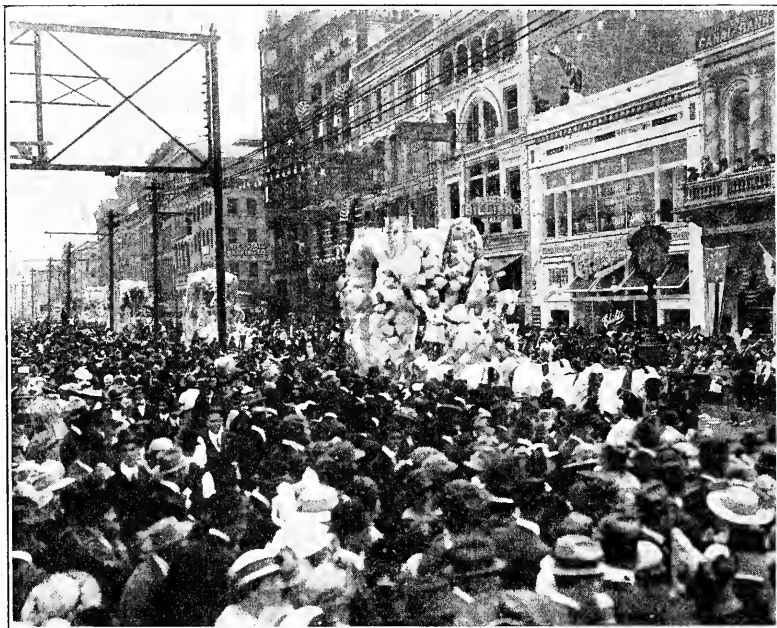
Rex Pageant in Canal Street.

MARDI GRAS.

Mardi Gras has seemed to the outside world so essentially a part of New Orleans that it is difficult for strangers to realize that the pageants and festivities are the work of a few private clubs, designed to return many social courtesies and to show visitors what may be termed a "good time." These clubs are the Rex, Proteus, Comus, Momus, Twelfth Night Revelers, Krewe of Nereus, Atlantians, Elves of Oberon and others. Of these the organizations of Rex, Comus, Proteus and Momus give annual parades, always very brilliant and picturesque affairs; while the activities of the others usually are confined to beautiful and spectacular balls, with artistic and elaborate tableaux opening them.

It was in 1827 that the first street procession of masqueraders was held in New Orleans. Those were the days when the young sons of wealthy families must needs be sent to France for an education, and several of these young men, just returned from Paris, started the movement which has since come to mean so much to New Orleans.

In 1837 there was another procession, still more beautiful and elaborate, and in 1839 still another that outshone the former one. The call to this celebration, published in "L'Abelle" (the Bee), requested all who desired to take part to meet



Mardi Gras Throng in Canal Street.

at the Theatre d'Orleans; and gave the order of march; "From Theatre d'Orleans, Royal street, St. Charles, Julia, Camp, Chartres, Conde, Esplanade, Royal." There was a grand mask and fancy-dress ball in the Salle d'Orleans, next to the theater of that name.

During the next few years there were several of these brilliant daylight processions; but finally the day celebration of Mardi Gras passed out as a feature of New Orleans until the year 1852 had rolled around. Then it was announced that the day was to be celebrated in this city as it had never been celebrated before, and visitors came in from other sections of the country; the first time that New Orleans had drawn to her borders any considerable influx of "Mardi Gras visitors."

The Orleans Theater was still the center of attraction. The maskers received their friends there, and there was a bewildering ball to close the festivities.

But it was left for Mobile to inaugurate the custom of sending floats moving along the streets—an innovation which started in 1831. It was not till 1857 that New Orleans adopted the idea, and then it was that an organization known as the Mystick Krewe appeared on the streets at night, presenting various tableaux. The streets were crowded with people, and the various floats were greeted with shouts of applause. The success of the affair was so marked that the Mystick Krewe has not failed to celebrate the coming of the Carnival season except when war or pestilence forbade.

The second of the Carnival organizations, the Twelfth Night Revelers, came into existence in 1870, performing its mystic rites on the evening of January 6, or on the twelfth night after Christmas. This organization gives a beautiful ball on "Twelfth Night," but takes no part in the street pageants.

Rex delayed his appearance till 1872. The organization was effected at first in order to bring all the maskers of the city together for the entertainment of the Grand Duke Alexis, who was the guest of the city that year, and who reviewed the procession from the portico of the City Hall. Rex has made his annual visits ever since, and is called the "King of the Carnival."

On the same occasion the Knights of Momus arrived for the first time, and have visited the city on every Mardi Gras. The Krewe of Proteus was organized in 1882, and not a year has passed without a brilliant contribution from this organization to the splendors of Carnival.

The Krewe of Nereus was added to the list in 1895, and the Nereus ball is one of the events of the Mardi Gras season.

The Atlanteans, the Elves of Eberon, the High Priests of Mithras and other organizations mark the festal season with balls of unusual brilliancy and exclusiveness.

In all these organizations it is accounted a great honor to be chosen Queen and to hold a place as Maid of Honor over the mimic court; and many a fair matron of today looks back with pride to the magic day when she wore the ermine and the jewels for a little while, and the world was hers for the asking.

The great events of the Mardi Gras season are: Thursday evening, the Knights of Momus hold their pageant, which becomes more beautiful and more noteworthy from year to year. The arrival of Rex, who comes up the river on the following Monday, on the Royal Yacht, convoyed by the royal fleet, and who heads the magnificent military parade to the City Hall, where the Mayor bestows upon him the keys of the city.

Monday night the Proteus parade is held; an occasion of the deepest interest, for this pageant is always beautiful. Tuesday morning the Rex pageant makes its way along streets that are thronged with spectators. As this is a "daylight parade" unusual care is taken in the preparation of the floats, which must be adorned and constructed to bear the full light of day.

Tuesday night comes what many consider the crowning event of the Carnival season—the great Comus parade, which is always a brilliant spectacle.

The balls follow the parades; and with the Comus ball and the Rex ball, both occurring on Tuesday night, the Carnival closes. Rex and his court appear at both these functions. Midnight brings on Ash Wednesday, and the beginning of Lent.

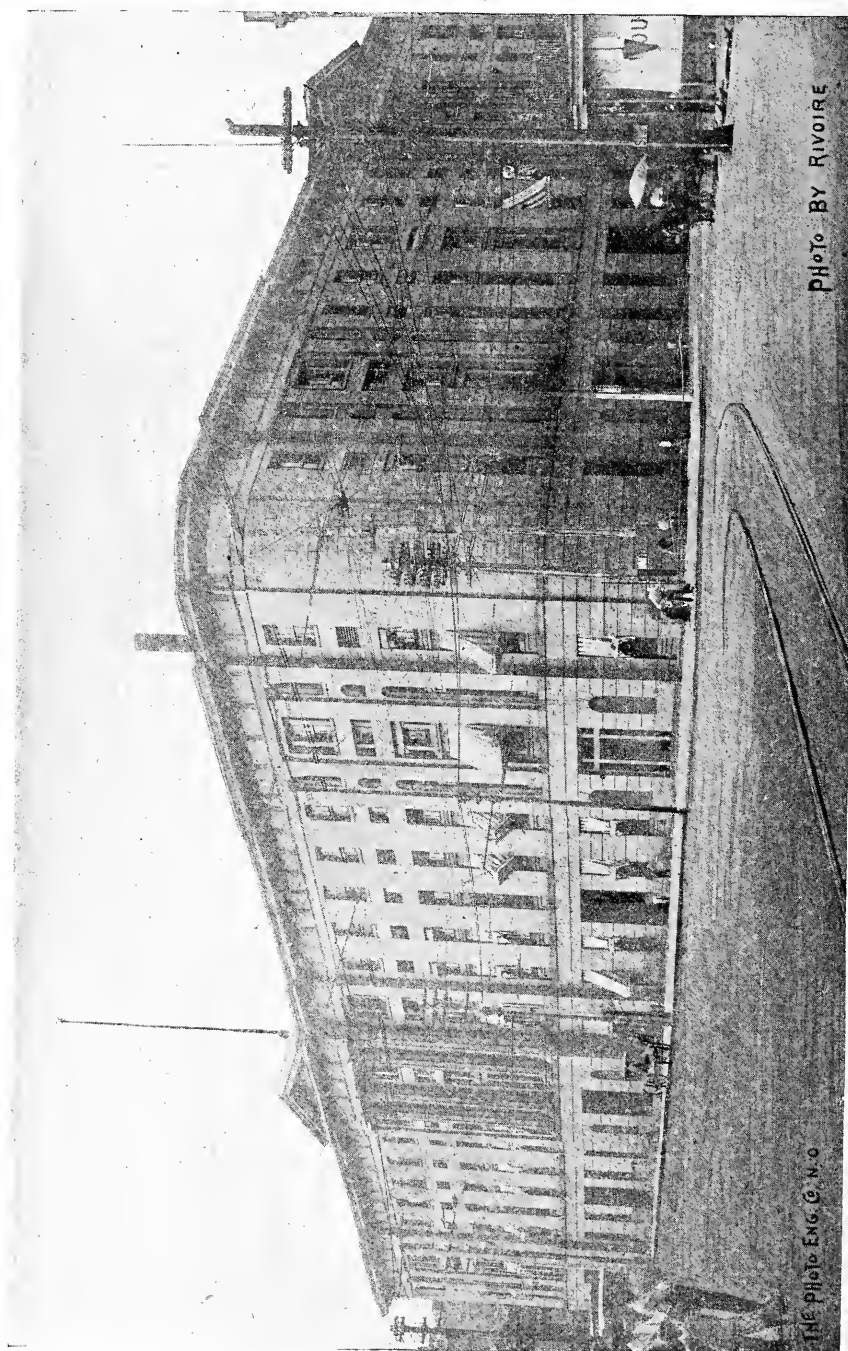


PHOTO BY RIVOIRE

United States Customhouse.

THE PHOTO ENG. CO. N.O.

CANAL STREET

In this city, Canal street is the one great thoroughfare. Everything goes to Canal street. All the street cars make that a part of their pilgrimage—that is, all but one. You may stand at some corner in Canal street, between Bourbon and the river, and take any car for any part of the city. Among all the street car systems of all the cities, it is believed that this is the best, the most easily comprehended and always the most convenient. If you are lost, anywhere, take a car—no matter which one—and you will get back to Canal street. There is not even any danger of destruction under the wheels of those thronging cars. All the cars on the south, or uptown side of the neutral ground, are going toward the river, and all those on the north side are going away from the river, and there you are!

The street begins—or ends—with the river. If you go up the long slant to the river bank, you will look out upon a busy scene. The ferry landing is there, and one of the favorite amusements of visitors is to take the ferry and ride half a day, drinking in the river breeze and watching the river sights by day or night—and all for ten cents! Across the river is Algiers, an over-the-river suburb of New Orleans, and a very important town, as it has become a great manufacturing center.

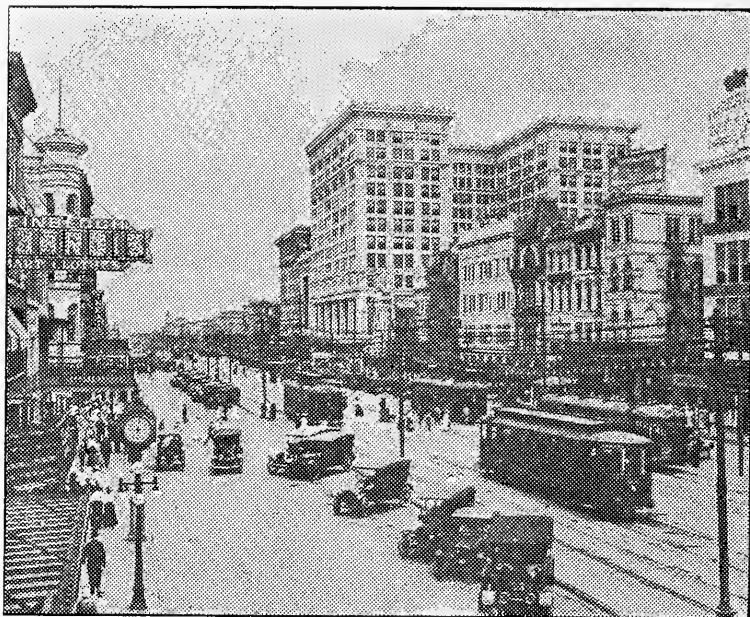
The upward slant to the river is part of the levee system which protects this city in time of high water. When the first colonists established themselves on the banks of the river, they soon found that they must begin to throw up earthworks to protect themselves from overflow. The floods, privileged to spread at all points, were not as formidable then as now. Year by year, the embankments have been raised higher and higher, and the whole course of the Mississippi is guarded by embankments of which this slope in Canal street is a part. The time has been when men were paddling boats around up to Bourbon, in Canal street, but the flood came in from the back, for a crevasse above the city had flooded the swamps and sent the waters up into the city. Nothing in the United States is more wonderful than the great levee system along the Mississippi, taking into consideration the enormous amount of money it involves, the enormous toil required to produce it, and the everlasting watchfulness required to keep back the floods; and it all presents a problem which some of the greatest engineers in the country are studying with a determination to solve it. In the meantime, New Orleans itself is so well protected that not one of her citizens contemplates "higher water" with any alarm.

Not far from the levee is a small triangular park, which some of the street cars circle around at the river end of their journey, and in the middle of which stands what is known as the "Fourteenth of September Monument," or "the Liberty Monument." This little shaft was erected in honor of the men who were killed near here on September 14, 1874, in a determined effort to snatch the control of the city from negro police and the Radical administration. Twenty-four men were killed here, including General A. S. Badger, and 116 were wounded. This battle was only one of the incidents in the long struggle for freedom during those years, but this closed some of the worst of the oppression under which the citizens had been suffering.

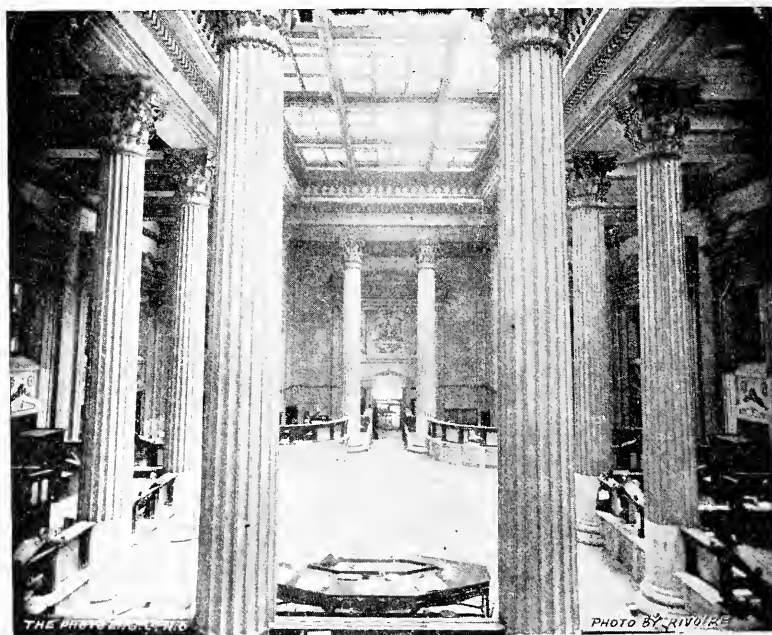
THE CUSTOMHOUSE

Not far from Liberty Place, in Canal street, stands an enormous gray building—the Customhouse. It occupies an entire block—a site on which some kind of customhouse stood during the early history of the city; and it is worthy of note that it then stood almost on the bank of the river. Ever since then the river has been busily building up the "batture" with silt taken from other points, and the "batture" has grown in width from year to year.

The first customhouse was burned in the great fire of 1788, and then Governor Miro erected a better structure. Carondelet, coming on the scene later, swept away everything that was on the site and built Fort St. Louis there, covering the entire block. When the Americans came upon the scene, in their turn, they had no use for forts, so they demolished old Fort St. Louis and built a brick courthouse in the middle of the block. A bethel stood alongside. In 1848 both of these were removed; this site was chosen as a customhouse; the site was ceded to the United States, and the work of building began. The war intervened and years passed before it was even approximately finished and the upper floor has never been completed. General Beauregard had the technical supervision of the building—he was then major of engineers, and it is said that the cornerstone was laid by Henry Clay.



Scene in Canal Street.



"Marble Hall" in the Customhouse.

The foundations prepared for this huge structure will be a matter of interest to people of the present day, who are accustomed to seeing deep-driven piles made ready for any large structure, and steel and reinforced concrete used to strengthen every part.

The foundations rest upon a plank floor seven feet below the sidewalk, upon which is a grillage of 12-inch logs, covered by a layer of concrete one foot deep!

And yet the building is there! It has sunk only a foot or two—one end a little further than the other. It has not gone down to China, as one would have expected of a massive building erected on a foundation of planks and logs seven feet deep, in the marshy soil of old New Orleans.

The marble staircase and the beautiful Marble Hall on the second floor have attracted great attention. In its time this Marble Hall was considered the handsomest business room in the world. It was designed for true Sons of Anak, one would think, as it is fifty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

In 1883 some changes were made in the ground floor to accommodate the post-office; but a few years since the postoffice was moved to the magnificent structure in Camp street, facing Lafayette Square, and since then the gray old building in Canal street has been used as a customhouse alone. The government is soon to expend large sums in modernizing the old structure to suit present needs.

For a number of blocks on either side of Canal street, beginning at the Louisville and Nashville passenger station, there are business houses of many kinds, including some of the finest department stores in the South. A few squares beyond the Terminal Station, in Canal and Basin, a very beautiful residence section sets in, and continues almost to the cemeteries. On the way, however, one finds the Beauregard School, one of the best of the grammar grade buildings, and the Boys' High School, recently erected—a building of which the city may well be proud.

Canal street ends at the cemeteries; a number of which are grouped at this end of the city. Among these, perhaps the most notable one is Metairie Cemetery, which covers the site of the famous Metairie Race Course, once the most noted racing park in the United States. Other beautiful cemeteries in this group are St. Patrick's, Nos. 1 and 2; the Firemen's; Greenwood; the Jewish cemeteries; Cypress Grove Cemetery, and the cemeteries of the Odd Fellows and the Masons.

Beyond the cemeteries Canal street is continued in Canal Boulevard, a thoroughfare as yet little developed, that runs through to Lake Pontchartrain.

There are many other cemeteries, in various parts of the city, most of them simple squares, walled in with high brick walls; and against every wall are built what are called the "oven" tombs, each with a room for one coffin. The custom of burying in tombs above ground originated in the marshy character of the soil which caused any excavation to fill with water in a little while. The drainage and sewerage of the city during recent years have lowered the water level until now it is five or six feet below the level of the streets, and it is probable that the above-ground burials will be gradually done away with.

THE TOURO BUILDINGS

In Canal, between Royal and Bourbon, once stood a row of four-story brick buildings called the Touro Buildings. Most of them are gone now, but those which remain are viewed with interest because their owner was a certain Jew named Judah Touro, who, after the manner of his kind, gave largely to many causes. The Touro Infirmary, the Touro-Shakespeare Almshouse, and many other institutions have the name of Touro inscribed on marble tablets as a memento of his great love for mankind. It was he who purchased from the Episcopal Church the original Christ Church, at Canal and Bourbon, and gave it to his own people for a synagogue. The building was afterward demolished, as the congregation moved to Carondelet street, but it was reproduced in every line as closely as possible, and stands there today; though the congregation has moved still further uptown. The building was sold, after their removal, to the Knights of Columbus.

The building at Canal and Royal occupies the site of Touro's home.



Cabildo.

THE CABILDO.

The St. Louis Cathedral faces Jackson Square, and beside the cathedral on the south side runs a narrow, paved alleyway, called Orleans Alley. Next above Orleans Alley stands the Cabildo.

There is no other building in New Orleans which possesses the interest for the tourist that is held by the old Cabildo.

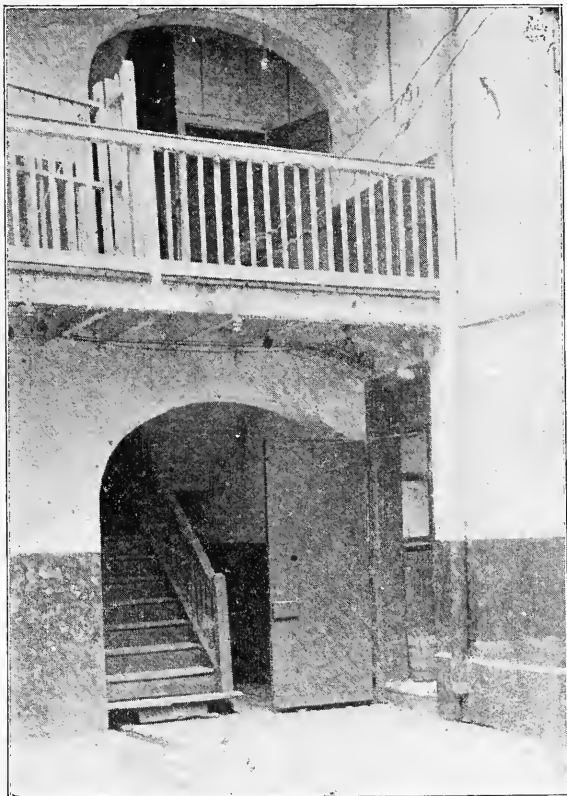
This site was occupied by a small guardhouse and a prison when the first structures in the new town were erected. Then, when the Spanish gained possession of the new territory, and Governor O'Reilly began to rule with an iron hand, a new building was erected here in which the Cabildo instituted by him held its meetings. In 1788 this building was burned, and in 1795 Don Alexander Almonaster y Roxas, who did so much for the little city in which he had chosen to make his home, erected the Cabildo of today and presented it to the municipality. The principal change that has been made in the building is the substitution of the incongruous Mansard roof for the tiled roof which covered it at first; and the loggia that ran along the second story, in the front, has been closed in with glass, to give more room.

The visitor will notice the exceeding thickness of the walls, and the arched windows, all of the Spanish type of architecture. The interior of the building has been changed very little; and in the main room on the second floor, known as the Sala Capitular, the same floor has been preserved in good order to this day. It was in this great room that the ceremonies connected with the transfer of Louisiana from Spain to France and from France to the United States took place.

In this room, also, the first Protestant Church services ever held in Louisiana was conducted. The Protestants of the city were invited to meet and decide by a majority vote what denomination should have a church erected. The Episcopalians were in the majority. Bishop Chase officiated at the services; all the other Christians of the city joined with the Episcopalians, and eventually the first church was built in Canal street, at Bourbon—known afterwards as Christ Church.

It was in the Cabildo, too, that Lafayette was entertained, this great apartment having been most lavishly fitted up for his use.

When Louisiana passed into the hands of the United States, in 1803, the building became the city hall, and was afterwards the administrative headquarters of the first municipality. Still later it became the Supreme Court headquarters.



Courtyard of the Cabildo.

After the battle of September 14, 1874, the Reconstruction forces took refuge in the Cabildo. It was surrounded by citizens, who waited for dawn to begin their attack on this fortress; but at dawn the garrison surrendered, so that there was no further need for fighting. Once again during the following year the people rose against the Reconstruction government and surrounded the Cabildo; but the garrison charged, a battle was fought at Chartres and St. Peter, and the attacking party was repulsed.

Other interesting events in connection with this historic building were the reception given here to President McKinley, in 1901; and the celebration of the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, in 1903. In 1910 the Cabildo was formally turned over to the State Museum.

JACKSON SQUARE

The very heart of "downtown" is Jackson Square, that iron-railed block of ground, green with beautiful verdure, and with the famous equestrian statue of General Jackson occupying the center. The beautifying of the old square may be laid at the door of Almonaster's daughter, the Baroness de Pontalba. It was she who built the two long Pontalba buildings flanking the square on either side; the buildings which were to house all kinds of business enterprises on the first floor and to make beautiful residences on the second and third floors. The old buildings have long been deteriorating, but they must have been beau-



The French Market.



Fruit Stand in the French Market.

tiful in 1849, when they were new and fine, and when they were still trying to hold the business section of New Orleans downtown, in spite of the opening of the Faubourg Ste. Marie and the wonderful developments south of Canal street. One will notice the beautiful iron railings in front of all the balconies and even at the attic windows, with the interwoven initials, "A-P."

It was in 1845, while her property was still largely undeveloped, that she returned to New Orleans and found herself looking out at the ragged old Place d'Armes, and began her work of beautifying it. It was she who had it laid out in French style, and planted with flowers and shrubs.

It was her interest which aroused the interest of others. A society was formed which began raising a fund for a monument to the hero of New Orleans, and \$30,000 was accumulated. Clark Mills, the sculptor, designed the far-famed monument, which was unveiled in 1856; and the name of the Place d'Armes was changed to Jackson Square.

For almost a century and a half it had been the Place d'Armes, and had passed through stirring scenes. It was here that the Filles de la Cassette landed and were received by the gentle Ursulines. This was the rallying place of the citizen soldiery who went out to fight Indians in the wars against the Natchez, the Yazoo, the Choctaw and the Chickasaw. Here the people assembled to express their bitter indignation against being sold as chattels to Spain. It was here that they greeted the French flag with immense rejoicing when it took the place of the hated flag of Spain, and here they greeted with amazement and with little pleasure the Stars and Stripes which ran up in place of the French banner. It was a drill-ground for the troops in the garrison, a lounging-place for the idle young men, a promenade in the evenings for the pretty girls, abundantly chaperoned. Every important event that took place in the old city was in some way staged at the Place d'Armes—now Jackson Square.

THE FRENCH MARKET

For many years the French Market has been one feature of old New Orleans in which visitors have been keenly interested. No visitor thinks of leaving New Orleans without making at least one tour through the French Market, so that she may be able to describe it to her friends at home, who listen enviously to her experiences. And she will not visit the market without sitting down on a stool, before an oilcloth-covered counter or table, and drinking a cup of black coffee, which, she has been told, carries a flavor of its own.

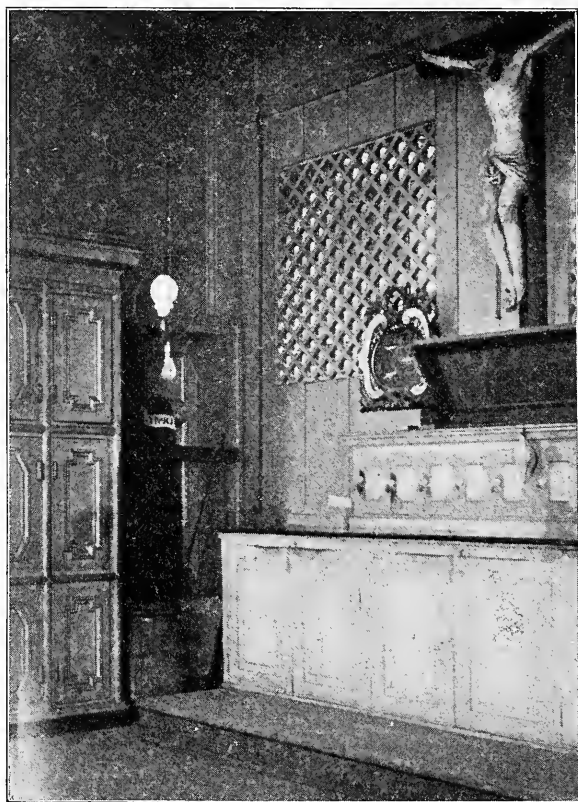
A market building was erected on this site by the Spaniards about the year 1791; for the city was always filled with vendors of food; the Indians with their fish and game, and the German truck growers from up the coast, so that a place was needed where they could dispose of what they had and the people could assemble to buy. This first building was destroyed by a severe storm in 1812, but it was too necessary to the little city to be dispensed with. The city surveyor, J. Piernas, set about making plans for another market, and the first of the buildings now composing the French Market, the one at St. Ann and the levee, was constructed. This was the meat market, or Halle de Boucheriers. The vegetable market was added some years later; and now there are several of the long buildings, with heavy columns supporting the roofs.

The French Market is greatly changed from the old days, partly by the fact that other markets have been established all over the city, drawing away a great part of the ancient custom; and partly by the strides of progress. The meat market is now screened and modernized so that an old acquaintance would hardly recognize it, and is in keeping with the demands of the times. But there are certain things which have never changed. One of these is the immense variety of products which are always on sale in the market; and another is the picturesque manner in which the fruit and vegetable stalls are arranged. The French and Italians have an eye for artistic designs, and the stalls are a picture to delight an artist.

ST. LOUIS CATHEDRAL

The site where the Cathedral now stands was set aside for ecclesiastical purposes when the city was first laid out; and at a very early day some kind of church was erected there. This first building was destroyed by a storm within a year or two after the founding of the infant colony, but was later rebuilt. In one of the great fires which swept over the city fifty years later, this second structure was burned.

It was Don Almonaster y Roxas, the wealthy Spaniard, who built on the old site the St. Louis Cathedral as it stands today, and gave it to the parish, a



In the Sacristy, St. Louis Cathedral.

free offering. There are many objects of historic interest connected with the Cathedral, among them being the tombs of the Marignys, which lie beneath the floor, in front of the altar, the names almost obliterated by the tread of thousands of passing feet.

Back of the Cathedral is the plot of ground known as St. Anthony's Close, once a grove where an occasional duel was fought; and it was here that the gallants of that old time met to idle and to smoke and gossip. The trees have been cut down, now, to make room for a building known as the "temporary Cathedral," for use while the original building is undergoing extensive repairs.

THE PRESBYTERY

On the north side of the Cathedral runs St. Anthony's Alley, and beyond that is a building that corresponds in appearance with the Cabildo. It is known as the Presbytery. Bienville, in laying out the city, set aside this place for ecclesiastical purposes, and to this place came the Capuchin priests, to whom he turned over the spiritual affairs of the young city. A presbytery was erected some years later more in accordance with their needs, and in 1813 the ground was sold to the municipality, the presbytery was torn down and the present edifice was constructed—a copy of the Cabildo, but far from being as well-built a structure. The building was intended for the use of the Civil District Courts, which retained possession of it until 1910, when they were transferred to the new courthouse in Royal street; and this building, as well as the Cabildo, was given over to the use of the State Museum.

OLD HOTEL ROYAL

Busy workmen demolishing an old structure—that is all one sees of what was once the center of brilliant society, of wealth and gaiety and distinction in the old days when the past century had but half lived out its time. This pile of debris, this vacant space, used to be the Hotel Royal, and still further back it was the Hotel St. Louis. For years the building, once so fine and so much admired, has been falling into decay, shedding scraps and fragments from its long galleries and from its lintels with every passing breeze. Since the new court building was erected just across the street, in all its marble grandeur, the old hotel has looked still more squalid and forlorn, and it seemed there was nothing to do but tear it down and remove the last trace of its unhappy squalor.



Royal Street Looking North from Canal Street.

Before there was a hotel at all on this site, the old City Exchange was founded in 1838. This original building was burned and another set up in its place, and that, too, was destroyed in 1851.

Then came the building just demolished, which was called, as recently as thirteen years ago, "the present imposing structure." By this time the property had passed into the hands of the Citizens' Bank, and it is to be mentioned that this bank continued to own the hotel "most of the time for many years, as they repeatedly sold it, but it was not paid for and they were compelled to take it back.

This building has been associated with many of the gayest and most brilliant social events which ever transpired in old New Orleans, and that in a day when society was at its best. Here were given the annual balls, the most brilliant affairs ever given in the United States. Here was given the great masquerade ball, during the winter of 1842-43, and that same winter is memorable as the time in which the friends of Henry Clay gave a great dinner in his honor, and the price every

guest had to pay was \$100. There was immense excitement over this function, and the number who could attend was limited to two hundred; therefore, many were the heart-burnings and disappointments.

There came a time, some years later, when the old hotel played an important part in the troubled history of the state immediately following the Civil War, when it was the storm center around which eddied a whirlpool of contending forces; a Republican and Reconstruction administration doing its best to keep the citizens of New Orleans down, and the citizens of New Orleans, not to be kept down by any possible power.

In 1874, the New Orleans National Building Association was organized, ostensibly to run the hotel, but ultimately to sell it to the government. That same year the Kellogg government leased the hotel and soon after took possession of it and declared it to be the State House.



Courtyard in the French Quarter.

Never did State House have such a history!

In September of that year a committee of citizens attempted to enter the hotel and force the resignation of Kellogg, but the building was filled with armed men who made an effectual barricade.

On the morning of September 13, a call appeared in the papers for the people to assemble at the Clay statue in Canal street—the rallying point for the people on many memorable occasions—and declare that men “ought to be and mean to be free.”

Next morning the stores, with few exceptions, did not open, for everyone realized that a crisis was at hand. Men began to assemble around the Clay statue at an early hour, until several thousand had gathered at the monument, ready for whatever might come. Resolutions were adopted, calling upon Kellogg to abdicate, and a committee was sent to deliver them.

The committee found the State House barricaded. Kellogg refused to receive them. When this was reported to the meeting, still waiting the turn of events at Clay statue, the men were told to go home, arm themselves and return.

Two cases of arms for the White League had been brought to the city the day before and were still on the boat. The White League assembled and marched to the levee to secure the arms, but they were met on the levee by the Metropolitan Police. A pitched battle ensued, the center of which is marked by the September Monument in Canal street. The police lost forty killed and two hundred wounded, while the citizens lost nineteen killed and about as many wounded.

The police retreated and the White League prepared for an assault on the State House; but before they had an opportunity a white flag was run up and the garrison surrendered. It was found, however, that Kellogg and his officers were not there, and that they had taken refuge in the customhouse.



Orleans Alley.

In every parish in the state there were uprisings, for men had been waiting for this signal; and by evening of the next day there was no Kellogg administration.

The triumph of the citizens was short-lived, however. On the morning of September 17 a formal demand for the surrender of the State House was made by the United States troops, and the city was declared under martial law. The building was surrendered and a few days later Kellogg was reinstated.

On January 4, 1875, the Legislature met. Expecting trouble, United States troops were lined up in the streets. The Democratic members, by whirlwind tactics, elected Wiltz temporary chairman, and immediately pandemonium broke forth. United States troops invaded the hall and deposed him, and again the State House was in possession of Kellogg.

The principal incident of the following year was the meeting of the returning board, which assembled in the State House and compiled the returns which made Hayes President.

In January, 1877, the Legislature met, and the Democratic members, duly elected, marched to the building and were refused admission. Nothing daunted, they went to St. Patrick's Hall and organized. On the 8th, Governor Francis T. Nicholls and Lieutenant Governor Wiltz were sworn in, and the state had two Legislatures. The Republican legislators, who had possession of the State House, evidently did not consider that the temper of the people was altogether conciliatory, for they never left the building, day or night. The citizen soldiers, under the command of Governor Nicholls, took possession of all the public buildings in the city, except the one-time State House, and installed Democratic officers. Moreover, the officers recognized by Nicholls were inducted into office in all the parishes.

The siege of the State House continued for two months. During that time eight or nine hundred men were barricaded in this building. The place became indescribable, and, eventually, smallpox broke out.

On March 3, President Grant ordered the troops to keep their hands off; and this was followed on April 21 by an order for the troops to be removed. The building was deserted, but it was scarcely fit for use. It was given up as a State House and the capital was removed to Baton Rouge.

The decay of the historic building set in, but some years later it was repaired and started out in life again as the Hotel Royal. It was found that it could not be made a paying venture. The march of events had been too swift. The travelling public would not be satisfied with hotels that were not fireproof and modern in every way. The building was deserted for the last time, and it finally became a charity to tear down the old walls and cart the rubbish away.

It has not been altogether given over to destruction, however, even yet. President Edenborn, of the Red River Navigation Company, has bought the ancient facade and the beautiful columns, and will use them to front the new station for his line.

Old citizens will never be quite reconciled to the loss of this old hotel. They will recall the splendid leap of the great dome, the largest unbroken dome in the world, from the ground to the upmost arch, which immortalized DePouilly, the greatest architect of his time; the frescoes in the dome, by Canova; the great dining room; the wide halls; all the wonderful building which was the pride and delight of the city in the old days. There is no architecture like that now, they will assure you. A great deal has been carried away from the city along with the loads of debris, and the older citizens are not to be comforted.

NAPOLEON'S "RETREAT"

One of the most interesting houses in the downtown section stands at 514 Chartres street—interesting because so many great dreams were embodied in the building and furnishing of it. A lonely prisoner, watching from the heights of a rocky island, was to be rescued and brought to the new land, and here he was to be free, a distinguished guest, with a home already prepared for him. The yacht was already built that was to bring him to the new land; as swift a vessel as could be devised, which would spread its white wings and fly faster than the enemy could follow. The daredevil crew was recruited, ready to set about any enterprise that could be devised. The leader of the dashing vessel was to be Dominic You, who had stood beside Lafitte in many a daring sea raid, and who did not know the meaning of fear. It was Nicholas Girod who had planned the wonderful enterprise, and who had the new home ready for the fallen Emperor Napoleon. The building he had erected was a remarkably handsome one for those days, and the furnishings were of the richest that money could buy.

But alas, another raider (death) captured the captive and carried him away before the swiftest yacht could reach him; and the building stands there today, the monument to a beautiful dream that never came true.

OLD ABSINTHE HOUSE

One of the old houses of the downtown section is the Old Absinthe House, at the corner of Bienville and Bourbon. This building was erected in 1798, for quite a different purpose, one may believe. The Nineteenth Century had passed its first quarter before it began to be a saloon; but, having once started, it was known as a place where one might always get a glass of the green liquid which went to the wrecking of many fortunes and of still more constitutions.



United States Mint.

THE MINT

In Esplanade avenue, near the river, stands a massive structure, the United States Mint. It occupies the site of old Fort San Carlos, which guarded the new city in the wilderness at its northeastern angle. Here stood the fort, and the cannon looked out over the river; here ran the moat, filled with water; and here hung the drawbridge, which gave to the young New Orleans the appearance of a very ancient city, wholly out of place in the New World. Here, on a parapet of the fort, Andrew Jackson stood and reviewed the little army that was ready to go down to Chalmette and to victory. The fort fell into decay, and in 1821 it was dismantled. In 1835 the city conveyed the ground to the United States for the construction of a mint, with the proviso that if the site should ever be used for other purposes it should revert to the city. This stipulation was afterwards removed, however. The structure was completed in 1838 at a cost of more than three million dollars—a huge building, 828 feet long by 108 feet in depth.

For many years large quantities of coin were turned out here, and the tiny "O" beneath the head of the virgin Liberty bears testimony to the origin of the coins the New Orleans mint sent on their journey through the world.

One of the interesting stories in connection with this old building is that of the great ball that was given here years before the war, by the out-going director of the mint, who wished to give a dazzling social close to his regime as mint master. Mrs. Eliza Ripley, an old citizen of New Orleans, gave an invaluable account of that ball; of the men and women who attended it, and of their subsequent histories. Never, surely, was a ball given in such a place, or amid such surroundings.

During the Civil War, and up to 1878, specie coinage here was suspended. Afterwards when the coinage started again, it was cut down a little more every year until finally it ceased altogether; the coins deposited there were removed, and the mint ceased to be a mint. For several years the building has been standing idle.

It was at the front of this building that General Butler hanged William Mumford, during the Civil War, on the charge of having torn down the United States flag from the building, after the United States army had taken possession of the city.

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE

At Bourbon and Toulouse stands the French Opera House, the scene of such wonderful artistic triumphs as no other American city has known, and of such enthusiasm as only New Orleans, a city of music-lovers, could ever show. The opera house was erected in 1859, from designs made by James Gallier, the younger. The old city was full of magnificent buildings designed by the Galliers, father and son, who were among the most renowned of many distinguished architects who made New Orleans their home during the past century.

In 1859 Boudousquie, the manager who had been conducting opera at the old Orleans Theater, formed a French Opera Association, with a capital of \$100,000, and the site was purchased and the present building erected. The building was formally opened in December, with "Guillaume Tell," and it is remembered that opera alternated with drama for several years. As time went on, many of the most noted singers of the world were heard in the French Opera House; and among these was Patti. During the Civil War the house was closed, but in '66 it reopened, and the new director was on his way from France with a large company of artists on board the "Evening Star." The ship was lost, and the entire troupe perished. Among those who went down were James Gallier, the architect who had designed the opera house, and his wife.

L. Placide Canonge, Max Strakosch and de Beauplan were among the succeeding directors; and there were many years of most successful opera, through which New Orleans became known as the opera city.

The French Opera season has always been the gala time from a social standpoint; and nowhere is there a more alluring scene than the glittering horseshoe of boxes, filled with wealth and fashion. It must be said, however, that very many of the most devoted music-lovers are in the upper galleries, where they struggle for seats and drink in the music with tears and wild applause, such as would not be considered "proper" on the more fashionable seats below.

It is to be noted that visitors to the city have always considered New Orleans music mad, even from the times when opera was given in the old Orleans Theater. There was no cutting of the great operas then; and people went to the performance at 6 in the evening, and left the opera to attend midnight mass at the Cathedral. It is doubtful if anyone can be found who loves music to that extent now; but at any rate, one will hear the boys in the streets and the negroes on the levee whistling bars from some tuneless opera without slurring one liquid note.

The outbreak of the world war prevented the coming of French troupes and the Opera House was running to neglect when it was purchased by an anonymous benefactor and was presented to the Tulane University in order that it might remain forever a temple of art and not fall to less worthy uses. With the gift went also an important sum of money to put the fine old structure into perfect repair.

MADAME JOHN'S LEGACY

There is nothing like the genius of the novelist for making one see the things of fancy as far more real than the grim facts that are before one's bodily vision. In Dumaine street, on the upper side, between Royal and Chartres, stands a very old house, with wide porches and dormer windows. Cable made it the home of Madame John, in "Old Creole Days;" and set it aside from all the old city as the legacy left the quadroon woman by Monsieur John, of the "Good Children Social Club." It was up those stairs to the room with the dormer window that "Tite Poulette" ran in frantic haste when she had been frightened by the manager of the dance hall, and it was outside this wide balcony that the young German interfered to save her from insult. It is one of the prerogatives of genius to make a place like this, which may have had no romance connected with it in actual truth, the most interesting and romantic of the old buildings in the Vieux Carre.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Every visitor who comes to New Orleans expresses a desire to see the Haunted House, and journeys down to Bourbon and Hospital streets to behold it. Hearts are thrilled and blood runs cold at the hearing of the story connected with this old building; and with good reason, for it is a story of fiendish cruelty such as no one has ever been able to understand.

Madame Lalaurie was the name of the woman who figured in that old building. There was a Monsieur Lalaurie, also, but he does not figure in the story, except as the husband of Madame Lalaurie. These two acquired possession of

the building in 1813, and their home became a kind of social center for the aristocrats of those old days. They were wealthy, refined, and had great influence in their circle. They entertained Lafayette when he visited the city in 1825, and there was no hint or suspicion on the part of any of their numerous guests, during a number of years, that they were not what they seemed, and that there was a secret closet somewhere about the house that contained an exceedingly grizzly family skeleton.

It was a fire that led to the ghastly exposure. The fire occurred on April 10, 1834, starting on the upper floor. The old Volunteer Fire Department went to the rescue, and invaded that chamber of horrors. In the attic they discovered seven negro slaves, all of them mutilated and suffering torments, some of them chained to wretched pallets or to the walls, and some of them almost dead from starvation.



Door of the Haunted House, Royal Street.

Madame Lalaurie, the refined, the aristocratic, the exquisite chatelaine, had been in the habit of torturing her slaves in her leisure hours, just for the pleasure of seeing them suffer! With the manner and appearance of a fine lady, she was a demon, worse than the ghoul of fiction!

The people of the old city knew how to deal with such an emergency. They took the victims to the mayor's office, and there one of the women confessed that she had set fire to the building to end her sufferings. The searchers through the house came upon instruments of torture, borrowed from the Inquisition; among them iron collars with spiked inner sides and sharp edges. True, there were times when the slaves died under the torture, but what would you? Slaves were plentiful.

Then it was that the mob collected. They did not succeed in overtaking Madame Lalaurie, for she had already escaped through a side door, and had fled to a ship and thence to France. It is said that the torturer of slaves became very charitable, in her later years; but there may be a question as to the effectiveness of her charity.

In the meantime, the mob gutted the Lalaurie home, tearing from it everything that was movable, and burning it in bonfires in the street.

The place is now occupied by a saloon; but there is an agreeable tradition that it is haunted by the restless spirits of the tortured slaves—who should really have been the last to revisit it—and that has added greatly to its interest.

THE ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE

The upper portion of the block between Hospital and Ursuline streets, facing on Chartres, contains St. Mary's Church and what has long been known as the Archiepiscopal Palace. It was the home of several archbishops in turn. Archbishop Janssens resided there until his death; but he was the last who looked upon this old structure as his home. A new residence in Esplanade avenue was presented to Archbishop Chapelle soon after his accession to the archbishopric. (It was there that Monseigneur Chapelle died of yellow fever during the final epidemic of that disease.

But long before its passing into the keeping of the archbishops this old structure had gathered around it a halo of romantic memories. This was the building that was erected for the Ursuline nuns, the work beginning in 1727, and and the building having been completed in 1734. This is said to be the oldest building in the Mississippi Valley. Visitors are interested in the hand-wrought iron railings of the old stairway and in the stairs themselves, the steps of which are composed of solid blocks of wood. This, with the thickness of the walls, shows that the convent was intended to withstand the inroads of time; and the splendid condition of the building today bears testimony to the builders of those days and their faithful dealing with the public. The nuns occupied this building for ninety-four years. The time came when the adjoining property, owned by them, became so valuable that they disposed of all their holdings except the convent, and went down the river, where their beautiful buildings and grounds long constituted one of the objects of interest. The encroachments of the river made it necessary to move the levee further back and sacrifice part of the grounds, a few years ago; and then it was that the Ursulines moved to their present beautiful home in State street. The Ursulines have always belonged to the teaching sisterhoods, and many a fair young Creole maiden, as well as multitudes of other American girls, owe their education to the sisters who began their work in the village of La Nouvelle Orleans so many years ago.

THE BEAUREGARD HOME

Directly opposite the Archiepiscopal Palace is an old Creole building with wide galleries. This was the home of Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard before and during the Civil War. This building has had its reverses, like so many others in the downtown section, and now it is occupied by Sicilians. A few years ago it was the scene of a desperate vendetta battle, in which four men lost their lives and another was wounded.

SITE OF THE LAFITTE BLACKSMITH SHOP

In Chartres street, at St. Philip, the two Lafitte brothers, Jean and Pierre, were said to have had their blacksmith shop up to 1810, and perhaps later. Among all the names of all the pirates since there were pirates at all, the name of Lafitte was for many years a name to conjure with. A thousand tales of their dark and bloody deeds were extant in those old days; and it would be impossible to enumerate the captured ships and the plundered holds that were put down to their credit, much less the enormous quantities of treasure they carried away with them from these swift forays. As for the hiding-places in which Lafitte's treasure was buried, they extended all along the gulf coast, and were situated on all the islands and along all the rivers and lakes within fifty miles of the sea. The Baratania section, especially, was planted with Lafitte gold from end to end, in popular legend; for it was at Baratania that they made their headquarters. In all their operations, the British had been their special prey, and perhaps the city founded by Bienville was not averse to the work of the daring privateers, for feeling ran high against the British. But at last, not long before

the Battle of New Orleans, Jean Lafitte volunteered for service under General Jackson. The offer was accepted, and Lafitte and his crew of dare-devil spirits did valiant service for America in the battle. No doubt Lafitte felt that this should have secured him immunity in his piracy, but the government kept such a close watch on him that he was forced to retire from Barataria, and after this he made Galveston his headquarters, and so established a new set of burial places for his treasure.



St. Anthony of Padua Church.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

At the corner of Rampart and Conti stands the old Church of St. Anthony of Padua—next to the Cathedral, the oldest church in New Orleans. The building of this church originated in the people's fear of infection from the funerals that were held constantly in the Cathedral, for those were the days of the terrible yellow fever epidemics. The mayor offered to cede the ground for a Mortuary Chapel at a nominal price, if the Cathedral authorities would build it. The matter was held in abeyance for some years, but finally, in 1824, the Church of St. Anthony was built. Pere Antoine laid the cornerstone of the ancient building, which still stands; the City Council passed an ordinance forbidding further funerals at the Cathedral, and so the little Church of St. Anthony became associated with a long line of funerals, with black-robed processions of mourners and with the shedding of bitter tears. Perhaps no other church in the United States has such a melancholy history.

Not only were all funerals held from this church, but in many cases the dead lay in state here until the funeral; so that the church became known as the "dead house." The church continued to be used as a mortuary chapel until 1870, and

was then converted into a parish church, and still later into a place of worship for the Italians especially. A few years ago it was placed in the hands of the Dominican Friars, and still later was used by the Spanish colony of New Orleans.

BEAUREGARD SQUARE

In Rampart street, just beyond the Old Basin, lies that beautiful bit of green lawn, trees and flowers known as Beauregard Square. It took some time to do away with the old name of this place, Congo Square, a name descended from the times when the square was outside the city limits, beyond the ramparts; when the negroes congregated there for their wild orgies, and, it was said, danced the terrible "Voo-doo" dances which they had brought with them from Africa. Cable, in one of his inimitable stories of "Old Creole Days," tells how Cayetano's Circus held forth in Congo Square, and how "Posson Jone" added to the gayety of the occasion. But those times have passed, and the old square has been renamed in a very sane manner, and now there are green lawns, with beautiful trees and benches scattered through them, and the children skate merrily about the walks, in the very spot where the Voodoo Queen once held sway over a half-savage people. It is said that there are places in the swamp where some of the negroes assemble on occasion and hold their orgies as of old, but it appears to be merely a matter of hearsay rather than an established fact.

SITE OF OLD PARISH PRISON

This place is merely a site, as the building has been added to the things that were. It stood behind Beauregard Square, at Orleans and North Franklin streets. The building was erected in 1832, outside of the city, as it stood then, and it was the parish prison till 1895, when the new prison was erected in Tulane avenue. The prison would have had no history, perhaps, and would have gone its way unnoticed if it had not been for the Mafia lynchings, March 14, 1891. The Italians were suspected of having murdered Chief of Police Hennessey; at the trial the jury acquitted six and entered a mistrial for three. It was believed that the jury had been tampered with; a long series of crimes for which no one had been punished had wrought the citizens to fever heat, and they determined that criminals should receive one salutary lesson, at least. The people arose, took possession of the jail, and shot or hanged eleven men. The United States was afterward forced to pay heavy damages to the families of the men who had been lynched. The principal pumping station of the city's sewerage system now occupies the site of the old parish prison.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH

One of the interesting old churches of the city stands in Hospital street, between Rampart and St. Claude. In 1841 this church was built from designs made by the great architect De Pouilly, the same master of his craft who designed the old Hotel Royal. The altars and frescoes are especially interesting. Even the site of the church is linked with the history of New Orleans, for here stood the College d'Orleans, one of the earliest and best-known schools in the city. The college opened in 1811, and it numbered among its students a youth who was to become well known to the city and to literature as the historian Gayarre. Here, also, Lakenal, the great French teacher and friend of public instruction, the real founder of state aid for schools, was at one time president.

THE CARMELITE CONVENT

In Rampart, at Barracks, is the Monastery of the Discalced—or Barefooted—Carmelites. There are but four convents of this order in America. The nuns are strictly cloistered, and are as severe in their isolation as the Trappist Monks, going barefoot the year round, and living on vegetables and fruits alone.

FRENCH UNION HALL

928 North Rampart street shows forth a building which is of the deepest interest to many residents of French descent through the city, and especially in the lower sections. This is "French Union Hall," or the hall of "L'Union Française;" and here is the meeting place of a French literary society, "L'Athanee Louisianais," to whom French is still a native language; and to keep up the interest in French is one of the most delightful objects in life. The French Union maintains a school for girls in this hall.

BEYOND THE VIEUX CARRE.

The Nineteenth Century was well on its way before the little city on the banks of the Mississippi began to overstep its boundaries. The first considerable addition to the city was made when Bernard Marigny, tired of his plantation perhaps, or maybe driven by that stern necessity which harries those who linger too long at the bagatelle board, divided the spreading acres up into city lots and sold them out, under the title of "Faubourg Marigny." This occurred in 1805. By 1815 another Faubourg was laid out in the downtown section, but years had elapsed before it was built up to any great extent. Therefore, one finds little that is historic downtown, beyond the ancient limits of the city.

On the Esplanade line, however, one finds himself outside of the walls, one may say, and beyond the moat which once protected the city from invasion; and it was along Esplanade that many of the wealthy and aristocratic old Creole families established themselves, building their beautiful homes and surrounding them with a wealth of trees and flowers and exquisite gardens. One of these beautiful homes is now the residence of the Archbishop of New Orleans. It was erected before the Civil War by a wealthy merchant, but after the war it became the home of Captain Cuthbert Slocumb, of the Washington Artillery. It passed through other hands, and in 1899 was purchased by the Catholics of New Orleans as a home for the Archbishops of the diocese. The interior of this building is no less beautiful than its surroundings.

On the lower side of Esplanade, between Marais and Villere, stands St. Anna's Church. A mission to seamen stood here in 1846, and a few years later a chapel was built and called St. Peter's Chapel to Seamen. Soon after the war the bethel and chapel were sold, and the money used to purchase this site, which was called St. Anna, as a memorial to Anna, the wife of Dr. W. N. Mercer, who supplied the funds used in erecting it. In 1876 the original building was destroyed by fire, but was rebuilt soon after, and consecrated by Bishop Galleher. On the wall of the chancel are tablets to the memory of Bishop Galleher, Bishop Wilmer and Bishop Leonidas Polk. At 1631 Esplanade is the residence in which General P. G. T. Beauregard died.

One of the attractive new buildings on Esplanade is the Lower Girls' High School, a massive building of cream and white brick, which follows the design that has been adopted for all the new public schools.

When the "Old Square" (Vieux Carre) of the city of New Orleans was hedged in by walls and forts, there was a canal on the upper side, where Canal street now runs. The adjacent land was called the "Terre Commune," or common ground, which lay between the southern wall of the city and the plantation of the Jesuits. The canal—it was not called a canal then—formed the bed of a narrow, crooked little stream which emptied into the river. One may see from this how the topography has changed. Any water along Canal street would have to run up hill to empty into the Mississippi river today.

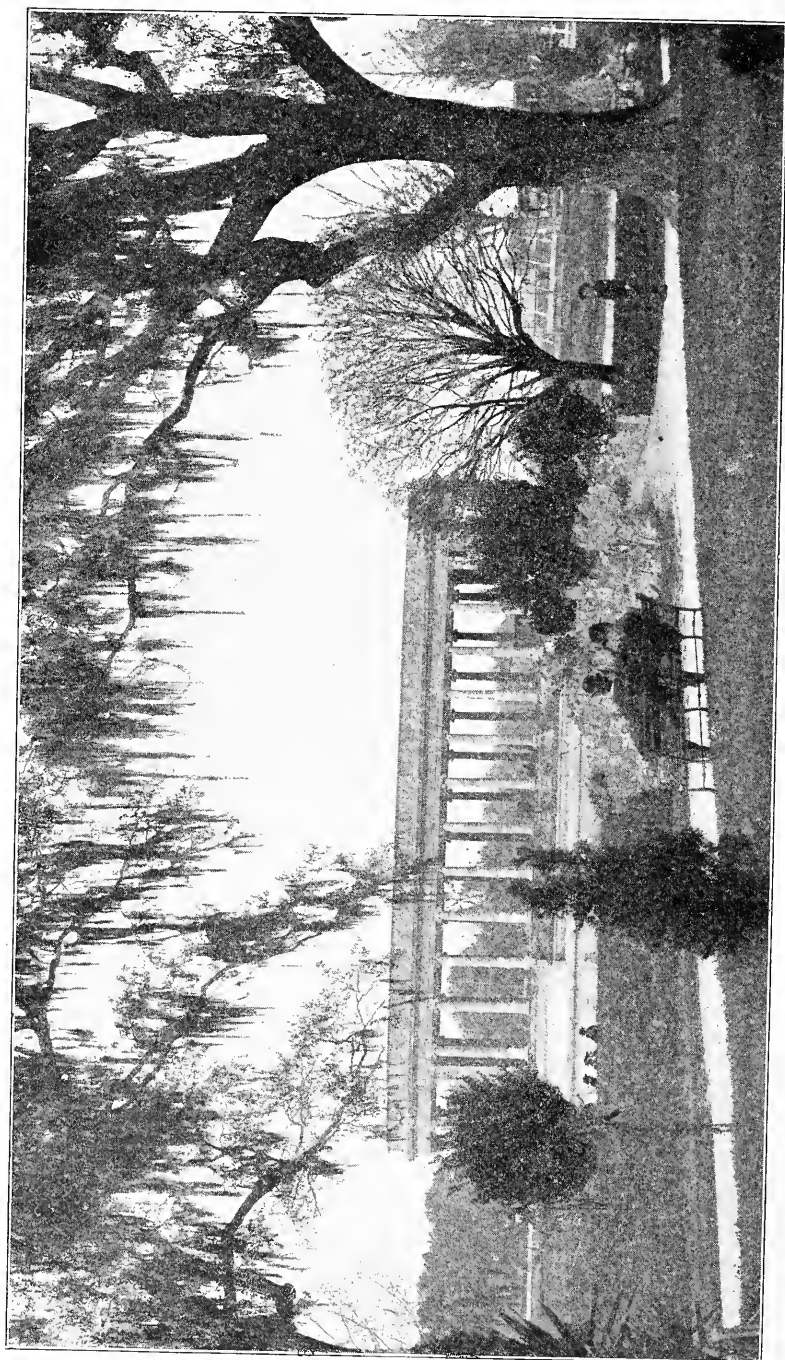
In 1796 the mouth of this bayou was closed by the construction of Fort St. Louis at the south river corner of the city; all except a small opening, which was well guarded and was left in this condition for a number of years. This little water-course formed the moat along the south side of the ramparts and was, therefore, cherished by Carondelet.

But the Jesuits had been expelled by Papal edict in 1763.

The Jesuits arrived in the city in 1726, when New Orleans was about four years old, and announced themselves ready to devote their time and talents to the education of youth. They were welcomed by the colonists and Bienville gave them a tract of land, bounded by what are now Common, Tchoupitoulas, Terpsichore and Hagan avenue, or Bayou St. John, which at that time paralleled the Mississippi at about the line of the new Jefferson Davis Parkway. This included a tract 3600 feet wide by 8000 feet deep, and amounted to a goodly heritage. With this the city furnished residences and slaves to cultivate the land.

During the following January a further grant was added, 1000 feet by 9000 feet deep, immediately above the original grant, and in 1745 the Jesuits added to this by purchase, extending their property to what is now Felicity street. The space between Common and Canal streets was reserved for a common, or for public uses; one of which seems to have been a burial place for the unknown or friendless dead, or the first potter's field in the city.

The Jesuits were extinguished, and the land was declared forfeited. One of the purchasers named the section he had bought the "Faubourg Ste. Mary," in



In the City Park.



Lugger Landing at Old Basin.

honor of his wife. Many of the names which survive in this part of the city commemorate old plantation owners or financiers of that time—Poydras, Gravier, Girod, Foucher, Delord. But faubourg after faubourg was opened up. With the passing of Louisiana into the hands of the United States, there was a mighty influx of Americans, and they settled "uptown." The city spread further and further up. Little villages established themselves here and there, along the curves of the river, and the spaces between them filled up in the course of time, until all the little villages were taken into the one great city. In this manner has New Orleans grown from the ancient walled town below the canal. It covers the sites of goodly old plantations, and has caught wonderful old plantation houses to its heart, here and there, up and down the river, from the Barracks to Carrollton; and now it is spreading in the one other direction left to it—back of town—once the stigma that was the worst thing that could be said of any neighborhood.

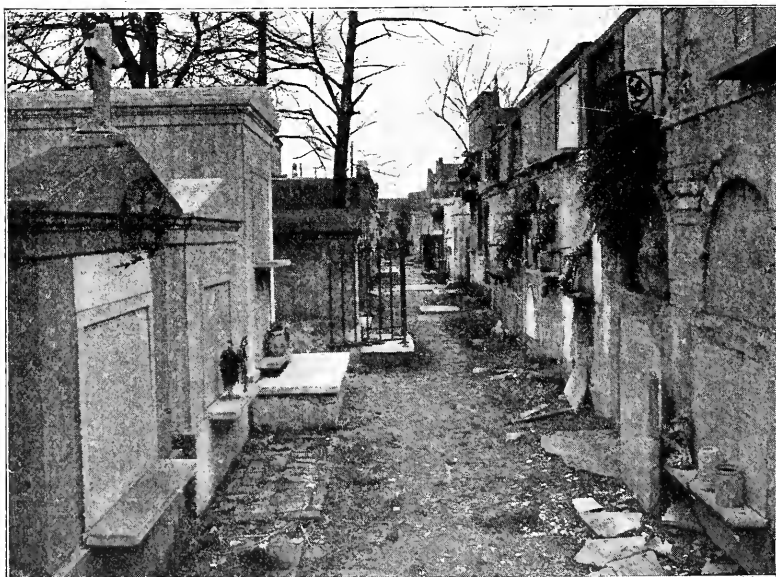
Many of the most beautiful residence parks are in what was once "back of town." They are no longer back—they are town itself.

THE CITY PARK

Once upon a time, many years ago, there was a certain Louis Allard who owned a plantation on the outskirts of the city, in what must have been even then the most picturesque and romantic spot along the Bayou St. John. No doubt they raised any amount of indigo on that plantation, and perhaps they had cotton and sugar cane in great quantities at the close of the harvest. He was not a very good farmer, however, this Louis Allard, for it is said of him that he was a man of letters, that he read enormously, and that he even wrote verse. Who could succeed with such a handicap? At any rate, along came John McDonogh, who did not write verse, and bought the last portion of the plantation that increasing calamities had left to poor Louis Allard; and in McDonogh's will this portion of land was left to the city and to Baltimore, along with the remainder of his great estate. But Allard, poor and depressed and unable to tear himself away from the oaks under which he had spent many an hour reading and writing, was permitted to live at the place; and when his death came he was buried under his favorite tree. You may see the humble tomb there now; the only tomb that will ever be permitted to establish itself in the great City Park.



Main Aisle St. Louis Cemetery No. 1.



Old Tombs, St. Louis Cemetery No. 1.

"The Oaks?" When people speak of them they mean the great "Dueling Oaks," under which many a reckless and daring young fellow lost his life. People fought for anything, or for nothing, in those days. The city had a number of expert fencing masters, and it was considered part of a young gentleman's education to be skilled in fencing. Here the young brother of Governor Claiborne's girl-wife fought and was killed. One man fought eighteen duels here in the pauses between sessions of Congress, of which he was a member. At least one United States senator walked out there one early morning to his death. On one Sunday ten duels were fought under the historic oaks.

The City Park Commission, during the past few years, has effected wonderful changes in the City Park; building a beautiful lake, spanned by graceful bridges; planting innumerable trees and shrubs; building the Peristyle, which seems to have been transplanted from some old Greek temple, and adorning the park with palm avenues and placing waterfowl in the lake, so that the whole place is a delight to the eye of the visitor.

GRAND ROUTE ST. JOHN

One of the streets which may justly be considered the very oldest in the city is Grande Route St. John, which leads from Bayou St. John riverwards. When the first white visitors came to the site of New Orleans they found an Indian village on the banks of the bayou, near where it is crossed by Esplanade avenue; and leading from the village to the river was an Indian portage, beaten smooth by the many moccasined feet that had traversed it. When the new city was laid out, this portage continued to be the best path to the bayou; until finally several important residences were established along the bayou, and then this Indian trail became Grande Route St. John. Later, it became a street, with houses lining it on both sides; and so is preserved every line of an old Indian path, beaten out from bayou to river before the first white face was seen along the lower Mississippi.

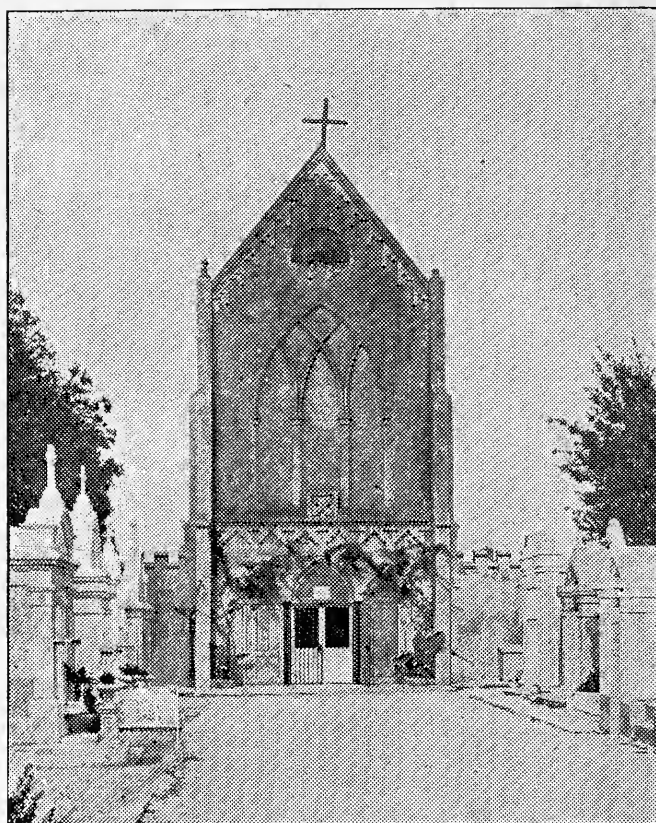
CAMP NICHOLLS, THE SOLDIERS' HOME

About three hundred yards from Esplanade avenue, on Bayou St. John, is a cluster of buildings, set in the midst of a most beautiful grove. This is the Soldiers' Home, or "Camp Nicholls," as it was called for Governor Nicholls, during whose administration it was established. This delightful retreat gives a resting place to a large number of old soldiers—the number growing smaller year by year—who have found the burden and heat of the day more than they can bear, and have come to accept the hospitable shelter provided for them by the state for which they sacrificed themselves in the days of their youth. The home is under the control of a board of directors, consisting of five members, from each of the army associations—Tennessee and Northern Virginia; and five appointed by the governor of Louisiana. The site for this beautiful home was acquired by the board in 1883.

OLD CEMETERIES.

ST. LOUIS NO. 1

It is supposed that Bienville provided for a cemetery when the old city was laid out, and that this burial place was immediately behind the parish church, on the site now occupied by the temporary Cathedral, which is in the rear of the Cathedral itself. It is also believed that there was some kind of cemetery at the corner of Bourbon and Esplanade, outside the walls of the city. The Cathedral cemetery was in use down to 1743, when the new city crowded it too closely, and it was moved to a point beyond the ramparts, between St. Louis and Toulouse—the exact point has not been determined. In 1788 it was moved again, this time to the corner of Basin and Conti streets, where the old St. Louis No. 1 stands today. It covered more space in the beginning than it does today, for there was a time when it extended to Rampart street, and the opening of Tremé street cut off a portion at the back. The oldest inscription decipherable in the old cemetery bears the date of 1800. Many interesting tombs are to be found in this plot, and there are long-drawn titles of nobility inscribed on the slabs of marble and granite, half obliterated by the "moving finger" of time. Among these one may find the inscription to "Albert Montecucoli Laderchi, son of Countess Chalmette Montecucoli



St. Roch's Votive Chapel.

Laderchi, nee Princess Cettingen Wallenstein." The high-sounding titles are lost sight of, however, in the pathetic lines that follow them: "This tablet was placed here by a broken-hearted mother, who supplicates in tears all ye who pass this way to kneel and say a prayer for the repose of her son's soul."

Benedict Pradelle, "an officer of the Revolution under Lafayette," who died in 1803, is buried here, and Colonel Michael Fortier and Dracos Dimitry, officers who served in the army of Galvez against the British in Louisiana, and Paul Morphy, the great chess player, and Etienne de Bore, the first who produced granulated sugar, and his grandson, Gayarre, the historian, and Charles Benoist LaSalle, brother of the great explorer, and Stephen, founder of the first bank established in the Mississippi Valley. At the back of the cemetery, beyond a board fence, will be found the little plot of ground that formed the Protestant burial ground in the early part of the century, and there stands the tombs of Governor Claiborne's young wife and her three-year-old child, who died of yellow fever on the same day. Her brother, who was killed in a duel under the great oaks in City Park, is also buried under the same monument. There also is the tomb of Midshipman Canby, who was killed in the battle of Lake Borgne.

ST. LOUIS CEMETERY NO. 2.

The Nineteenth Century was still young when it was found that the city needed more cemetery space. Therefore it was that the City Council, in 1824, conveyed to the Cathedral three blocks of ground in Claiborne avenue. These constitute St. Louis Cemetery No. 2, although divided by streets running between them. Alexander Milne is buried there, and Francois Xavier Martin, chief justice of Louisiana in 1815; Pierre Soule, the statesman and orator, and Dominique You, of practical memory, whose epitaph calls him the "new Bayard," "Sans Peur et Sans Reproche."

NEW ST. LOUIS CEMETERY

The New St. Louis Cemetery, in Esplanade avenue, near Bayou St. John, is one of the most beautiful of the cemeteries in the old city. It occupies the site of the village of the Tchoupchouma Indians, and it was somewhere near this spot that Bienville first set foot on the land in which he was to establish a city.

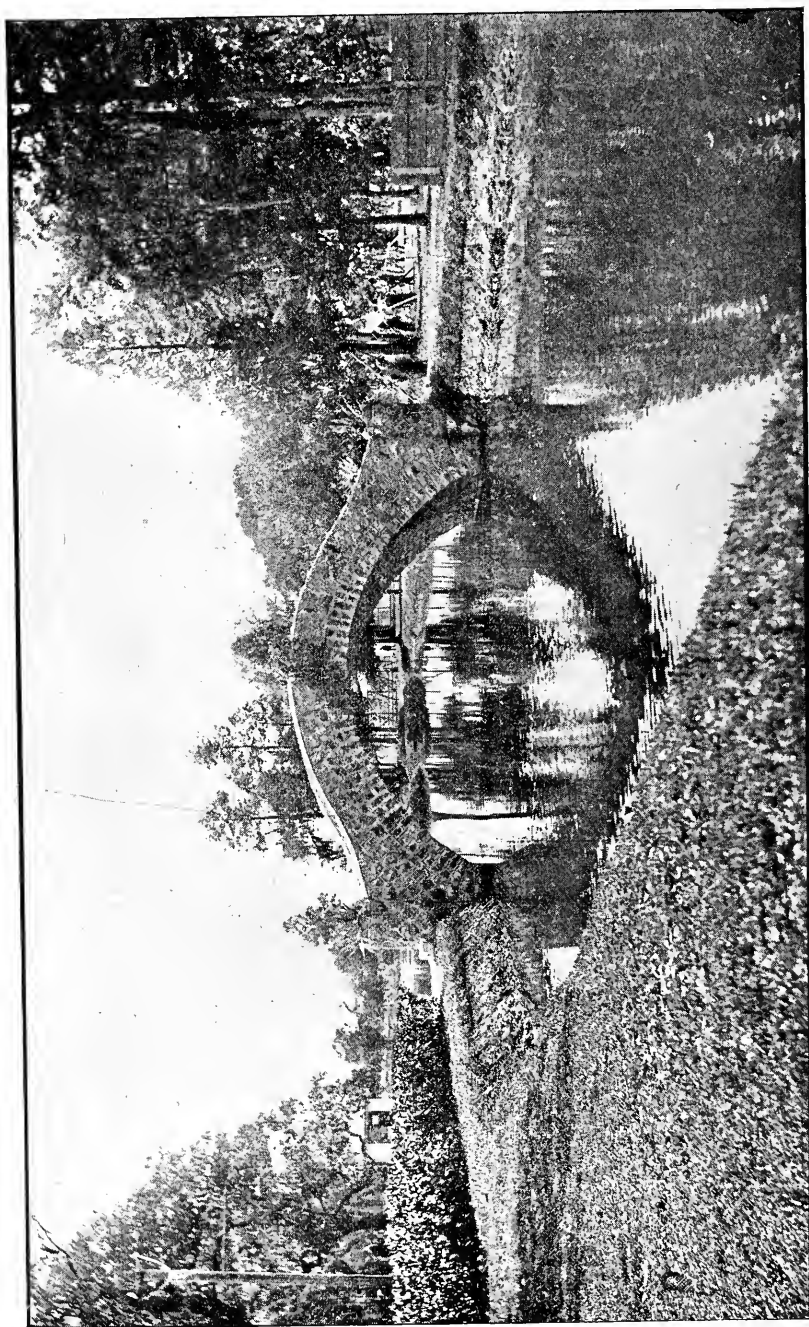
ST. ROCH'S CHAPEL

One of the most visited points of interest in the old city is St. Roch's Shrine and the Campo Santo surrounding it. The Chapel was erected in 1871 by Father Thevis, with his own hands, in fulfillment of a vow that if none of his parishioners died during the epidemic of 1866-67 he would, stone by stone, build a chapel in thanksgiving to God. None of this congregation died, and the chapel was built, and the place called Campo Santo, or Holy Field. Soon the shrine became a favorite place for the pilgrimages of the pious, and all about the altar were hung the "ex votos" of believers. The shrine is surmounted by a statue of St. Roch, and by his side is the figure of a dog, in commemoration of the dog which fed him when he lay afflicted with the plague and abandoned in the forest.

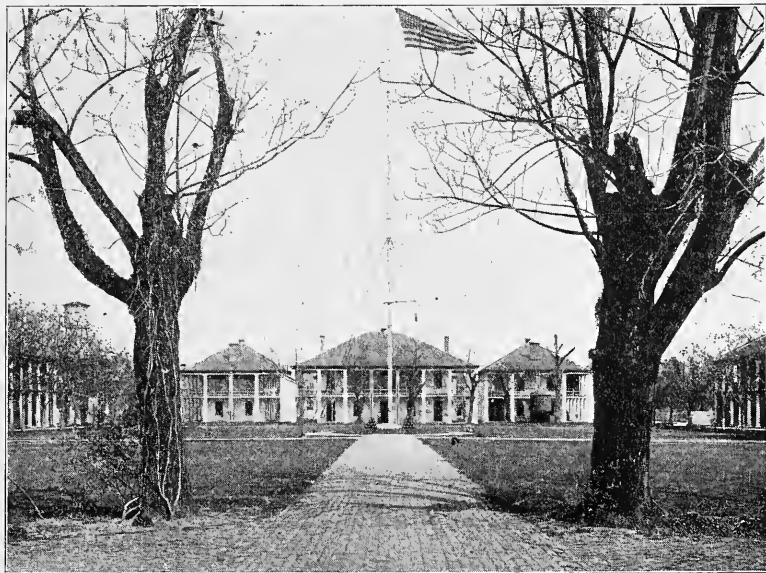
On Good Friday, St. Roch's Chapel becomes the center of attraction for the young girls of the city, Protestant as well as Catholic. They have been told that if they visit nine churches and say a prayer and make an offering in every one of them, and then visit St. Roch and "make the Way of the Cross," closing by buying a candle and lighting it before the altar, they will be sure to marry happily before the year is out. It is not recorded how many happy marriages have resulted from this expedition, but no doubt the voyagers into the land of romance have found it all they could desire, as they have passed the information on to other and still other young girls.

The picturesqueness of the old place has been considerably marred by the tide of improvements which have made of the wandering little burying ground a formal cemetery, with orderly walks and correct angles; and in doing this one of the old customs has been ruthlessly abolished.

Only a few years ago, one remembers, the girls used to wander among the quaint little tombstones and the scattered graves, looking for four-leaved clovers. For some reason they were rather abundant in this little cemetery, and the finding of one seemed to clinch the happy augury of the long pilgrimage and the votive candle.



Bridge in City Park.—See Page 49.



Parade Ground. U. S. Barracks.

THE UNITED STATES BARRACKS

The first barracks in the city were erected in Chartres street, at the corner of Barracks street, which received its name from their proximity. After a number of years the buildings were demolished and the site was sold; and then, in 1833, the United States established the present military post below the city. A high brick wall fronted the place, with two observation towers at the corners, and the number of original buildings has been greatly increased by the addition of those handsome quarters for the officers, and other structures which formed three sides of the huge parade-ground quadrangle.

Formerly the main entrance to the post was by an arched passage through one of the main buildings, then used as a dwelling for the commander, but as the Barracks are at a point where the restless current of the Mississippi is eating into the bank, it was found necessary to build a new levee behind the old one, and this forced the removal of the old building. Jackson Barracks has been an artillery post since the Spanish War, with a garrison of about 250 men.

CHALMETTE BATTLEFIELD

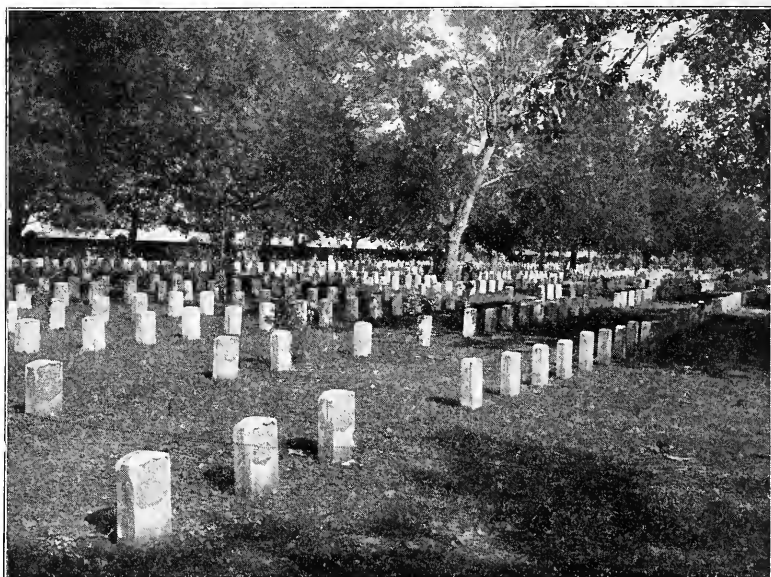
About a mile below the Barracks is the upper line of the battlefield of Chalmette, marked by the Chalmette Monument, which is said to stand where the American standard was planted on that memorable occasion. One can see the white obelisk rising from among the trees, while he is yet a long way off, and nothing could exceed the beauty and peacefulness of the spot on a nearer view. The monument—unfinished for so many years, but finally completed through the efforts of the Daughters of 1812, is a reproduction of the Washington Monument, except in size, and is a beautiful and imposing memorial to the men who took part in that last and most unnecessary battle of the War of 1812.

Not far away, from the river back to the swamp, the slow-moving years have planted another memorial—a long line of trees which follows the line of the American trenches. These fortifications were thrown up along the Rodriguez canal, and perhaps it was because the earth was loose, but at any rate the seeds fell there and sprouted, and the trees grew. They are huge trees now, some of them, and help the monument to mark out the line of the old battlefield, lest we forget.

There could not have been a more peaceful spot than the old plantation of Monsieur Chalmette de Ligny, and that successful Creole planter could have had

little idea that his name would pass to immortality in connection with a battlefield. It is sad to reflect that the battle was fought after the war was over, and in days of Atlantic cable and telegraph it would never have been fought at all. It is pleasant to know, however, that since the Americans must fight, they fought so well that the Battle of New Orleans stands as one of their great victories.

General Pakenham, who had distinguished himself under Wellington, led the British forces, whose objective was New Orleans, the gateway to the Mississippi. The expedition had not been able to start out without making a stir, and the news of it reached the President. He sent word to the governors of Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, calling for troops. One may imagine the rush of the pony express from place to place, getting word to men that British invasion was about to strike in a new quarter. General Andrew Jackson was dispatched to New Orleans to take charge of the defense, and in a few days had assembled an army of 5000 men—only 1000 of whom were regulars. It was to be like the battle of Lexington over again. This poorly fitted army was to confront 7000 trained soldiers, many



Chalmette Cemetery.

of whom were veterans of the Peninsular War, commanded by Pakenham, an officer who had distinguished himself under Wellington, one of the greatest military leaders England had ever known.

Pakenham had landed near the northeastern end of Lake Borgne and marched toward the Mississippi, reaching a point on the river about nine miles below New Orleans. Jackson made one attack on the night of December 24th, 1814, and on the 28th, Pakenham attempted to break the American lines, but failed. The little army, recruited from field and workshop and office, stood its ground.

For nearly two weeks the armies sat watching one another. During that time Jackson was reinforced by 2000 men under General Adair, while Pakenham's available forces were increased to nearly 10,000 by the arrival of General Lambert's division. Seven thousand to ten thousand, they faced one another on Chalmette field, and made their preparations for the struggle that was to come.

Jackson had intrenched his army along the Rodriguez canal, from the river to the swamp, in such a manner that it could not be flanked. Three front attacks were made on the morning of January 8, and all were repulsed with great slaughter. Pakenham and Gibbs, his second in command, were mortally wounded, and another general, Keane, was disabled. Lambert succeeded to the command,

and he hastily withdrew his disorganized men to the lines on the Villere and Bienvenue plantations, and on the morning of the 9th returned to his ships. The British loss was 1500 killed and wounded, while the Americans lost but eight killed and thirteen wounded.

Among the oaks down the river, the ruins of an old house are pointed out as sacred to the memory of the gallant Pakenham, who is said to have died in that house. Like most traditions of this kind, the claim has been disputed, but the Daughters of 1812, at least, give their allegiance to this crumbling ruin as the house in which Pakenham breathed his last.

The old building called the Pakenham house was taken in hand some time ago by the Colonial Dames, who at first intended to restore it. They found, however, that this would be an expensive undertaking; so they contented themselves with placing a memorial tablet on the building, with clearing and beautifying the grove, which is one of the finest in the country; and with fencing it in. In this last matter they considered themselves very fortunate. By some happy chance they came upon the old iron fence which once surrounded Tulane University—it was not called that then—when it stood where the Tulane and Crescent theaters stand now; and with this relic of the old days they fenced in the grove around the old Delaronde house.

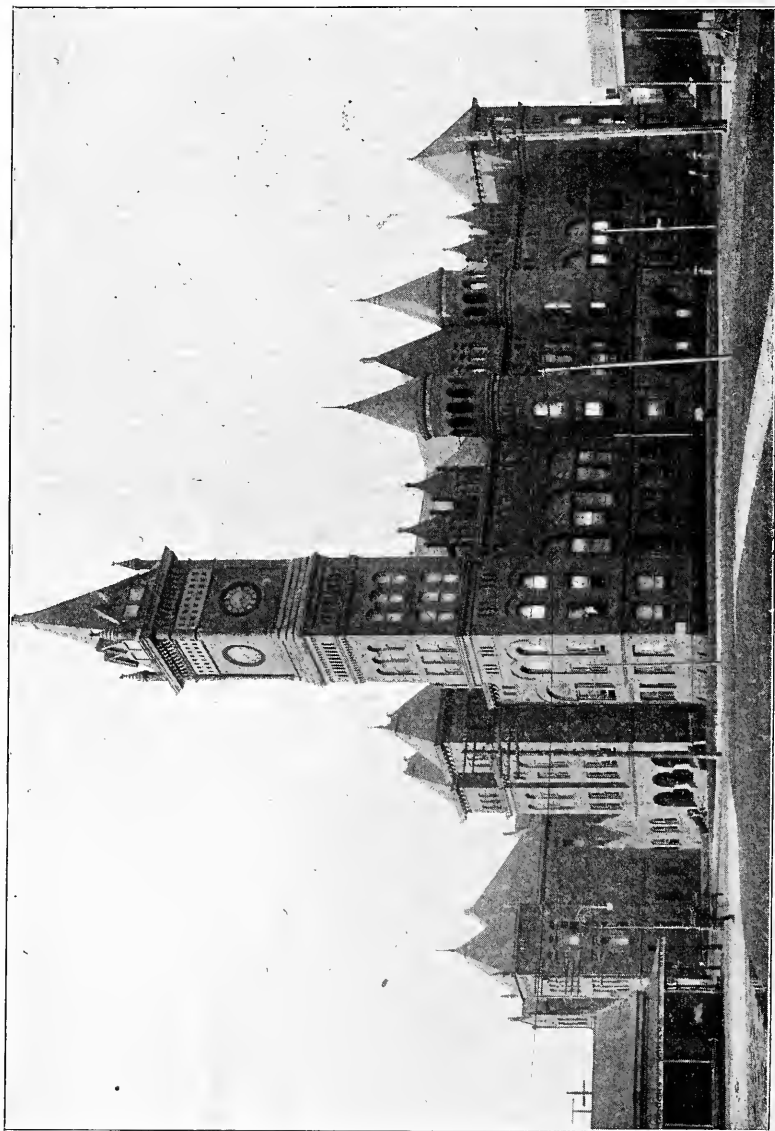
January 8 is celebrated by the public schools of New Orleans in commemoration of this battle, and is a public holiday in this city.

CHALMETTE NATIONAL CEMETERY

Two miles further down the river, on part of the old battlefield, is the Chalmette National Cemetery, where more than 12,000 Union soldiers from many Southern battlefields are buried. The cemetery is beautifully kept up, with its long rows of orderly little tablets rising out of the green grass; but, alas, there are many graves not marked with any tablet. Of the 12,000 interred here, more than 5000 are "unknown," and it is such graves as these which show forth the darkest tragedies brought about by cruel war.



Buildings Formerly Known as the Ursuline Convent.—See Page 87.



Criminal Court Buildings.



New Orleans City Hall.

THE CITY HALL

One of the handomest buildings of a time that gave itself up to classic architecture is the City Hall, which stands at the corner of St. Charles and Lafayette streets. This building was erected in 1850 from plans made by James Gallier, the most noted architect of the times; and every visitor will note the pleasing resemblance of the front to the Parthenon at Athens. The building is of marble, and the Ionic portico is very imposing. The pediment has a beautiful bas relief of Justice, surrounded by symbolic figures of Commerce and Manufactures.

The original building, which contains the Mayor's office and the offices of the different members of the commission, as well as other offices, fronts on St. Charles street, as has been said. A few years ago it became necessary to build an annex, to accommodate the rapidly-increasing business of the city, and this building runs through the block and fronts in Carondelet street.

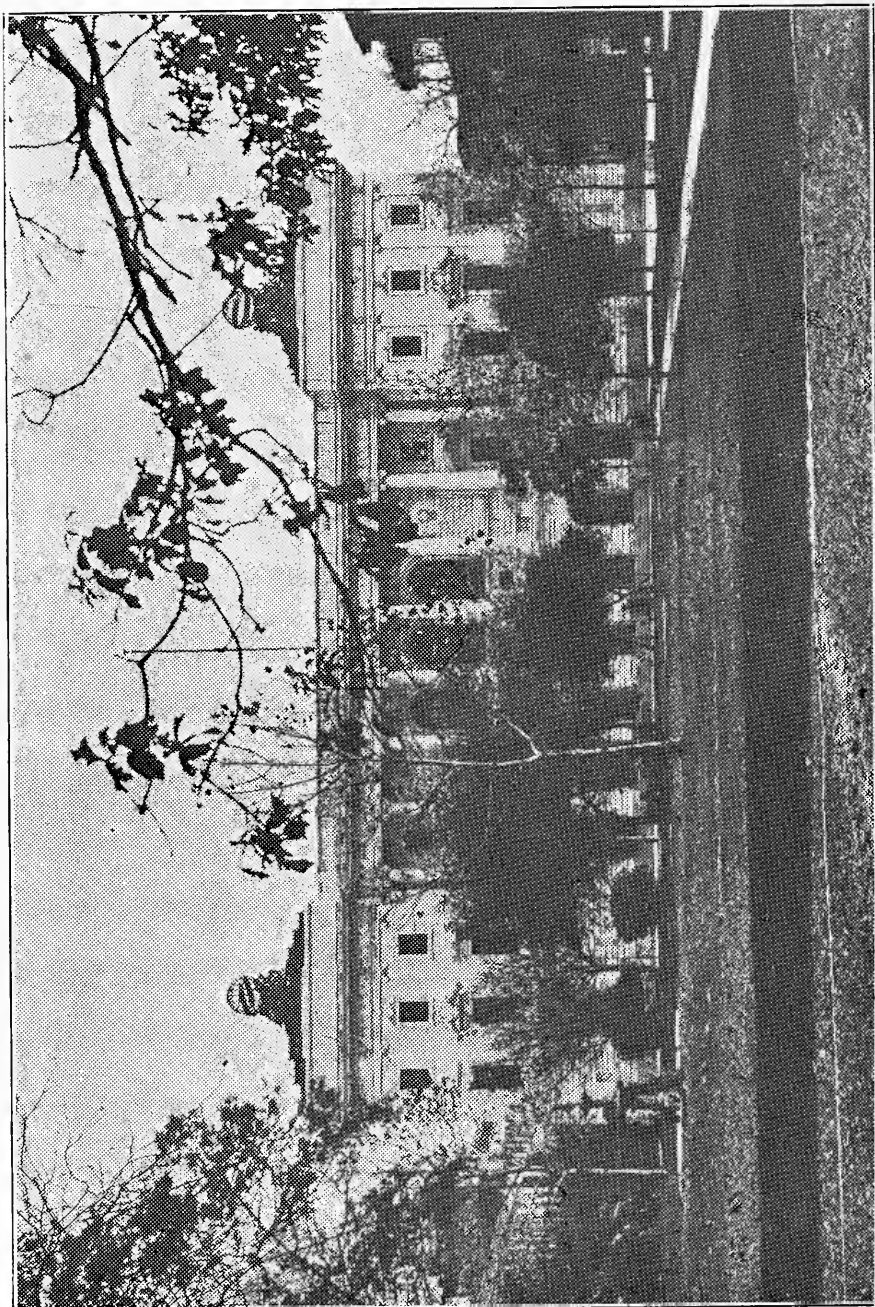
In the large room where the Council always held its meeting, in the old building, the remains of Jefferson Davis were laid in state previous to their first interment in Metairie Cemetery.

CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING

The first building of importance in Tulane avenue is the criminal courthouse, with the jail back of it. This building was erected between 1893 and 1895 and has the Criminal Courts on the second floor. The inspector of police and the First Recorder's Court are on the first floor. The jail is on the Gravier street side of the building; a very strong and well-built structure. Executions take place in the prison yard, but they are much less frequent than in former years.

THE NEW COURTHOUSE

Everyone who wanders down Royal or Chartres street will see, several blocks below Canal, one of the handomest structures in the city, among the most incongruous surroundings. It was because the new postoffice was to be set uptown that it was argued honors must be divided, and the new courthouse must be given to the downtown section of the city.



U. S. Post Office and Courts Building. Lafayette Square Facade.

To make way for it, an entire block was razed—the block bounded by Royal, Conti, Chartres and St. Louis streets. Many interesting buildings went down in that sweep of progress; among them the quaint building which had long been the home of Mollie Moore Davis, and where she had entertained every person of note who visited the city.

The great marble structure seems to have been set in the midst of the old houses around it as a perpetual reproach to their need of repair. Chief eyesore of all was the Hotel Royal, which looked rustier and grayer than ever after the building of the courthouse, so that there was nothing possible but to tear it down and get it out of sight as quickly as possible; therefore, it has gone its way—lofty dome and beautiful frescoes and slave-block and all. It belonged to a past generation—and the courthouse was the last word in progress expressed by the generation of today.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE

Facing Lafayette Square, on the river side, is an immense building occupying an entire block—the new postoffice.

Perhaps the gratification of New Orleans over the acquisition of this building was partly due to the fact that, though the city was nearly two hundred years old, it had never yet possessed a postoffice building—that is, a building erected by the government for a postoffice. During the early part of the past century the postoffice had shifted about, from one building to another. For many years it was in Royal street; but, as on former occasions, its business grew so fast that it did not have room. In the course of time it was moved to the lower floor of the Customhouse in Canal street, and there it lingered for more years; the building, cramped, insanitary, badly lighted and ventilated and wholly unsuited for the business in hand.

It is probable that a visit of certain government officials, some years ago, resulted in the new building in Camp street. They were shown the old postoffice in the Customhouse, and it must have made a vast impression on them. At any rate, New Orleans has a postoffice—a splendid building, which, with a few changes, would be ideal in space and in convenience to the public as well as to the employees.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this is a postoffice alone. It is a Federal building, in which are established a large number of the government offices. It holds the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the United States District Court, the United States Department of Justice, the Weather Bureau, the Secret Service, Bureau of Naturalization, and the offices of the United States District Attorney, the Marshall, United States Commissioners, and the Referee in Bankruptcy, and other departments of the government service.

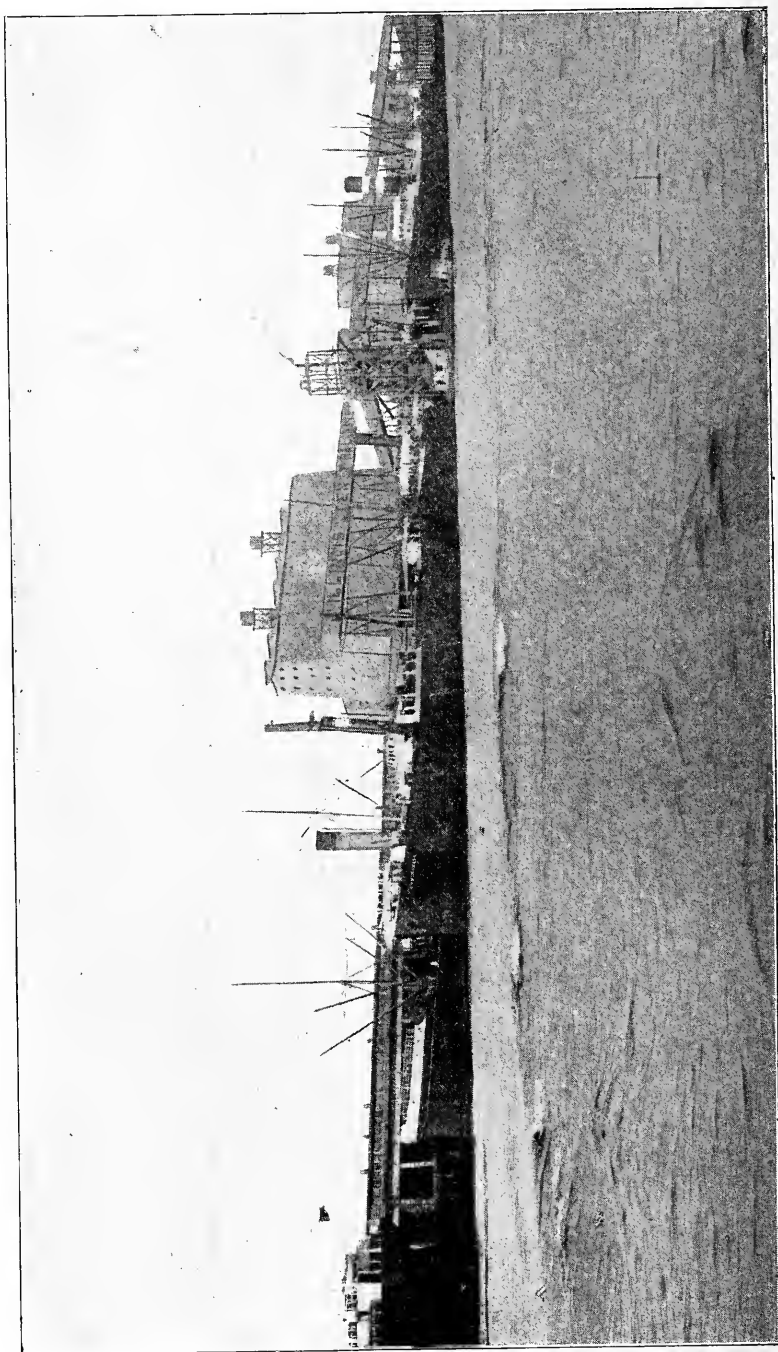
THE PUBLIC BELT RAILROAD

If the visitor should make his way out to the suburbs of the city, in any direction, he will find railroad tracks and perhaps freight cars or trains switching. These are the outward and visible sign of one of the city's most important commercial assets—the Public Belt Railroad. Before the inauguration of this road, the switching facilities at this port were operated by the several railroad lines which had terminals at the water front, each particular line operating in a particular section over which it had trackage facilities. Interline business was subject to as many arbitrary switching charges as there were railroads operating same, and there were often vexatious and costly delays. In some instances the cost of switching a car was as high as \$13, and it was seldom lower than \$6.

Then came the New Orleans Public Belt Railroad, a terminal switch road owned exclusively by the city, controlled by a commission made up of sixteen citizen tax-payers, and with the mayor as president of the commission. This road was created in 1904. It should be noted that the members of the commission serve without any salary or remuneration.

The Public Belt road receives cars from the several railroad companies at different points and delivers them to whatever other railroad, steamship or wharf to which they may be destined. It transfers cars from railroad to railroad, from railroads to wharves, from wharves to railroads, from railroads to industries and public delivery tracks, from industries to all transportation outlets of the city; and it does all this at the small and uniform charge of \$2 for every car, and this includes delivery of the loaded car and return of the empty, or vice versa.

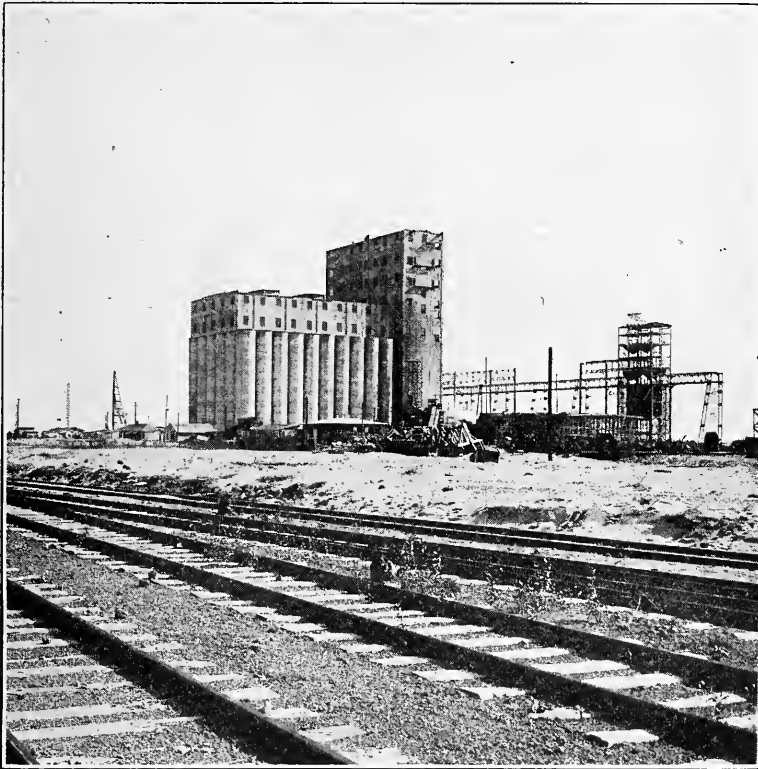
This wonderful adjunct to the business of the city and port serves eleven public delivery tracks and has connection with seventy industries, manufactories and warehouses. As a member of the per diem rules agreement, it pays the



Grain Elevators on the Mississippi.

owner of every car handled the current per diem rate for every car detained on the rails of the Public Belt Railroad.

When loaded ships tie up at the docks and the unloading begins, the cars at the outer side of the sheds are loaded; and as soon as this is done the trains are made up by the Public Belt switch engine and in an incredibly short time the train is delivered to the road over which it is to go. It is a wonderful advantage to the city, and every one of its fifty-eight miles of trackage is an asset to New Orleans. The manner in which the city is making use of the Public Belt Railroad is shown by the fact that the number of cars handled has grown from year to year, until during the last year it amounted to 247,101 cars.



New Grain Elevator.

THE GRAIN ELEVATOR

"New Orleans, the great grain port of the United States." That is the slogan in the city that is developing now.

The growth of the port has been immense during the past five years, and with its growth there has been a steadily increasing flow of grain into this city and on through to all the ports of the world. New Orleans is the gateway to the great Mississippi Valley, with its broad grain belt; and it became absolutely necessary to provide for this product of the prairies of the Middle West.

There have been grain elevators, but they have been privately owned by certain railroads; and the conditions of service to other roads have been burdensome at times. It became a matter of economy for the state to own her elevators, which would be at the command of all roads. Therefore, the Board of Port Commissioners was authorized by the state to erect elevators, as well as a cotton warehouse, and whatever other improvements might be necessary to develop the business of the port—and, therefore, the grain elevator was the next in line.

Engineers of the Board of Port Commissioners prepared a report on conditions and plans; and by the time the report was ready the financing of the scheme had been perfected. A special elevator committee was appointed, with Mr. A. F. Leonhardt as chairman and Messrs. J. D. Hardin and W. D. Richeson as members.

The work began.

The elevator is to have many advantages over any other now in the port, in the rapid handling both in the receiving and the shipping of grain, and the great flexibility in the distributing and conveying systems. It is located on the river front, at the head of Bellecastle street; and the Public Belt Railroad will be used to deliver grain to the elevator, no matter on what road it may come. There will be the very best track facilities for the rapid handling of cars, and the tracks are so arranged that the cars, after passing the track shed, are carried through into the main yards. All the buildings, with the exception of the galleries, are of reinforced concrete; while the galleries are of structural steel, with book-tile roof and floor.

The entire structure is so planned that nothing is left undone in the way of speed, ease and economy in handling grain. With the facilities already at hand, this will place New Orleans in the very front rank in grain exports, and will increase her efficiency and multiply her opportunities from year to year.



Interior View of Cotton Warehouse.

THE COTTON WAREHOUSE

If the visitors to the city today could be shifted back along the years to about the middle of the past century, and could have even a glimpse of the manner in which cotton was handled then—and for a long time after—they would appreciate more deeply what the great cotton warehouse means to the whole Mississippi valley, and how much more it will mean when the work is completed.

In the old days, the steamers came down the river, walled up to the hurricane deck with bales of cotton. They tied up at the open wharf, and the cotton bales were rolled and pulled up or down the gangplank—whether up or down depended on the stage of the river. Then they were piled on the wharf, and some effort was made to cover them with tarpaulins. It had always been so,

since they began bringing cotton into New Orleans. They did not think there could be any better way. DeBow, in his Review, somewhere in the Forties, explained the wharf system, the flooring of the wharves with the wide cracks between the boards which allowed the rain to go through, the tarpaulin covers, and congratulated the city on having such a complete and satisfactory arrangement of wharves. In the meantime, perhaps the cotton was to be transferred to some warehouse, or to some one of the great brick cotton presses; so men and teams came and the bales were pulled and rolled into the wagons, and hauled away to their appointed place. After awhile they were sold to Europe or to the East, and the ship was at the wharf; so the men and teams came again, the bales were loaded into the wagons again, and hauled to the wharf; and again they were unloaded, rolled to the edge, and so slung into the holds of the ships. And with every separate handling there was more expense, and the profit grew less.

And back came the complaints of the European or Eastern purchaser. The cotton was wet and dirty, and a great deal of it was waste; if it could not be handled better, New Orleans would lose its cotton trade.

The change did not come immediately. In fact, it has only just arrived; but when it came it brought with it all that the twentieth century had to offer in the way of improved handling machinery, elimination of wasted time and effort and reduction of cost to the minimum, together with absolute security against that perpetual menace to cotton—fire.

That is what is meant by the immense cotton warehouse, away up on the bank of the river.

In the first place, the building is fireproof, and there will be no possibility of a conflagration.

The warehouse area is one hundred acres. It includes, besides the warehouse itself, nearly thirteen miles of belt railroad tracks.

It has a handling capacity of two million bales annually.

The most up-to-date handling machinery is there, by means of which a bale can be sent from car to warehouse or to boat, or from boat to car, or to be stored in the warehouse, in such a short time that it seems like the work of magic instead of mere machinery. It has an automatic weighing machine. It has electric trucks and internal concrete runways.

One of the most ingenious pieces of machinery is that which slips a bale out from the very bottom of an immense pile of bales, if it happens to be needed, without disarranging the pile, in the shortest possible time.

Fire insurance companies, finding how the staple will be protected in this warehouse, have agreed to a rate of 15 cents per \$100 annually, as against a rate of \$2 to \$2.50 in most sections.

The warehouse issues a warehouse receipt for every bale or lot of bales, and attached to this receipt is a certificate issued by the classification department of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange, showing, under guarantee, the class, staple, character, condition and weight of each bale.

The plant affords shipside storage—an immense advantage. In it surplus supplies of cotton may be carried, subject to instant needs of all consuming markets.

This splendid institution is a state development, the managers being selected by a board representing the New Orleans Board of Trade, the New Orleans Cotton Exchange and the Board of Port Commissioners.

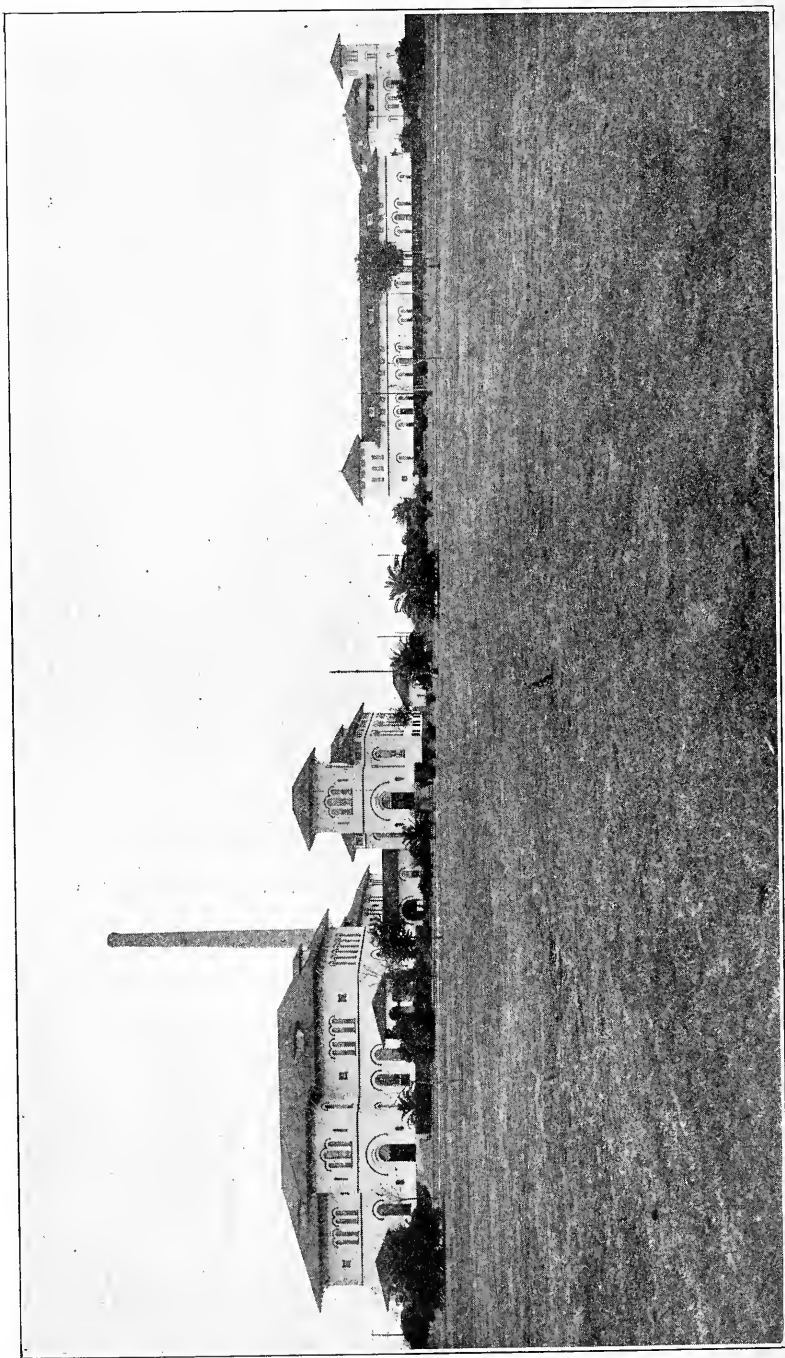
This warehouse has revolutionized the cotton business of this port.

THE NEW ORLEANS DOCKS

No visitor to New Orleans will fail to see the great docks, and to comprehend in some sort of way what they mean to this city. The time has been, and not many years ago, when the whole dock system comprised a long line of wooden wharves, badly kept up, and in many cases falling to ruins. There were years when the city did its utmost to keep the wharves in repair; but it was probable that a deal of money was spent with little tangible result.

It is within the past few years that the New Orleans docks have become a state institution. Bond issues were authorized for the improvement of these docks, for the building of steel sheds and the installing of equipment; for building the cotton warehouse and the grain elevator, and for bringing the entire dock system into line with the advancement of New Orleans as an up-to-date city.

It will be noticed that most of the wharves are covered with steel sheds, under which incoming and outgoing cargoes are protected from the weather; that the Public Belt Road has trackage facilities at the outer edge of the



Filtration Plant.

sheds, so that merchandise can be swung out of the hatches of vessels and promptly loaded into cars, or vice versa; that wherever it is needed mechanical conveyors have been installed, to lessen the labor of loading and unloading, and that the docks are abreast of the times in every way.

It is also to be noticed that in one way the wharfage facilities are practically unequalled. The ship is able to lie up alongside of the wharf, so that it may be loaded or unloaded from all the hatches at once, and can be lightered from the river side at the same time, thus doubling or trebling the facilities of other cities. This saving of time alone lessens the expense in a very marked degree, and added to this, the handling facilities make New Orleans an ideal port, from a commercial standpoint.

One of the most interesting of the wharves is the banana wharf, at the head of Thalia street. There the great banana ships make their landing, and one may look upon one of the busiest scenes of the city. Bananas intended for shipment must not linger on the way; so the entire ship is in a work, and the wharves are covered with men going away laden or coming back for other loads. The great conveyors are dipped down into the bottommost hold of the ship, at all the hatches; men stand on either side and lay the huge bunches of bananas in the canvas "pockets"; the conveyor turns on its endless chain, and brings the bunches up to the wharf, and there they are tipped out of the pockets, checked by the men on either side, lifted to the shoulders of the carriers, and taken across the wharves in one unending line to the cars, which are backed up there, and are loaded into the cars by still other men who are skilled in their line. It is a thrilling scene. A ship comes in, bearing sixty or seventy thousand bunches of bananas, the cars are loaded, the Public Belt engines pull them out and make them up into trains and turn them over to the road over which they are to be shipped; and by midnight the train is speeding northward, a fast freight, holding the right of way to Chicago or St. Louis or Cincinnati.

The Poydras street wharf is the coffee wharf, and there one may behold a wondrous sight. Ships come in laden with something like 120,000 sacks of coffee, and it is piled high, waiting for its marching orders. New Orleans is the second coffee port in the United States, and a stranger looking through this great steel shed for the first time would feel sure that it held enough coffee to last the United States for an entire year.

The wharves are covered with steel sheds at Valence street, Elgth, Harmony, Sixth, First, St. Andrew, Celeste, Robin, Erato, St. Joseph, Julia, Girod, Poydras, Bienville, Toulouse, Dumaine, Governor Nicholls, Mandeville, Press, Louisa and Pauline streets.

The records for one year show that 2153 vessels arrived at the port of New Orleans, and that of these 1529 occupied the public wharves. These are from many nations, and were flying many flags. No more interesting trip could be imagined than one up and down the wharves, more than forty miles of river frontage, and more than eight miles of wharves and steel sheds, and see the ships that are tied up broadside, loading or unloading; and the thousand-and-one different articles that make up the cargoes, and the men of all nationalities that make their way in and out.

It is one of the distinctive features of the new New Orleans, the city of today.

THE FILTRATION PLANT

A few blocks above Carrollton avenue, at Spruce street, is one of the most interesting places in New Orleans; the one which gave the splendid initiative to many other movements, and which placed this city in the front rank as up to date and pushing forward in every way.

The drinking water in the old days was obtained, as everyone knows, from the tall cistern or tier of cisterns which stood at the back of the house and caught the rain water from the eaves.

It would be sad to know how many people were sacrificed by these cisterns, during the long decades in which they made up a feature of the urban landscape.

No, they did not tumble down on them and kill them. They could have reached only a few, comparatively, by that method.

They simply furnished the breeding ground for the *Stegomyia Fasciata*, the yellow fever incubating mosquito.

But now they have changed all that. They have provided New Orleans with drinking water that is ninety-nine per cent pure; that is clear and sparkling, and that is limitless in quantity.

A few blocks from the filtration plant are the intake pipes, which draw up the water from the depths of the river, and take it over to the great plant. It flows into a huge tank that covers acres, and it does not look appetizing, in the least, for it is yellow and muddy. But there it is set running, by gravity, along gradual declines, so that it moves slowly; and as it moves it drops its sediment to the bottom. Out of one great tank into another, always moving along, until it traverses miles on that quiet pilgrimage. In the last tank it is almost perfectly clear; but there is a small amount of iron and lime mixed with it, and this is called the coagulation tank; for these chemicals take away the last of the impurity. Then the water is turned into the mammoth filter. The bottom of this filter is made up of three feet of Horn Island sand—taken from beneath the sea level at Horn Island, and especially fitted for filtration purposes—and gravel; and when it has passed through this it is tested, chemically—they are always testing the city's water at the filtration plant, and it has to measure up to specifications—and if it is what it should be it is passed into great reservoirs, to be passed on the city.

The inauguration of this plant, and the extension of the waterworks mains so that they supply all parts of the city have been a work of time. As it was not desired to place an unbearable burden on any citizen, the period for the removal of the cisterns was extended, but now the last ancient cistern must bid farewell to the city where it held sway so long. In the meantime, however, every cistern had to be screened against mosquitoes—an ordinance that was very strictly enforced; and the people of New Orleans have had the assurance that even if a case of yellow fever were brought to this city there would be no contagion, because there would be no *Stegomyia* mosquitoes to spread the disease. It means a great deal to this city to be utterly freed from the danger of an infection which decimated it for so many long years.

Hand in hand with the supplying of excellent drinking water to the city has gone the drainage of New Orleans. The period of open gutters and cesspools has vanished. The city has a magnificent drainage system, and also a system of sewerage; the water level in the soil has been lowered several feet, and it is even possible to have cellars and basements in New Orleans. The area of the city is drained after a heavy rainfall in a short time, the water passing from one drainage station to another, until finally it is raised over levees and sent into Lake Pontchartrain; while the sewage is passed on to Lake Borgne, or into the depths of the river, below the city.

STUYVESANT DOCKS

On the river front, beginning just above Louisiana avenue, are the Stuyvesant Docks, belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad. These docks were destroyed by fire in 1905; one of the largest and most spectacular fires that ever occurred in New Orleans; but they were immediately re-erected on a larger scale and at a cost of nearly three million dollars. One of the elevators here has a capacity of one million bushels of grain and the other of one and a half millions. Either of them can unload 250 cars a day; and delivers through its conveyors to three steamers at once. These docks cover about 2000 feet of river frontage.

NEW BASIN CANAL

About the year 1830 a beautiful shell road was constructed, running from Metairie Ridge to West End. It ran along the banks of the Gravier Canal, a waterway which was neglected and unused, and which only needed to be widened and deepened. The agitation for this improvement began as early as 1816, for the people in the upper portions of the city, so rapidly developing, desired the same advantages possessed by those in the lower portions, through the Carondelet Canal. They wanted direct communication with the lake, and thence with the gulf. By means of such a waterway as this they would be able to bring produce from Mobile and all along the lake and the gulf coast, and bring it right into the heart of their section of the city, or as far as Rampart and Howard avenue.

The work was finally authorized in 1830, Senator Simon Cameron taking the contract. He brought hundreds of laborers here from the North, and in a little while they were swept down by the scores in epidemics of pestilence. But, in one way or another, the Canal was finished; the Shell Road ran alongside of it; and along that road today rush automobiles in an ever-increasing throng—a beautiful road which started at Lee Circle, ran up St. Charles to Carrollton avenue and out along the Canal to West End. This was one of the most noted drives in the United States once, and still retains its charm as automobiles and the good roads movement have led to still further improvement.



The Cotton Exchange.

COTTON EXCHANGE

At the corner of Carondelet stands that richly-carved facade of the Cotton Exchange building, and it is there that many a battle has been fought over the staple that means so much to the South, and many a man has left the pit richer by millions, and many another has departed so poor that the future looked exceedingly dark to him. The organization was effected in 1871, with a membership of 100. Ten years later this building, which cost \$380,000, was begun. It took two years in the building. The exchange occupies the lower floor, and strangers and visitors may watch the proceedings from a gallery that is accessible from the elevator.

The ceiling of this great room, which forms the Cotton Exchange proper, is adorned with paintings of scenes in Louisiana history.

It is probable that within a year or two a new building will be constructed for the exchange, more modern, and giving more room for the operation of the exchange.

SUGAR EXCHANGE

As there must be a Cotton Exchange in which men can meet for the buying and selling of cotton, so there must be a Sugar Exchange for similar work in sugar. The traffic in sugar is mostly handled from the Sugar Exchange at North Front and Bienville streets.

The Sugar Exchange is worth a visit, if only to see the portraits that hang upon the walls. There is the picture of Etienne de Bore, the first great sugar planter of Louisiana, the first who ever raised a profitable crop, the first who succeeded in granulating sugar, the man whose plantation was in the vicinity of Audubon Park. There is another portrait—Don Antonio Mendes, the first who

granulated sugar from cane in the parish of St. Bernard. There is the picture of Jean Joseph Coiron, who, in 1818, put up on his plantation in Terre-aux-Boeufs the first steam engine ever used to grind cane, and who later introduced from Georgia the red ribbon cane in place of the white or Creole variety. All these portraits mark milestones in the progress of the sugar industry, and may well be cherished by the members of the Exchange.

ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

This organization is a development of the Progressive Union, which did excellent work for New Orleans a few years ago; and this in turn was the outcome of the "get-together" movement which is responsible for most of the civic growth of the city during the past two decades. The leading men of the city are combined in this Association of Commerce, and are working without ceasing for the upbuilding of New Orleans. The Good Roads movement, the Dock improvements, every plan that is for the betterment of this city, has been fostered by the Association of Commerce. The Merchants and Manufacturers' Bureau is an allied organization, and, as part of the outgrowth of the association's work, the Junior Association has been formed, and has thrown itself into civic work with great spirit.

The headquarters of the Association of Commerce is at the corner of Common and St. Charles streets.

BOARD OF TRADE

The entrance of the Board of Trade Building is at 320 Magazine street, between Natchez Alley and Gravier. The entrance is through a tunnel through other buildings, and this, with the buildings through which it runs, is called Banks' Arcade, from Thomas Banks, the builder, who erected the place in 1833. He intended this covered alleyway as a gathering place for merchants; a place to while away a little leisure; to have a few minutes' conversation on the way to and from the hours of business. There were stores along the Magazine front, the passage which ran from Natchez was roofed with glass, and the celebrated John Hewlett conducted a restaurant there, with a coffee room where five hundred people might be entertained at one time.

The Board of Trade has been called "the watchman of the trade and commerce of the city of New Orleans," and has always taken the initiative in urging increased facilities for the upbuilding of the city along commercial lines. It was in 1895 that the Board of Trade discovered that trade was being lost to the city because certain of the wharves were leased to a private corporation, and they began moving heaven and earth to provide for the appointment of a State Commission to take over the wharves and landings.

The same organization, in 1897, took the initiative for the improvement of Southwest Pass, the natural outlet of the Mississippi, so that it could be adapted to all possible demands of ocean commerce. The Belt Line measure is a result in great part of the efforts of the Board of Trade; and the Cotton Warehouse, the Grain Elevator, and many other improvements in the handling of commerce must be regarded as the outcome of patient effort on the part of this organization.

THE BOSTON CLUB

The famous clubs of the old days before the war had their day and passed; most of them giving up their existence because the gallant young men, and the older ones as well, had marched away to the front. Among them came what is the oldest club of the city; the Boston Club, 824 Canal street, housed in what was once the residence of Dr. Mercer, the intimate friend and often the host of Henry Clay.

The Boston Club was organized in 1845 by thirty leading mercantile and professional gentlemen, heads of families, yet full of good-fellowship and fond of the good old game of Boston. It was in honor of this game that the club was christened. John Hewlett was the first president, and its first quarters were in the old post-office building in Royal street. Afterward it moved to a building in Canal street, and at the outbreak of the war the limit of membership had been reached. During the Butler regime in the city the club quarters were closed by order of the Provost Marshal, and there was no more Boston Club until 1867, when it was reorganized, and took up its headquarters in a building in Carondelet street. It was some years later that the present home of the club was secured.

The Boston Club is noted for its hospitality, and the members exercise the privilege of inviting their friends. Officers of the army and navy are guests of the club during their stay in the city. Many distinguished men have been entertained there, among them being: Jefferson Davis and General U. S. Grant; and among the members and leaders of the old days were the gallant Confederate General Dick Taylor, John R. Grymes, T. J. Semmes and Judah P. Benjamin.

THE PICKWICK CLUB

It was upstairs over the Gem, in Royal street—one of the historic buildings of the city—that about fifty gentlemen assembled in 1857 to organize the Pickwick Club. Pickwick Papers had been adding to the gaiety of the nations for twenty years; and in memory of that immortal book these fifty members devoted their club to good-fellowship and friendliness. It was somewhat different from its great progenitor. It did not “go in for science.” The first president of the club was General A. H. Gladden, of South Carolina; a distinguished officer of the Mexican War, and destined to fall at Shiloh; but Shiloh was not dreamed of in those first merry years of the Pickwick Club.

The first home of the club was in St. Charles street; then it moved to the corner of Canal and Exchange Alley and fitted up beautiful club rooms; and still later it owned the building, now a drygoods store, at the corner of Canal and Carondelet. The present building, No. 1028 Canal street, was erected for the club after the former home had been partially destroyed by fire. The club rooms are decorated with fine works of art, statues, bronzes, and beautiful pictures.

THE CHESS, CHECKERS AND WHIST CLUB

In the fall of 1880, a number of citizens who were fond of the good old game of chess, and had not been able to effect a permanent organization for the enjoyment of that game, met and debated the founding of a club with rooms of its own. In order to secure a larger membership, two other games were included—checkers and whist. The club opened with fifty-two members; and for several years, with the lists constantly growing it moved from place to place, always intent on securing more room; until finally, in 1883, the club took possession of its present quarters at the corner of Canal and Baronne streets.

This club has grown steadily, until now it has a membership of a thousand. It is purely a social club; but it has attracted great interest in the city through the chess tournaments which have been held in its splendid rooms. These tournaments have brought to the city many of the most renowned chess players in the world, and affairs of international interest have held the limelight in the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club. Among the membership are a number of expert players, who are devoted to chess; and spend all of their leisure time at this fascinating game.

PRESS CLUB

The New Orleans Press Club was organized two years ago, with headquarters at 117 St. Charles street. The membership is made up of newspaper men, with business men as associate members; and there is a visiting membership made up of out-of-town newspaper men. The membership is limited in number.

THE STRATFORD CLUB

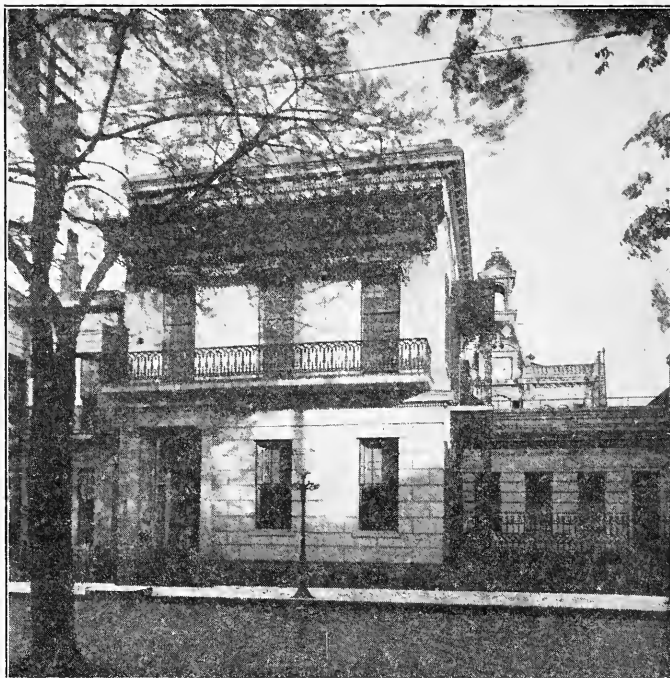
The Stratford Club, a private club with a limited membership, is located at 313 St. Charles street. This club is about twenty-one years old.

THE ROUND TABLE CLUB

This club, with attractive clubhouse in Jackson avenue, near Prytania street, has a membership exclusively of gentlemen following intellectual callings, college professors, physicians, lawyers, artists, ministers, etc.

THE LOUISIANA CLUB

This is one of the city's old and exclusive social organizations with club rooms at Canal and Carondelet streets. The club conducts the Mardi Gras parade of Momus.



Young Men's Gymnastic Club.

YOUNG MEN'S GYMNASTIC CLUB

At 224 North Rampart is the home of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, a beautiful building which is thoroughly appointed, and which boasts of its marble swimming pool as one of its most delightful accessories. The club was organized in 1872, but for some years it bore the name of the Independent Gymnastic Club. The new name was taken on about the time it took possession of the present club building; and the new home deserved a fitting celebration, in change of name or otherwise.

The splendidly appointed gymnasium is especially to be noted in connection with this building; and the added fact that it was here John L. Sullivan trained for his fights with Kilrain and Corbett.

THE SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB

Some time during last May, 1916, an interesting event occurred with Lake Pontchartrain as the scene of action.

The Southern Yacht Club held its sixty-sixth annual regatta.

From the very beginning of its history, New Orleans has been given over to water sports. The little city had the river in front of it, the lake at its back, and in every direction spread bayous and rivers, lakes and canals. There were many years when the builder of boats was the most important man in the city; and boats of every kind were much sought after as automobiles are today. It was natural, therefore, that men who did not have to follow the sea or the lakes for profit would follow them for pleasure; and that in the course of time they would effect an organization and have a club house, with all the accessories of water-sports.

Therefore, out at West End one finds the Southern Yacht Club's headquarters.

The second yacht club organized in the United States was the Southern Yacht Club. It began its existence in 1841; but it was not till 1878 that the organization had a club house of its own, which was nearly on the site of the present building. The club house of today was erected in 1900; but it would hardly be recognized as

the same. A large sum of money has been spent on improving and remodeling the building, which is now an extremely attractive club house, with a delightful paved road sweeping up to its very doors. The membership numbers more than a thousand, and among the members are owners of very handsome yachts. Boat races of every kind, rowing races, motor-boat races and regattas, make up the annual programs; and it is probable that the members of this club get more real pleasure out of life than most of the other clubmen of New Orleans.

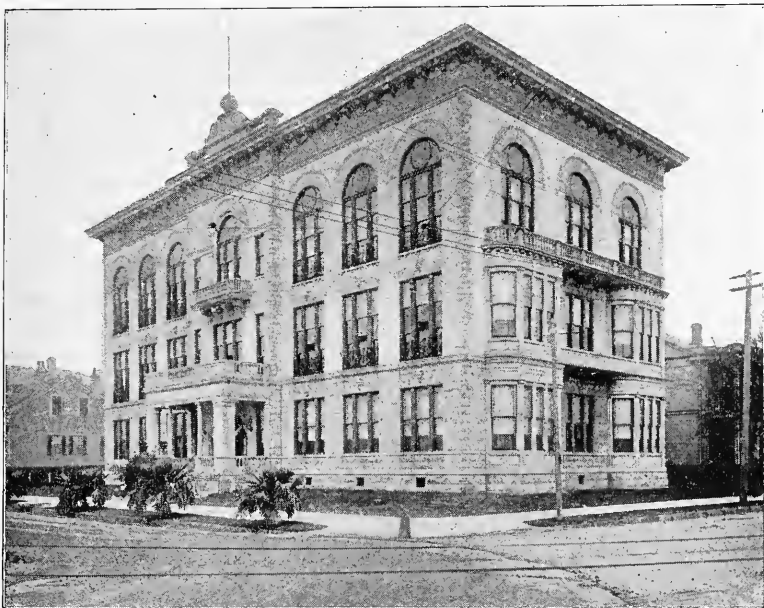
Across the grounds at the right from the club house is the boat pen, where all the craft belonging to the members may be drawn aside, safe from wind and storm.

NEW ORLEANS COUNTRY CLUB

This is one of the leading social organizations of New Orleans, owning a splendid clubhouse with golf course and tennis courts near the intersection of Metairie avenue and the New Basin canal. The site, of some eighty acres, was long occupied by the Oakland Driving Park and is admirably situated for its new purpose.

OAKLAND COUNTRY CLUB

The site of this club is Metairie avenue and Seventeenth street, separated from the New Orleans Country Club grounds by Metairie avenue. Both organizations are exclusive in membership and strictly private.



Harmony Club.

THE HARMONY CLUB

In St. Charles avenue, at the corner of Jackson, stands the handsome home of a Jewish organization, the Harmony Club. This beautiful building is of white marble, and attracts the attention of every passer; being especially attractive when it is lighted at night. The club was organized in 1862, and the building was erected in 1896. This is one of the favorite places for viewing the Mardi Gras parades, by the Jewish community; and the galleries which they erect for that occasion are crowded with the members of the club and their families and friends during the two days of merry-making, while the entire front of the building is decorated most effectively with electric lights.



Young Men's Hebrew Association Building "The Athenaeum."

YOUNG MEN'S HEBREW ASSOCIATION

At the corner of St. Charles avenue and Clio street is the home of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, one of the most attractive of all the club buildings. In 1907 this building was erected to take the place of an older and smaller building which was destroyed by fire. The Athenaeum, which is the great auditorium on the second floor, is the place where the music-lovers of the city gather to hear some of the greatest musicians of the world at the concerts given by the Philharmonic Society. It is also the scene of many social functions; and it is to be noted that weddings and dances given by Jewish families are often held at the Athenaeum on account of the greater space afforded by this beautiful hall. It is here that many of the Mardi Gras balls are held, including of recent years the great Rex ball, the popular climax of the Mardi Gras festivities.

The Young Men's Hebrew Association is noted for the welfare work it carries forward among the less fortunate class of its own people; and there are few occasions when one may not find classes in session, children playing games or boys in the swimming-pool.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

In St. Charles street, between Julia and St. Joseph, may be found the substantial brick building, with a gymnasium at the side, forming the home of the Young Men's Christian Association. This place has its parlors, reading-rooms, libraries, gymnasium, swimming-pool, and other advantages, for the benefit, not only of the young men of the city but of Christian young men visiting New Orleans, among strangers and with no home surroundings. There are also bedrooms, and the young man who is a member of the Y. M. C. A. in his home city has but to present his membership card at the desk in this building and he will be welcomed and made to feel at home; while every effort is made to throw a safeguard around all young men, whether or not they are members of the organization.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

In Common street, half a block from Baronne, the Young Women's Christian Association has established itself, and is winning its way. In this place meals

are offered practically at cost to working women and girls; there are parlors and reading rooms, where they may rest for a little while; there is a large gymnasium, which offers health and strength to women and girls who are overworked and have little chance for exercise; and there are evening lectures or classes, which give to the working girl advantages for education and training which she could not obtain in any other way. The railroad stations all have placards urging young girls traveling alone to go to the Y. W. C. A., where they will be sure of safety and of desirable surroundings.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

At the corner of Camp and South streets is the Christian Woman's Exchange, founded in 1880, and said to be the first of its kind in the United States to prove a success. In this place all varieties of woman's work are offered for sale, and opportunity is given for many a homekeeping woman to make herself fairly independent by the sale of things which she can make at home. In the upper floors there are bedrooms, where women traveling alone may find a temporary resting-place, or where they may reside permanently at small expense. There is a restaurant, which is well patronized.

THE ERA CLUB

The Era Club, the leading suffrage organization of the city, has headquarters at 417 Camp street. This club has for many years taken an active part in influencing civic and state affairs, and has been instrumental in bringing about reforms, quite independent of the suffrage question.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY HALL

Between Julia and Girod streets, fronting St. Charles, is the massive red building known as Washington Artillery Hall.

Washington Artillery was organized in 1838, as the Native American Artillery, but in 1841 it attached itself to the Washington Battalion. Three years later the battalion was augmented by the transfer from the Louisiana Legion of three companies, the Orleans Cadets, the Louisiana Greys and the Orleans Grenadiers. The battalion became known at that time as the Washington Regiment, with General Persifer F. Smith as the commanding officer. In 1845, when the "Army of Occupation," under General Zachary Taylor, was dispatched to Texas, General Gains issued a call for troops; the Washington Battalion responded, and went to Mexico and fought in many important battles—so that it was in Mexico they won their spurs. Soon after the regiment took the name of "Washington Artillery."

This battalion was among the first to respond to the call for troops at the outbreak of the Civil War. It was mustered into service in historic Lafayette Square, which has seen so many stirring sights; and it marched from the square to old Christ Church, at the corner of Canal and Bourbon, and received a beautiful flag presented by the ladies of New Orleans—Judah P. Benjamin, the silver-tongued orator, making the presentation. The command fired the first gun at Bull Run and brought up the rear at Appomattox. During the war it took part in sixty battles; lost 139 men killed and had 160 wounded.

After the war the men returned to their ruined homes; but they did not forget the old ties. During the Reconstruction era they were not allowed to continue their military organization, so they took the name of a benevolent association, whose object was to care for the needy and bury the dead. The handsome monument in Metairie Cemetery tells its own story.

Before the war the company's arsenal was located in Girod street; but this building was confiscated during the war, and when they returned they found themselves homeless.

The building now occupied by the Washington Artillery was erected in 1872 as a place of exhibit for all the articles manufactured in the South. The Washington Artillery acquired it in 1880. The upper floor contains an immense ballroom, in which the Rex ball was held, and the lower floor is occupied by the armory and meeting room of the Washington Artillery.

Among the guns parked there will be seen two mountain howitzers which were manned by the Metropolitan Police in the battle of September 14, 1874, and were captured by the White League. Other historic cannons, flags and paintings; the catafalque on which the body of Jefferson Davis was borne to the grave, and many other mementoes of the war and its great men are preserved in the armory.

LOUISIANA NAVAL RESERVE

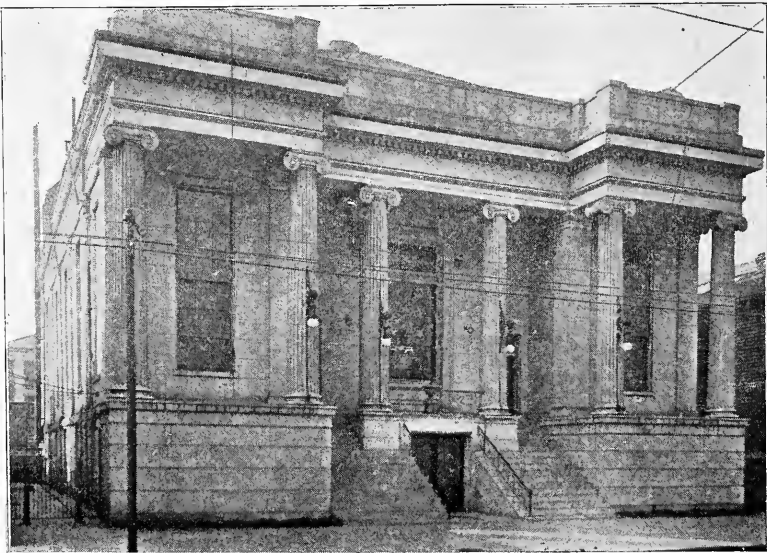
The Naval Brigade, or more familiarly, the "Naval Reserve," dates its organization back to 1895; and its home is the beautiful armory at 831 Camp

street. There are large grounds in the rear for drill and recreation, and the armory is very thoroughly equipped. During the Spanish-American war the reserves did valliant service, and showed themselves to be tried and true, ready for every emergency that might arise. The Stranger is their training ship.

MASONIC TEMPLE

The Masonic Temple, at the corner of St. Charles and Perdido streets, had its foundations laid in 1891. From a very early date the Masonic order had a foothold in New Orleans, and it is matter of record with the order that a Masonic Lodge was established here in 1793. The new temple is a very striking building, its topmost pinnacle surmounted by a bronze statue of Jacques de Molay, the last of the Knights Templar, whose unhappy fate it was to die by torture 600 years ago.

In this building the Masonic order of New Orleans pursues its quiet way, doing its work for charity and for the help of mankind so unostentatiously that no hint of it ever reaches the outside world.



Scottish Rite Cathedral.

SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL

In Carondelet street, between Lafayette and Girod, stands one of the historic buildings of this city—now the Scottish Rite Cathedral—once the old Carondelet Street Methodist Church.

The first Methodist organization was formed in 1825, and met in a warehouse in Poydras street. Afterward it moved to a frame building in Gravier street, until it was able to put up a church. This first church stood at the corner of Poydras and Carondelet; but unfortunately it was destroyed in the great fire of 1850, and for two years the homeless congregation met in the loft of the Carrollton Railway Company's barn on the corner of Poydras and Baronne streets. That a better home was provided was due to a new pastor, Rev. J. C. Keener, afterwards one of the honored bishops of the Methodist Church. Through his agency a new church was begun on Carondelet street.

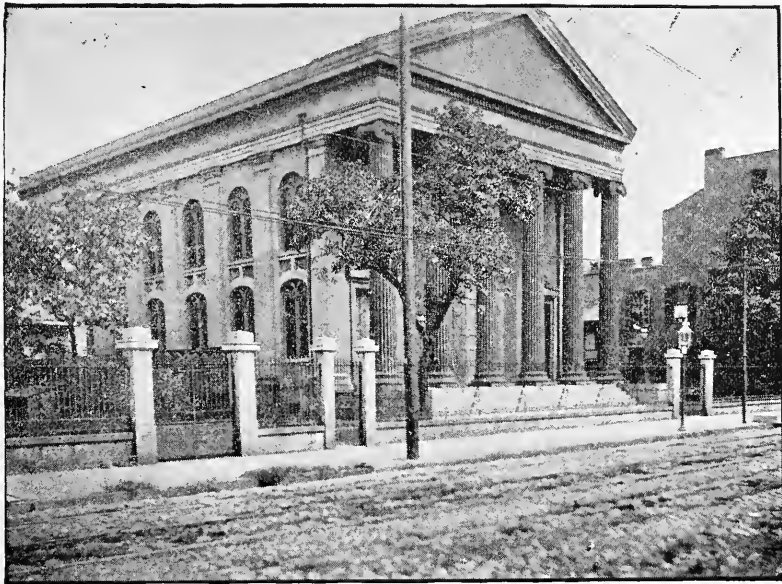
The massive walls of the church had been raised, and the roof put on, and the congregation were looking forward to having a home of their own in a short time, when there was a catastrophe that shocked the entire city. The entire roof fell in. There had been some fault in the construction, which led to the calamity; but it was evident that the fault did not extend to the walls, for not a brick was mis-

placed. A new roof was set in the place of the one that had fallen, and whatever defects the first one had were not duplicated in the second, for it is matter of history that it stayed out its allotted time.

And here was the Carondelet Street Church housed for many a long year—until those in authority felt that the trend of the residence district had been up-town, and that it would be well to follow it. Therefore the old church was sold to the Scottish Rite Masons, who altered the front and adapted the building to their needs and the congregation was housed in a new building in St. Charles, near the corner of Calliope street.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL

In Carondelet street, between Julia and St. Joseph, stands a building with front of classic design. This is the Knights of Columbus Hall—once the Touro Synagogue. When Judah Touro bought the old Christ Church in Canal street, he gave it to the Congregation Dispersed of Judah as their synagogue. The congre-

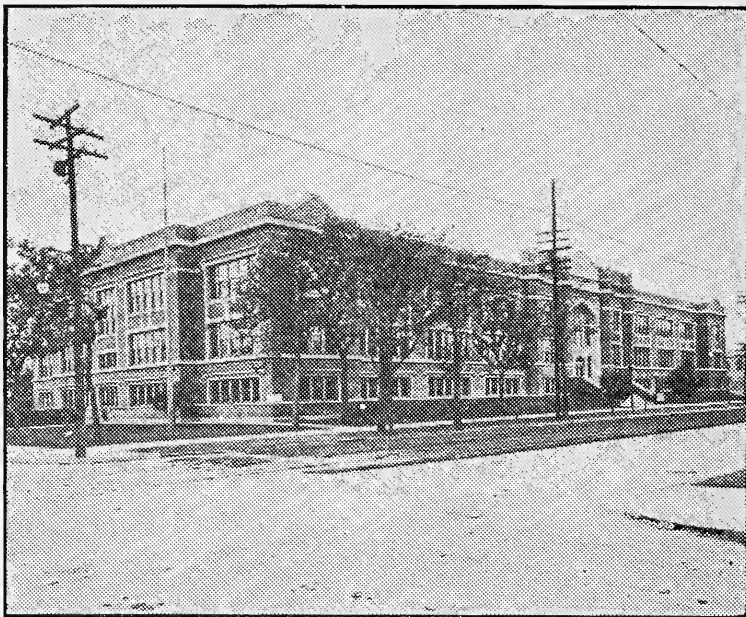


Knights of Columbus Hall.

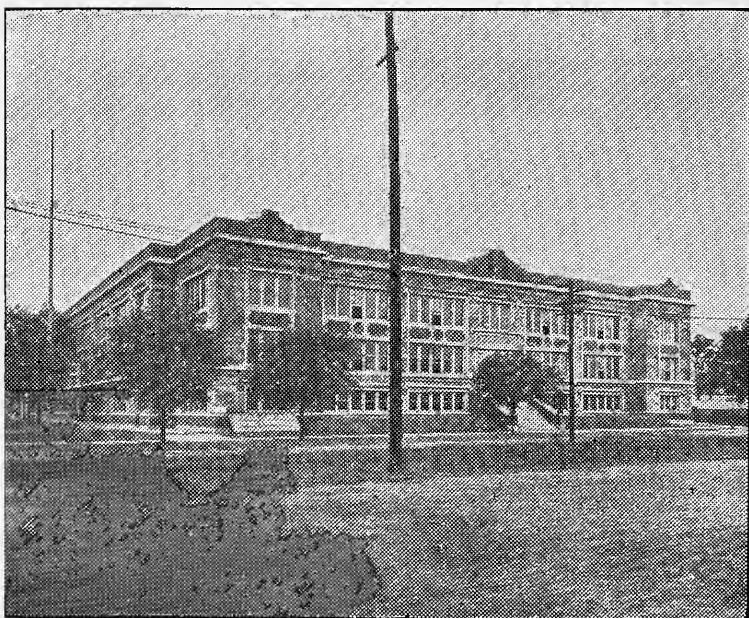
gation occupied it for some years, but finally they removed to a new building in Carondelet street, the plan of which had been copied from the original church; and that is the building which has passed to the Knights of Columbus. The Jewish congregation has moved to the corner of St. Charles and Berlin. The main building is used for entertainments, lectures, etc., and the smaller building on the uptown side is a clubhouse.

THE ELKS

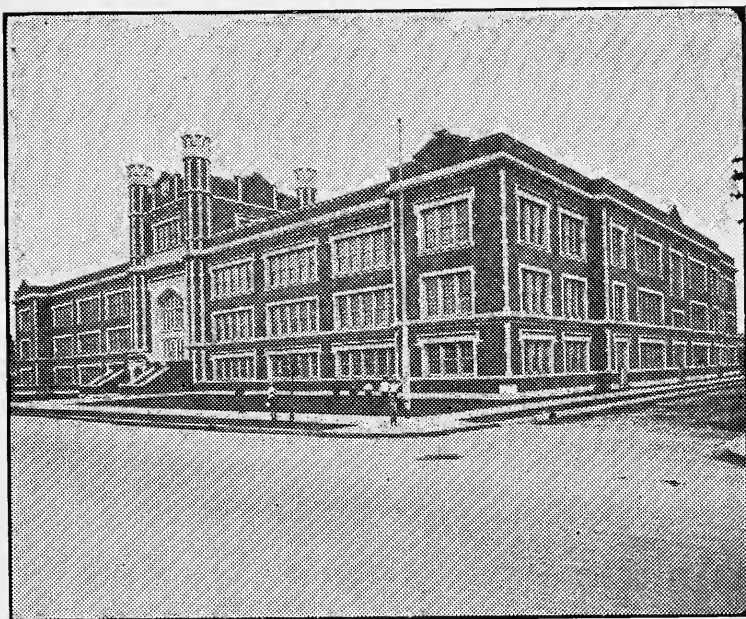
Just opposite the Terminal Station is a space that once formed part of Basin street; but it has won the later name of Elk Place. A pretty strip of park runs down the middle of it, and midway of that park stands a bronze elk, head in air, listening. Directly across from the statue is the home of the order of Elks in New Orleans; and it is here that the B. P. O. E. have their meetings, that the incidents of their club life take place; that they devise their noteworthy charities, and that they hold their annual Memorial Days. The organization is a very strong one in New Orleans and has recently voted to erect a superb club house on its present site to give fully twice its present floor space and with many added features. The New Orleans organization is numerically the second largest in the United States and has long exercised a powerful influence in the national order.



Girls' High School, Esplanade Avenue.



Sophie B. Wright High School.



Boys' High School.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In St. Charles avenue, not far above Lafayette Square, stands the old building, now occupied by the Woodmen of the World, which was for many years the Franklin School, and which was known as the oldest public school building in this city. It was erected in 1840, therefore it may be said that the years since that date have been busy ones in school-building. Out of that time, too, must be taken the years of the Civil War, and a number of years immediately following, when the people of New Orleans were too poor and too much troubled to build schools.

During the school session just passed eighty-eight schools were in session in New Orleans, including one normal school, three high schools, one trade school for girls, sixty-five elementary schools for whites and sixteen for negroes; one special school for delinquent white boys and one for delinquent negro boys. Besides these there was a class for deaf children operated in one of the schools and a class for defectives in another.

The total value of the school buildings, sites and furnishings is estimated at \$4,282,516.

In addition to the buildings owned by the city, schools are conducted in twelve rented buildings.

Year by year new buildings are added, and every year the demand for more room increases.

The teaching corps includes 1350 teachers, of whom 1243 are in the day schools and 107 in the evening schools.

And 49,166 pupils attended the various public schools of the city!

Here and there, all over the city, one will find handsome new school buildings consecrated to the grammar grades. Since the erection of the Beauregard School, built of tan and cream-colored brick, that idea has been carried out in most of the new school buildings; and it may be said that they are all modern in construction, embodying the latest discoveries in sanitation and comfort.

Uptown, in Napoleon avenue, at the corner of Prytania, stands the Sophie B. Wright High School, which took the place of the old structure in Jackson avenue.



Beaugerard School, Canal Street.

In Esplanade avenue is its counterpart, the Lower Girls' High School; a great change from the old residence in the same avenue which housed that interesting school for a number of years. In Canal street is the magnificent building dedicated to the Boys' High School, an enormous contrast to the cramped quarters this school occupied in Calliope street. These are all new buildings, and are a source of pride and pleasure to the city, which appreciated the great need of them.

One of the interesting schools of the city is the Francis T. Nicholls Industrial School, at which young girls are trained in millinery, dressmaking, cooking and all kinds of housewifely arts. This school has shown by the splendid work of the graduate pupils that it is answering a great need, and that it will result in the building of better homes and more efficient womanhood.

One of the most important of the schools which is still to be erected is to be the Manual Training School for Boys, made possible to the city through the munificence of Isaac Delgado, a wealthy citizen, who left a large sum to build and equip this institution. Among the assets to be devoted to this purpose is a sugar plantation, and this has placed the city of New Orleans in a unique position as owner of a sugar plantation.

The visitor to the city will be interested in the ever-recurrent name of McDonogh on the fronts of many of the public schools. This occurs from the fact that a wealthy man, a bachelor, who died in this city many years ago, left several million dollars to be divided between New Orleans and Baltimore for the building of schools. As the interest on the McDonogh fund was to be devoted to this purpose, and the principal guarded, it has followed that from time to time a new school is added to the list; so that McDonogh Schools No. 1, No. 2 and on to McDonogh No. 32 are devoted to the cause of education in New Orleans.

THE BEHRMAN GYMNASIUM

One of the interesting departments of the public school system is the Behrman Gymnasium, Washington avenue and Prytania. This building was erected for the Southern Athletic Club, which occupied it for a number of years, and "pulled off" a number of interesting events here. It is recorded that in 1889 Kilrain trained in the gymnasium for his fight with Sullivan; and in 1892 Corbett made this his training quarters for his fight with the same athletic hero. It is not given over to the heroes of the ring now. Boys from the public schools perform

daring stunts on the bars and rings and other contrivances, or make spectacular dives in the swimming pool; and incidentally learn to give first aid to the injured, and accomplish wonders in the learning. The girls of the public schools have their days in the gymnasium, also, and some of them have distinguished themselves by their quickness in learning and their deftness in performing life-saving work. The gymnasium is a much-prized institution, and is used among the pupils of the schools as an incentive to labor. One must make such and such a grade, or his teacher gives him no admit card to the gymnasium.

TULANE UNIVERSITY

Opposite Audubon Park, fronting St. Charles avenue and running a long way back toward the lake, stands the substantial group of buildings which make up Tulane University.

Once this was the University of Louisiana. It came into existence in 1834, when the Medical College of Louisiana, now the School of Medicine, was created. Another department—that of law, was established in 1847.

During the same year, an effort was made to establish an academic department, and indeed it was opened, but had an unsatisfactory career, and was closed in 1859.

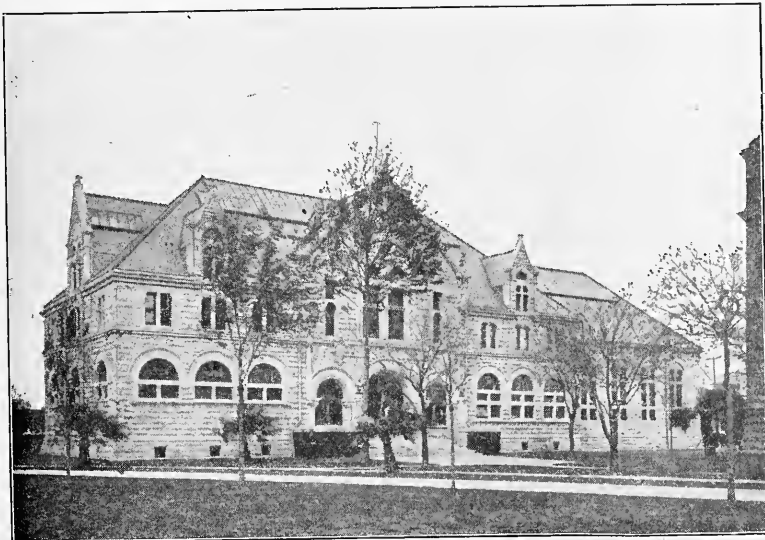
The war swept the country, and put an effectual quietus on all further attempts to establish this department until 1876; and after the struggle for a school began, the doors were not really opened until 1878.

The university went on, under great difficulties, until 1884; and then it was that the Tulane donation led to a change of name and the reorganization of the institution under the name it still bears.

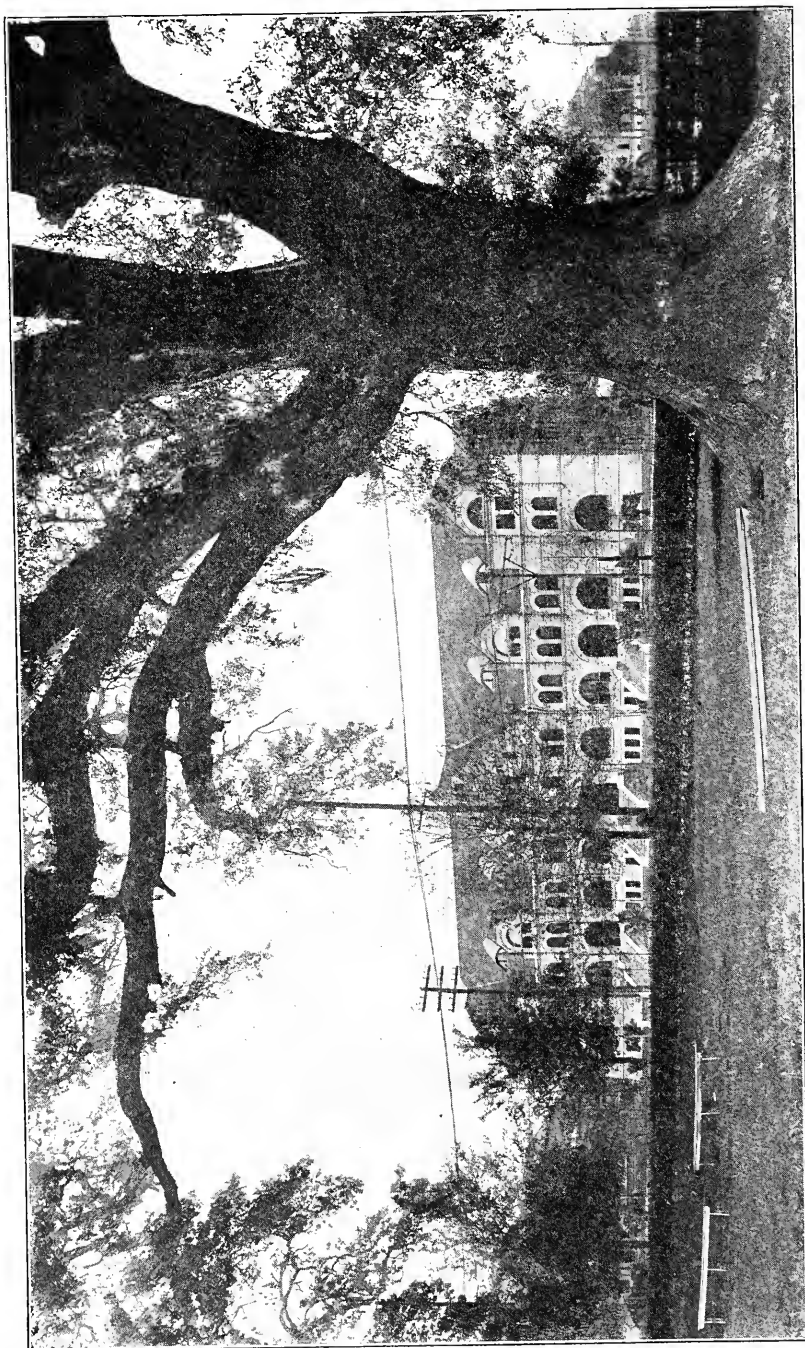
The time had been when Paul Tulane was a merchant of New Orleans, and though he had taken up his habitation in Princeton, N. J., his heart was still with the city in which he had lived so long. He gave the greater part of his fortune, amounting to \$1,050,000, to the Board of Administrators of the Tulane Educational Fund, for the education of white youth in Louisiana. On that same year the board took over the University of Louisiana and gave it Mr. Tulane's name.

Colonel William Preston Johnston was selected the first president of the institution as reorganized, and for the first time the great university set out upon its work, unhampered by the mere struggle for existence.

One of the greatest incidents in the career of the university occurred in 1886, when Mrs. Josephine L. Newcomb found the Sophie Newcomb Memorial College



F. W. Tilton Memorial Library, Tulane University.



Gibson Hall, Tulane University.

for Women, as a department of the university, with gifts and bequests that amounted to nearly three million dollars.

In 1906 the New Orleans Polyclinic became the Graduate School of Medicine; and in 1909 the New Orleans College of Dentistry became the Tulane School of Dentistry. In 1912 the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine—one of the most valued departments of the university—was organized; followed by the College of Commerce and Business Administration in 1914.

The Colleges of Arts and Sciences, and Technology, the graduate department, the College of Law, the first and second years of the School of Medicine, the School of Pharmacy and the first two years of the School of Dentistry are in St. Charles avenue. Students of the third and fourth years of the School of Medicine, the third year of the School of Dentistry, the students of the Graduate School of Medicine and of the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine are taught in the Hutchinson Memorial building on Canal street, in close proximity to the Charity Hospital, the unrivaled facilities of which are freely used in instruction. The College of Commerce and Business Administration holds its day courses in Gibson Hall, at the university, and its night courses in the hall of the Association of Commerce, at the corner of St. Charles and Common street.

The grounds of Tulane University extend over a mile in depth, with a frontage of about six hundred feet in St. Charles avenue. About one hundred acres of this great tract have been set aside as a campus, and on it the following buildings have been erected; Gibson hall, the main building, named in honor of General Randall Lee Gibson, United States senator and first president of the Board of Administrators; the Physical Laboratory; the Richardson Chemical Building; a group of engineering buildings, consisting of the experimental engineering, electrical engineering, and mechanics' arts laboratories, and the drawing rooms; the Richardson Memorial Building; the Stanley Thomas Hall; the dining hall; the gymnasium, and the F. W. Tilton Memorial Library, with its annex.

This beautiful library building was donated to the university by Mrs. Caroline Stannard Tilton as a memorial to her husband. It affords ample space for the magnificent library, and for the Linton-Surget Art Collection, the Tilton collection of statues and other objects of art, and Mrs. Samuel H. Kennedy's loan collection of art.

The upper floor of Gibson Hall contains the university museum, with excellent departments of anthropology, zoology, botany, paleontology, geology and mineralogy. Here is housed the Gustave Kohn collection of natural history of Louisiana, and contains fifteen thousand specimens.

The Stanley Thomas Hall was acquired by the university through the beneficence of Mr. Stanley O. Thomas. This is a department of the College of Technology, and is a three-story fire-proof brick and reinforced concrete building.

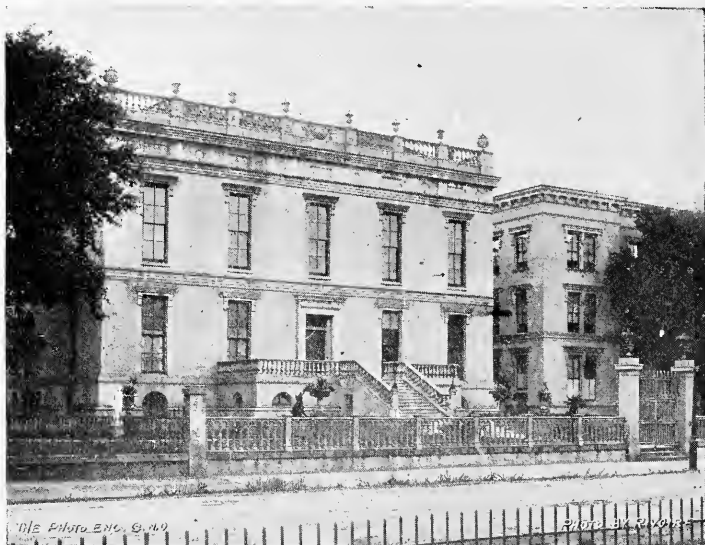
In the rear of the campus are the athletic grounds, covering about six acres; and money is in hand for the erection of a stadium; something which the students and the public have greatly desired. Great enthusiasm was manifested on "Realization Day," on which many citizens and numbers of the Newcomb students worked to raise this sum; and when the stadium is completed Tulane athletics will take on new life.

NEWCOMB MEMORIAL COLLEGE

One of the most picturesque buildings in the upper portion of the city is H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, to quote its full name; affectionately known all over the South as "Newcomb." It stands today as the lovely memorial of a lovely young life, which went out before it had touched the borders of womanhood. Sophie Newcomb was a girl of fifteen when she "fell on sleep"; and in memory of her the young girl's mother, Mrs. Josephine LeMonnier Newcomb, gave \$100,000 to found this school; afterwards increasing the bequest to \$2,800,000.

The college is one of the departments of Tulane University.

As now organized it offers regular academic courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in connection with these has established four schools; of Art, of Education, of Music, and of Household Economy, each of which offers courses comparable with the best, leading to the award of certificates or diplomas. It possesses well equipped laboratories of physics, chemistry, psychology, biology, domestic science and art, besides ample studio facilities in fine arts and music. Its library for general service contains about 14,000 carefully selected volumes, in addition to which each of the several schools is provided with an ample collection of works and periodicals in its own subject. The psychological laboratory is prepared to carry on work in the clinical examination of children, and has already completed a large number of records in connection with the work of the School of Education and in the public schools of New Orleans. In its School of Art it has developed the application of design to various crafts as pottery, embroidery, jewelry, china painting, metal and glass, book-binding etc., and it is the intention to add other forms of applied art whenever the demand may justify it. The New-



H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College.

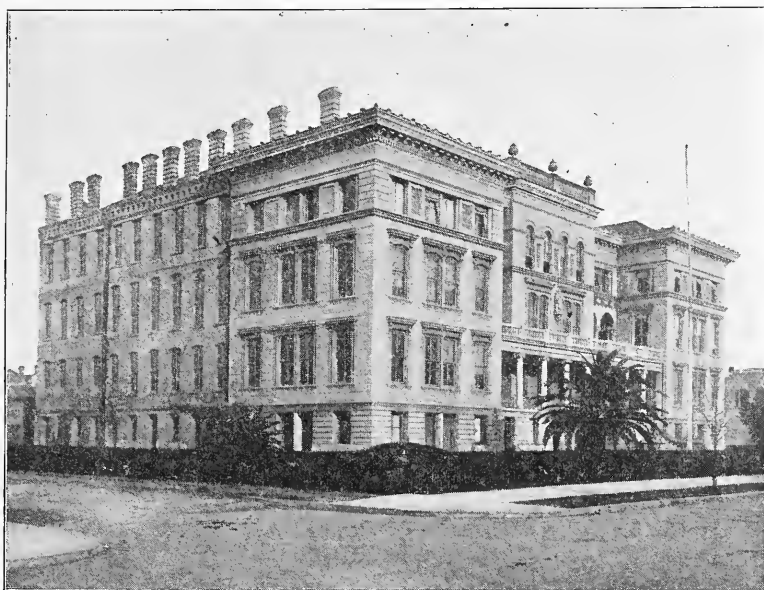
comb art products are always made from original designs, so that duplicates are not to be found, and they are sold by agents in all the large cities of the United States and Canada. The samples of art products—pottery, jewelry, embroidery, design—have won medals at many expositions; and the Pan American at San Francisco in 1914 awarded to this school the only Grand Prix for such work. The School of Music offers student recitals each week which are open to the public, and public concerts of university chorus and orchestra assisted by artists engaged for the purpose.

Student life at Nemcomb has many outlets besides those offered by the laboratory, library and class room. Various college and university publications are supported and maintained by the students. Debating, glee and dramatic clubs have a large membership and active life. Physical training and exercise is required of all students. Out-of-door sports are encouraged and carefully regulated, and on account of the ideal winter climate, prevail. The game of "Newcomb" and the "Newcomb Rules" for basket ball, both specially devised here as appropriate for girls and women, have found favor and acceptance widely throughout the country on account of their hygienic value.

In the college and the residences student self-government prevails. High standards of honor both in relation to their work and to one another are required and enforced when necessary. No one who is deficient in class work is permitted to hold office in a student organization, or to take part in any public performance which represents them. Each resident student is required to attend the church to which she belongs or with which she is affiliated; chapel service of a non-sectarian character is held each morning, and is well attended. The Young Women's Christian Association maintains a thriving organization.

The principal buildings of the college are located in a large square of ground containing about three and a half acres, beautified with noble oaks and palms. For several years past it has been evident that Newcomb could no longer develop properly in its present narrow confines. Steps, therefore, have been taken to provide for it a more extensive and suitable site. About thirty acres of ground have been secured on Audubon Place and Broadway, in the most desirable residence section of the city, and plans for new buildings have been drawn to accommodate the new Newcomb; it is expected that the work of construction will shortly be begun. The proposed buildings are as follows: Residences for the accommodation of four hundred boarding students; a central building to accommodate the offices of administration and the principal academic classes; a building for the scientific laboratories; one for household economy; one for music including a hall for recitals and

concerts; class room for instruction, and practice rooms for students; an art building with hall for student and public lectures, galleries for display of student work and loan collections, besides the necessary studios, class rooms and work shops for carrying on the required courses; a chapel; a gymnasium; a library; and ultimately a building for general assembly. The cost of these is expected to aggregate \$1,500,000, but not all of them will be erected immediately. When completed they will offer accommodation for 1000 or 1200 students in the various courses of study, distributed in the same proportion as at present.



Hutchinson Memorial Medical School.

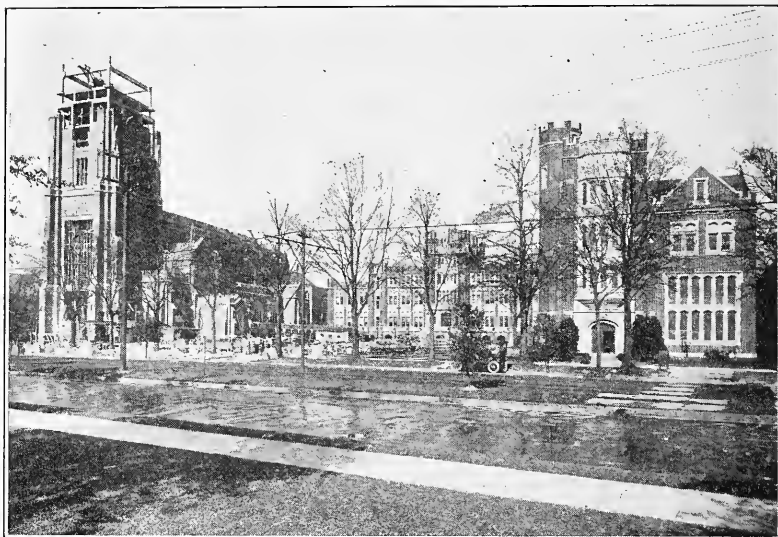
HUTCHINSON MEMORIAL MEDICAL SCHOOL

In Canal street, between Villere and Robertson, stands the Josephine Hutchinson Memorial, a department of Tulane University. It is here that the students take the last two years of their medical course; the first two years being housed on the Tulane Campus.

The Hutchinson Memorial Building was erected in 1894 by Mrs. Ida Richardson as a memorial to her husband, Dr. T. B. Richardson. For several years it was known as the Richardson Memorial Medical School. In 1908 it was sold to the Hutchinson Fund, and the Richardson Memorial was established at the University, so that the first two years' course is given in the Richardson Memorial Building.

NEWMAN MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

One of the notable schools in the city is the Newman Manual Training School. This school was made possible through the beneficence of the late Isidore Newman. There students of both sexes and of all beliefs are taught to be self-supporting as well as to have a large and accurate knowledge of text-books. So popular has this school become that the registration lists have to be closed before the school actually opens every year.



Loyola University.—St. Charles Avenue.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

In the heart of the beautiful Garden District of New Orleans, opposite Audubon Park, and adjoining Tulane University is the youngest of the great educational institutions of New Orleans.

In this section once stretched the broad acres of the Foucher plantation, owned by Paul Foucher, who married the daughter of Etienne de Bore. Part of this estate was acquired for the Society of Jesus by Mr. White, now chief justice of the United States Supreme Court, on December 28, 1899. One evidence of the great advance in values in the upper portion of the city is shown by the fact that this tract, and a portion since acquired by Tulane, in all measuring 447 feet in St. Charles avenue and 12,196 feet back from the avenue, was purchased for \$22,500. The upper line of the property was known as Burtheville, and lower as Greenville.

In May, 1892, the residence of the Holy Name of Jesus was formally opened, with Rev. John Downey as superior and Revs. Joseph Gerlach and Brothers John Doherty and Peter Morge as assistants. The next day mass was said for the first time in the parish church, which had been erected at the expense of the Society of Jesus.

The first honored superior has been followed by Rev. Paul Faget, who was succeeded in his turn by Rev. Marcellus Janin, and he by Rev. Albert Biever. In September of 1904, Loyola College, at the rear of the church, was opened as a select day school.

An incident in which the whole city was interested, regardless of creed, was the breaking of the ground for the Burke Memorial Seismographical Observatory, in March, 1910. This is the only seismograph in the state, and the people at large have taken the deepest interest in the records made by this wonderful invention. In July of that year the doors of the observatory were thrown open to the public for the first time; and on the same day the foundations of Marquette Hall were begun. The cornerstone of the hall was laid and blessed and the ground broken for Thomas Hall in November of the same year.

The inauguration of classes, the dedication of Thomas Hall, the first mass in the chapel, all followed in due course. The charter of the university was approved by the State Legislature. The Jesuit community took possession of its new home. The Bobet Library, the gift of Mr. Edward J. Bobet, of New Orleans, was fitted up. The New Orleans College of Pharmacy was affiliated with Loyola.

In March, 1913, a donation of \$100,000 was given to erect a new church, in memory of Thomas McDermott, and later, the donor, Miss Kate McDermott, added \$50,000 to the original bequest. During the same month, Rev. Alphonsus E. Otis was appointed rector of Loyola University.

Other milestones in the progress of the university have been the opening of the law department and of the dental department; the affiliation of the Post Graduate Medical School of New Orleans with Loyola University; the opening of a school of midwifery—the second of its kind in the United States—and the opening of a course in wireless telegraphy.

The architecture of this interesting pile of buildings is Tudor Gothic, and the buildings are constructed of limestone and fire-proof brick of a dark and rich red color.

URSULINES' SCHOOL

Almost ever since there has been a New Orleans there has been an Ursulines' School. In 1727 a band of Ursuline nuns arrived in the little village Bienville had established, with the purpose of educating the girls of the community. Work was begun on a convent and school building in Conde street—now Chartres—and in the meantime the nuns were settled at the corner of Conde and Bienville. When their home was finished they took possession of it, and there they lived their quiet lives and taught the girls for ninety-four years—until the youngest of their first band of pupils had long since passed away, and their grandchildren had come to take their places. The nuns were in this home during the battle of New Orleans, and prayed so long and hard for the success of the Americans that they have, always believed the success of Jackson and his men was due to the intervention of the Virgin as a result of those earnest prayers.

But in the course of time, when the century had almost run its round, the Ursulines found another location, where they could have larger grounds and be further away from the din of traffic in what had become the business part of the city. They moved to a beautiful place, down the river, not far above the Barracks; and there the quiet years went on again, while they continued to give themselves up to the training of young girls.

It was the river that drove them from this pleasant home. The river began to eat its way into and under the levees, so that it was necessary to move them further back, and in order to effect this the property of the Ursulines and many other beautiful places had to be sacrificed. Then it was that the Ursulines established themselves in their magnificent new home in State street, not far from South Claiborne.

The Ursulines have made their most important move, which has brought them into one of the most beautiful buildings in the city, and has given them every advantage of location and equipment. And here, as in the other places, the quiet years will go on, while they teach the young girls committed to their charge.

NEGRO UNIVERSITIES

Visitors from other sections of the country are surprised to find that among the educational institutions of New Orleans are two high-grade schools for negroes—the New Orleans University and Straight University.

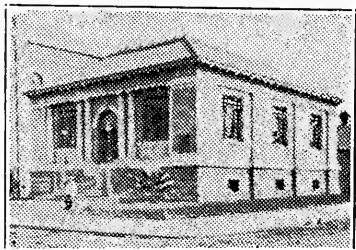
The latter school, which is at 2436 Canal street, was provided for negroes of New Orleans through the generosity of a wealthy philanthropist of the East, who gave the institution his name; and there many young negro men and women are learning to find their place and their work in the world. This school is said to possess unusual merit as an educational factor, and is doing its part in the making of good citizens as well as in communicating the lore of textbooks.

HOWARD MEMORIAL LIBRARY

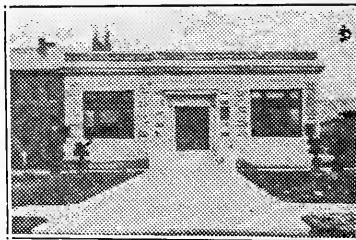
In Howard avenue, near Lee Circle, stands a large building of red stone—the Howard Memorial Library.

In 1888 Miss Annie Howard, of this city, presented this building, which cost \$115,000, books to the number of eight thousand, and a large sum of money, for the purpose of creating a Reference Library for the city of New Orleans.

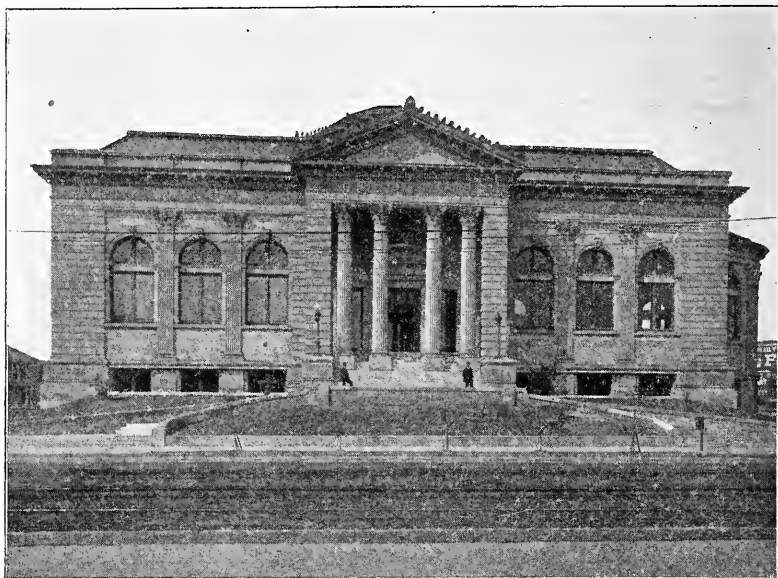
The architecture of the building will attract the attention of every one who passes. Richardson, the noted architect, who was of Louisiana birth, created a special style for public buildings of importance—a style which was, fortunately,



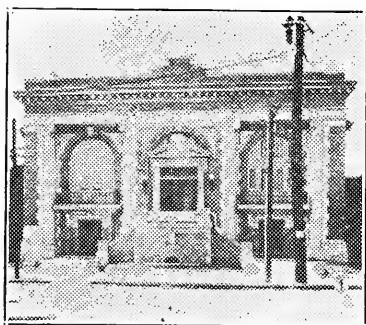
**Frenchmen Street Branch
Public Library.**



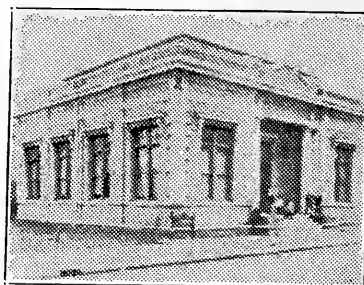
**Napoleon Branch Public
Library.**



New Orleans Public Library.



**Dryades Branch (Negro)
Public Library.**



**Algiers Branch Public
Library.**

chosen for the Howard Memorial Library. It is a most attractive building, well worthy of the priceless material which it enshrines.

During the first few years a department of fiction was maintained, but afterward this was dropped, and the library entered on the special work of providing a place where might be stored information on general subjects, and especially on the history of the State of Louisiana. This has been effected, and it may be said that the success in this direction is largely due to Librarian William Beer, who has never allowed an opportunity to pass for securing any book or manuscript bearing on Louisiana. As a result the library is especially rich in literature treating of the earlier settlement of Louisiana.

However, whatever the subject, one may be sure of finding it set forth in this library—history and philosophy, religion and art and science, books in English and books in many other languages. The beautiful reading room is never without its quiet readers seated at the round tables and pouring over books while the great clock ticks the silent hours away.

NEW ORLEANS' PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Carnegie, the giver of library buildings to the world at large, has not slighted New Orleans in the distribution of his gifts. In St. Charles avenue, just above Lee Circle, stands a lofty and striking building, uplifted on terraced grounds with flights of marble steps springing from terrace to terrace. This is the New Orleans Public Library. There are five branch libraries in various parts of town—at Canal and Gayoso; at Frenchmen and Royal; at Napoleon avenue and Camp; at Pelican and Belleville, Algiers, and at Philip and Dryades (colored).

In 1897 the New Orleans Public Library was created by combining the Fisk Library and the library of the Lyceum and Library Society. It was housed for a while in St. Patrick's Hall, on the site of the new postoffice; and when the time came for demolishing that building, it removed to an old residence in Prytania, near Clio. In 1906 Carnegie gave \$250,000 for building this library, with additional sums of \$25,000 each, given at that and later times, for the five branches. The collection in this library comprises 150,000 volumes, many of them belonging to the circulating library, while there are thousands of books of reference and books in foreign languages. The branch libraries are so disposed that many citizens who would find it inconvenient to visit the main library may resort to the nearest branch with ease.

New books are continually being added to those already on the shelves, so that the available reading matter is kept thoroughly up to date. Mr. Gill is librarian in the main library, with a corps of trained assistants in the various departments.

THE DELGADO MUSEUM

As the City Park is one of the very especial gems of the city, so is the Delgado Museum the most wonderful and the most valuable feature of the beautiful park.

A few short years ago, Isaac Delgado gave the city \$150,000 with which to erect an Art Museum. He did not wait until after his death and leave it in his will, when he would be beyond the pleasure that must come from such a gift. He gave it while he was alive. It was a matter of great sorrow to all who knew him that he passed over the border just one month before the building was ready to be opened; but it had already brought him much joy.

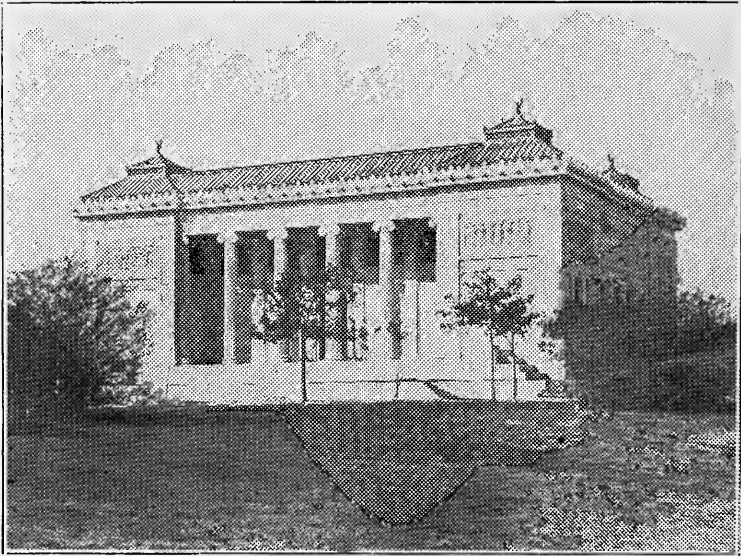
It was finished; and there was the great Statuary Hall waiting for its array of sculpture; and there were the rooms grouped around it, and the imposing stairway; and the rooms that circled the upper gallery—all ready to be filled.

It is a matter of note that the collection was very small at first, and that it has grown in the most wonderful way. Collection after collection has been presented to the museum, to be installed and to give it charm and value. Beautiful carved furniture, exquisite pieces of tapestry, classic statuary, marvels in porcelain and jade and brass and silver—all are there, besides the paintings.

As for the paintings, they have been gathered up by connoisseurs all over Europe, as well as in the United States. One may spend hours wandering from room to room and studying the canvases that adorn the walls.

Besides those that have been given, many collections or individual pieces are loaned from time to time, so that the citizens of New Orleans and the visitors to the city may have the opportunity to enjoy great works of art.

The Delgado Museum has greatly enriched the city in a field to which the ordinary citizen pays little attention—the spiritual side, the side of fancy and



Delgado Museum of Art, City Park.

imagination and taste—and the donor did a wonderful thing for New Orleans when he gave the money which has been devoted to this cause.

Among the great bequests made to the Museum, by far the most valuable was that left by the late Mrs. Chapman H. Hyams, with later additions by Mr. Hyams himself. Its value runs into the hundreds of thousands, and it contains many masterpieces, especially of the French school.

The Morgan C. Whitney collection of carved jades and other hard stones is another important addition; and the most recent of all is a superb collection of Grecian pottery and of ancient glass treasures presented by Alvin Howard. There have been many other bequests of rare beauty and value, so that the Museum is indeed one of the show spots of the city.

THE STATE MUSEUM

No visitor leaves New Orleans without visiting this Museum. In the first place, one would naturally visit the building in which it is housed, the old Cabildo, which was erected in 1795 by that Spanish grandee, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, for the use of the municipality. The visitor will shudder, no doubt, when he views the Mansard roof surmounting that ancient structure, but he need not blame Don Almonaster with that. A flat roof, tile-covered, surmounted the old structure in the beginning, and the Mansard was an afterthought on the part of some unknown who set it there in 1851.

But at any rate, the Cabildo is the abode of the State Museum; and it is here that one may find the history of old Louisiana set forth in priceless souvenirs. Most of them are contained in one great room on the second floor—the sala capitular, in which the Cabildo met during the Spanish regime. Here one finds a thousand objects of interest. It may be added that the exhibit which attracts most attention is the Antommarchi Death Mask of Napoleon. It will be remembered that the Greek physician who was set to attend on the vanquished emperor on St. Helena made three death masks of the silent and unprotesting face; and that afterwards, when he came to reside for a while in New Orleans, he presented one of them to this city.

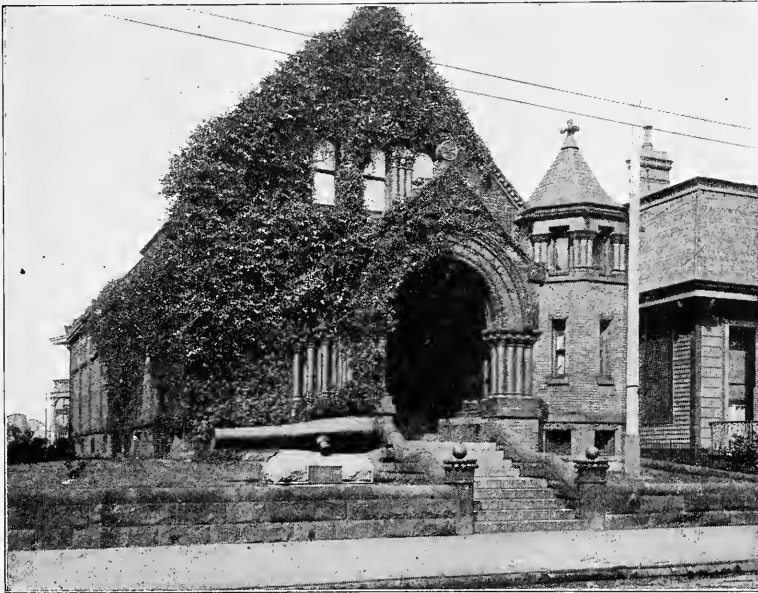
At the front, the old porch was transformed into a long hall many years ago, and in this hall are stored Indian relics in great numbers, together with a fine collection of coins.

The Museum has been greatly enriched by the addition of the city archives and other valuable collections, notably that of Mr. G. Cusachs, whose collection of rare books and manuscripts is very valuable.

Part of the Museum is located in the old Presbytery, which is on the lower side of the Cathedral. Here one finds the agricultural exhibits of the state, which have attracted so much attention at home and abroad; exhibits of Louisiana woods; the fauna and flora of Louisiana; especially fine exhibits of birds and insects. With these are fine exhibits of Louisiana minerals—sulphur, salt, oil, clay, and many others, with their by-products.

TULANE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Tulane University has in the upper floor of Gibson Hall a large and valuable collection of specimens from the animal world; skeletons and reproductions in plaster; fossil and modern, which are of enormous value and interest to the student, as well as to the visitor. Many of the specimens in this Museum have been presented to the university by men who have spent their lives in making the collections, purely for the pleasure it gave them, and who take this means of passing on their work to others. It would be difficult to find a time when interested visitors are not studying the various objects in this splendid Museum.



Memorial Hall.

MEMORIAL HALL

In Camp street, near Howard avenue, stands a red stone building with a mounted cannon at one side of the stone steps. This is Memorial Hall, given to the city by Frank T. Howard as a Museum in which to enshrine relics of the Confederacy.

On either side of the door stand logs of wood—sections cut from trees; and when the wondering visitor looks a little more closely he will see that the logs are crusted with shot and pieces of shell, as a plum pudding is crusted with plums. These trees grew on the battlefield of Chickamauga.

Opposite the door are busts of two generals dear to the heart of every Southerner. They represent Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. Along the upper wall are hung what were once flags gay and bright and flaunting in the breeze. They are mere tattered rags now, and have been inclosed in nets, so that they will not fall quite to pieces. All about the shelves are pathetic memorials of a

lost cause, and of men who gave their lives for it. No building in the city holds more that is of interest to every visitor, young or old, Northern or Southern, than this Memorial Hall, which is a Confederate Museum.

In this building are held the meetings of the various organizations of Veterans and Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy.

TULANE MEDICAL MUSEUM

For many years the Medical College of Tulane University has been given wonderful opportunities for practical work in the Charity Hospital. As a result, many thousands of objects interesting to a physician or surgeon have accumulated in the Medical Museum, and this forms a most valuable collection in the work of the medical department. Visiting physicians are always eager for the privilege of visiting this Museum; a privilege that is readily extended.



First Presbyterian Church, facing Lafayette Square.

"DR. PALMER'S CHURCH"

The proper name for this church is "First Presbyterian," but there are many among the older citizens who will know it affectionately as Dr. Palmer's Church to the end of their lives. This is the church that fronts Lafayette Square, on the uptown side. Once it was distinguished by its lofty steeple, but during the storm of September 29, 1915, this steeple was demolished, and in the repairing it has been completely remodeled, so that it would hardly be recognized. The congregation of

this church had its beginning in 1818, when the Connecticut Missionary Society sent a missionary, Rev. Sylvester Larned, to preach to the people of New Orleans. The city gave a site for a church in St. Charles street, between Union and Gravier, about four blocks from the present site, and the new missionary borrowed \$40,000 with which to erect a building. His successor liquidated the debt by means of a scheme of his own, which would not be approved by the Presbyterians of today, and by a personal gift of \$20,000 from the broad-spirited Jew, Judah Touro, who was his friend. There was a division in the church because of this minister, Dr. Clapp, who was deposed and who took the larger part of his congregation with him and founded the Unitarian Church; nine of the old congregation remained—deprived of minister and of church, for Dr. Clapp had kept a firm hold on the church property, which had been acquired through his influence. This faithful little band of nine worshiped in a warehouse on the site of the beautiful church of today. It was in those troubled times that Dr. Parker was sent to minister to this little congregation. How faithfully he did this work is known to all. Through his efforts a beautiful church was built, and when it was destroyed by fire not long after, the present church was begun. The roll of members recorded 600.

In December, 1856, Rev. B. M. Palmer was called to the pastorate; a man of the greatest culture, of the deepest piety; a golden-voiced orator, whose flow of simple and beautiful English was as remarkable as his knowledge of ancient languages. It was matter of the deepest grief to all classes of citizens when Dr. Palmer died, May, 1902, the victim of an unfortunate accident.

Dr. G. H. Cornelson is the present pastor.

TRINITY CHURCH

In Jackson avenue, at the corner of Coliseum, stands one of the most notable of the Episcopal churches of New Orleans—Trinity Church, endeared to many outside of its own congregation because of the great men who have officiated as rectors of this congregation. This has been called the church which makes bishops, as Dr. J. W. Beckwith, afterwards Bishop of Georgia; Dr. Galleher, afterwards Bishop of Louisiana; Dr. Hugh Miller, afterward Bishop of Mississippi; Rev. S. S. Harris, afterward Bishop of Michigan, were among those who passed to the bishopric after having served Trinity.

But this church owes its greatest debt of gratitude to Dr. Beverly Warner, who received the greater promotion, in that he passed to his reward—and it must have been a wonderful reward!—while he was rector of Trinity. Dr. Warner did a greater work for humanity during his connection with Trinity than falls to the lot of most mortals, and it would be difficult to mention any great movement dating back twelve or fifteen years which was not helped forward by this wonderful man.

Dr. Warner was succeeded by Rev. R. S. Coupland.

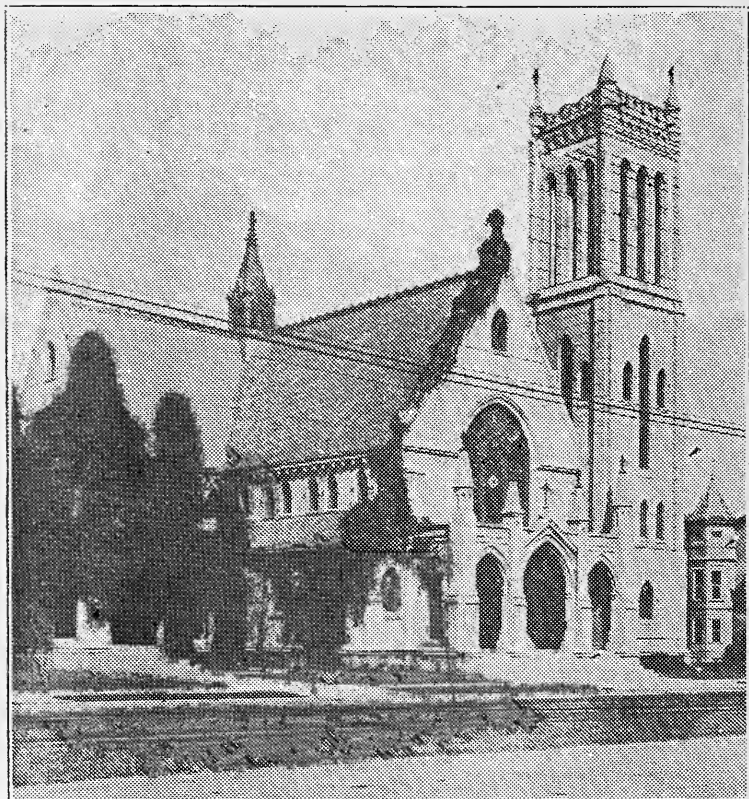
CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

There is no church name which is so inwoven with the history of New Orleans as Christ Church.

There have been four churches of this name in the city; the first one, erected in 1816, at the corner of Canal and Bourbon, and demolished in 1833; the second, built in 1834, on the opposite corner. In 1845 this site was sold, and a third church erected at the corner of Canal and Dauphine. The fourth Christ Church Cathedral, which stands today, was built in 1887. This church was the outgrowth of the realization that New Orleans must have some Protestant house of worship when Louisiana passed into the hands of the United States. In 1805 a meeting was held, followed by many others, looking to an organization and the building of a house of worship. By June of that year enough funds were in hand to make the project certain; and then a vote was taken as to the denomination of the new church. The Episcopalians were in the majority, and it is a matter of note that the church officials who were immediately elected voted a salary of \$2000 a year to the minister who should be sent to them. Rev. Philander Chase led the way for Protestantism in New Orleans, under the ecclesiastical government of the Bishop and Convention of New York.

A few years of the life in the new field proved enough for the new minister, or perhaps his health suffered. At any rate, he returned to New York, and for some years the congregation was left to itself, much discouraged, with neither minister nor church.

In 1814 Rev. Mr. Hull took charge of the infant church, and with him are associated all the early activities of the little congregation. While this was nomi-



Christ Church Cathedral, St. Charles Avenue.

nally an Episcopal Church, it was open to Protestants of all denominations, and for a long time the Presbyterians held their services there. The new minister endeared himself to the people of the entire city, and his death in 1832, after nineteen years of labor among them, was deeply regretted. It had been his fond hope to see his people again in a home of their own, but the church was not constructed until a few years after his death. It stood on the corner of Canal and Bourbon, as has been said, and was of classic design—a facsimile of the present Knights of Columbus Hall in Carondelet street.

The new church proved to be too "central," and another building was erected, less than a block away, at the corner of Canal and Dauphine. Judah Touro bought the old Christ Church for the Congregation Dispersed of Judah, and the third Christ Church arose, designed by the noted James Gallier.

But as the years passed it was seen that the site was no place for a church, with all its rush and turmoil. Then it was that Christ Church Cathedral was erected, on the corner of St. Charles and Sixth streets. Its vine-wreathed tower and arcades attract universal attention and admiration. The Harris Memorial Chapel was presented to the Cathedral by Mrs. J. L. Harris in memory of her husband; and the same generous donor has given the house in St. Charles avenue, occupied by the Bishop, and that on Sixth street, immediately behind the church, occupied by the rector. Both these handsome residences communicate with the church through the most picturesque of vine-draped cloisters.



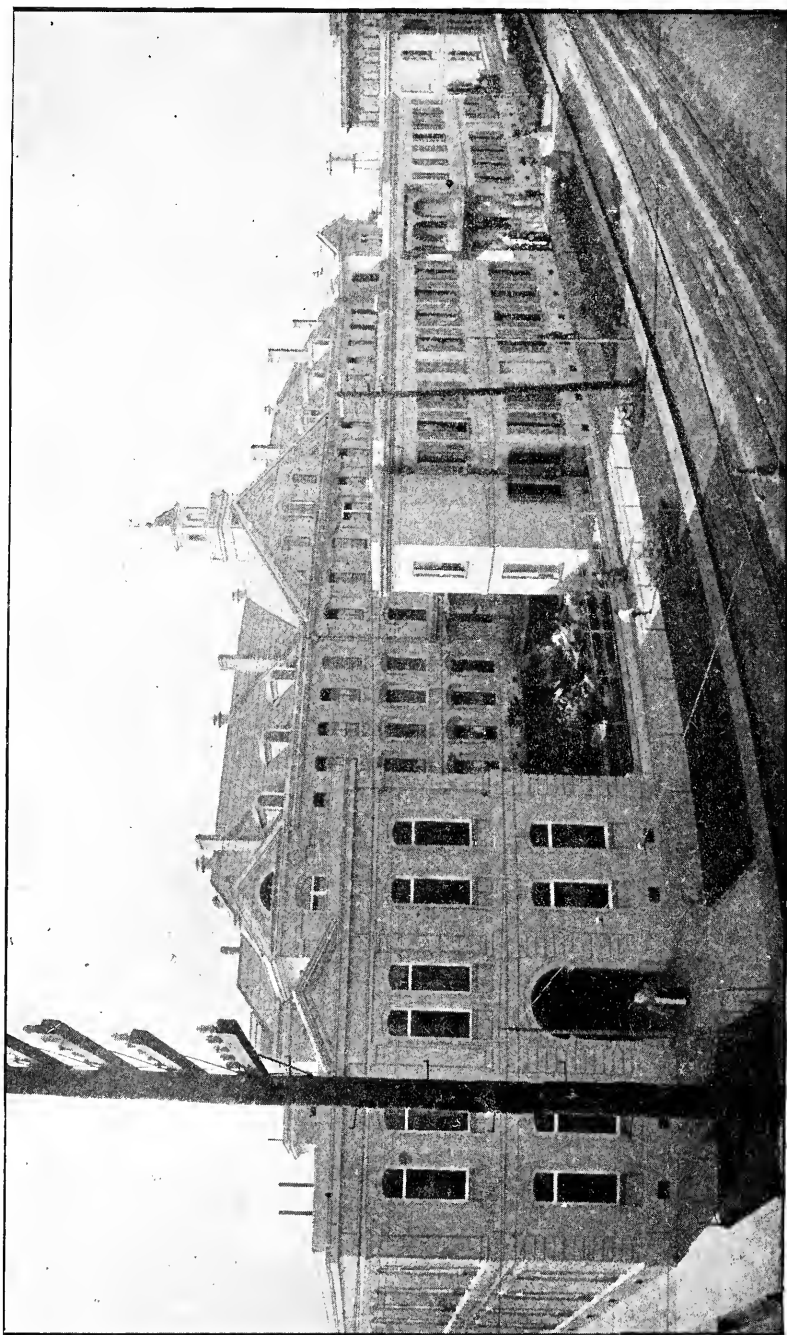
First Methodist Church, St. Charles Avenue.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH

The building which bears the name of the First Methodist Church is of comparatively recent date, but the church organization is very old. For some years it was on Poydras street, and was then merely the Methodist Church, for there was no other in the city. Then, in the course of time and after several losses by fire and changes from place to place, a house was built for it, through the instrumentality of a young minister named J. C. Keener, who was afterward a bishop, and who died a few years ago, full of years and of honors. At that time it became the Carondelet Street Methodist Church, and retained that name along with its abiding place for more than forty years. When it was built, in Carondelet street, between Girod and Lafayette, it was in the heart of the uptown residence district, but as time passed the residences moved further uptown, and it was left alone in a section filled with business houses.

When there was talk of following the congregation uptown it was bitterly opposed by many of the members, who felt that this one church should remain in the field, as a place to which business men could go for midday services. But the majority prevailed. The old church building was sold to the Shriners, and the new church was established in St. Charles avenue, near Calliope street, where it might be within easy reach of the great boarding house district, and so be a religious home for "the stranger in our midst."

Dr. S. H. Werlein is pastor of the First Methodist Church, and is steadily building up its interests.



Charity Hospital.

JESUITS' CHURCH

In Baronne street, between Canal and Common, stands the Jesuits' Church, a living example of the old proverb, "All things come to him who waits." Within five years after the settling of New Orleans, as has been stated elsewhere, the Jesuits came to La Nouvelle Orleans to take over the education of the boys and young men; and a plantation was given them in that wilderness "above Canal street." They were also furnished a residence and were given slaves to cultivate the land; and it is matter of record that they added to this original space until their holdings stretched from Common to Felicity, and from the river to Hagan avenue. The farm prospered mightily, and the Jesuits introduced into the new colony sugar cane, figs and oranges.

But a long and deadly war was waged between the Jesuits and the Capuchins, who were also established in the colony, and finally, in July, 1763, the Jesuits were expelled from all French and Spanish possessions by the order of the Pope. The Papal edict of expulsion is among the archives in the State Museum. In 1848, however, the Jesuits were erecting another chapel on the present site; in the very neighborhood where they had once experimented with that new and little-known agricultural product, sugar cane. This building was pulled down in 1854, and the present building was begun.

The plans for this church were made by Father Cambiano, a talented Jesuit priest, but his scheme has never been completely carried out, as the towers in front have not been completed. The building is large, and the interior is very much admired, with its graceful Moorish arches and its beautiful windows and elaborate altar. The statue of the Virgin was ordered by Marie Amelie, Queen of France, for the royal chapel in the Tuilleries, but the revolution of 1848 drove the Queen from France and caused the statue to be offered for sale. It made its way to New Orleans in the possession of a dealer, and was purchased from him for the Jesuits' Church.

TEMPLE SINAI

In Carondelet street, half a block above Howard avenue, stands one of the most impressive buildings in the city devoted to public worship. This is Temple Sinai, the older of the two Jewish synagogues. The wide flight of steps leading up to the portico, the height and massiveness of the structure, are very imposing, and attract a great deal of attention. This congregation was founded in 1871, with Dr. J. K. Gutheim as the first rabbi, a man of great eloquence and learning, and among the most distinguished religious leaders of his time. Dr. Max Heller, the incumbent, is noted as an eloquent speaker, a man of deep learning, and one always at the head of movements for civic betterment or for the uplift of humanity.

CHARITY HOSPITAL

The Charity Hospital, in Tulane avenue, between Howard and South Robertson, is one of the largest hospitals of its kind in the United States, and is unsurpassed in its equipment and the facilities it offers for the study and cure of diseases.

The beginnings of this great work may be traced far back. There was a small charity hospital, then, in Rampart and Toulouse streets, which was said to have been founded by a sailor whose name has been lost in the flood of the years, but who had doubtless seen such hospitals in many lands and knew the utter need for such an institution in a city like the New Orleans of the early days, where epidemics ran riot and the poor were likely to be neglected. This hospital stood for some years and no doubt accomplished much good for the sorrowful and friendless sick; but in 1779 it was destroyed in a storm.

And then arose Don Almonaster, the wealthiest and most generous citizen of Louisiana, and contributed some \$114,000 toward building another hospital. It was erected in 1784, on the same site, and it did its work until 1809, when it was burned.

It was then determined that the next hospital should be within the city limits—for even then Rampart and St. Peter was outside the city—and the city purchased the square of ground bounded by Canal, Dryades, Baronne and Common streets, in what was then the City Commons; and in 1816 another charity hospital was erected. Sixteen years later the state purchased this property for the University, giving \$125,000; and with the proceeds of this sale a hospital was built

on Common street, between Howard and Freret. Strange to say, the state of Pennsylvania contributed some aid to the building of this hospital, but the state of Louisiana bore the greater part of the burden. It is to be remembered that Julien Poydras, once mayor of the city, gave \$35,000 and another large donation came from Etienne de Bore.

This is the hospital of today, as it was started in 1832, when it had only one building, the main or central one. Wings have been sent out in every direction, with splendid galleries where the convalescents grow well and strong in sun and breeze. Through the generosity of Mrs. Richard Milliken, the Milliken Memorial Hospital was built for the children; and the late A. C. Hutchinson gave the Home and Training School for Nurses, which has meant so much to the institution. Money left by the will of the late William Richards provided a ward for infectious diseases. The operating annex, erected in 1898, was given by Isaac Delgado in memory of his brother, the late Samuel Delgado.

A ward for the treatment of tuberculosis is among the latest additions to the hospital.

THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL

At 731 Carondelet, just above Girod street, stood for some years the New Orleans Sanitarium—a private hospital, which had been established in 1886. In 1910 the plant was purchased and a new name placed over the entrance—the Presbyterian Hospital; for it had become the property of the Presbyterian Church. Since that time it has been so effectively managed that one addition after another has been made to its initial capacity, and it now stands among the leading hospitals of the city.

TOURO INFIRMARY

A little more than a block above Louisiana avenue, fronting Prytania street, is Touro Infirmary. This hospital covers an entire square of ground; and one may be sure that its history is filled with interest. It bears the name of Judah Touro, the great Jewish philanthropist, who gave so largely and to so many causes.

In 1850 there was an organization in the city known as the Touro Infirmary and Hebrew Benevolent Society. The society was working with some such end as this in view, but no doubt it grew discouraged at times because the money did not come quickly enough to realize its hopes. It must have thrilled and touched them immensely when, on a memorable day, Judah Touro sent them a gift of \$40,000. At any rate, they took this wonderful gift and started the infirmary with it, in a building on the corner of the Levee and Gaennie street. There the hospital remained, until 1882, when the present site was secured, and the hospital moved into this beautiful location.

The attitude of the citizens of New Orleans toward the Touro Infirmary may be judged from the mammoth donation that was made to the Touro a few years ago, coming from all classes of people and from men and women of all creeds.

This institution is supported by the Jews, but patients of every belief are received.

THE EAR, EYE, NOSE AND THROAT HOSPITAL

At the corner of Elk Place and Tulane avenue stands one of the most important free hospitals of the city—the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, or as it is commonly abbreviated, the Senses' Hospital.

The city owes this institution to the devoted and persistent work of the great eye specialist, Dr. DeRoaldes. In 1889 Dr. DeRoaldes founded this hospital, without means and without equipment. It was his boast, in after years, that when the hospital was started the instruments were sterilized in a washpot. There were months and perhaps years of deep discouragement, but Dr. DeRoaldes did not belong to that class of men who can be discouraged, or who will give up. After awhile, the hospital was moved to a better place, in Rampart street; and still later it was housed in its own new building, on the present site. This was in 1907; and it would be impossible to write of the good that has been done in this institution. The most noted specialists of the city, men known as "high-priced" specialists, give their time and work to this place without remuneration. The best medical and surgical talent of the city is at the service of the man who has not a dollar and is out of a job. This institution will be a monument to the great specialist who labored so hard to establish it.

HOTEL DIEU

This hospital is a private institution, under the management of the Sisters of St. Vincent De Paul. It stands in Tulane avenue, Bertrand and Johnston streets.

This hospital was established in 1852, under the auspices of Dr. Warren Stone, one of the most distinguished physicians of the old times. It was established in a house belonging to him, and he was the first house-surgeon; and it was in this hospital that he performed many of his most noted surgical operations. It was called at that time the Maison de Sante; and it was not till six years after its founding that it received its present name.

One of the most important additions to the Hotel Dieu during recent years has been the Nurses' Home, which has been built with every equipment for the comfort and convenience of the nurses in training.

U. S. MARINE HOSPITAL

One of the institutions which has accomplished great good in this city is the United States Marine Hospital, situated on the river front below Audubon Park. In this beautiful and quiet spot those of the country's seamen who have suffered at the hands of evil fortune are taken to be treated, to rest and build up anew and be ready to start over again. It is one of the quietest and most restful places in the limits of the city, and just to be there should benefit almost any disabled seaman. As a matter of fact, many wonderful cures are effected in this lovely hospital, where the best nursing and the most skilled medical attention await the invalid.

In the fights New Orleans has had with epidemics, she has received most valuable assistance and co-operation from the surgeons in charge at the Marine Hospital.

THE FLINT-GOODRICH HOSPITAL

The progress made by the colored people of New Orleans could not be shown to better advantage than it is shown in the Flint-Goodrich Hospital, at Canal and South Robertson.

The hospital was endowed by philanthropists in the North—a man and a woman whose names are commemorated in the title of the hospital. The Freedmen's Bureau of Cincinnati owns the building and the equipment in which the enterprise is housed. With this start in life, the private hospital for colored patients is going forward and making a success of its work.

One of its most important objects is the training of nurses, and twenty-six girls are in training at this time. The fitness of colored women for nursing has been demonstrated through many long years in the South, even in the days when there was no training, and the only qualifications seemed to be limitless patience and cheerfulness; and now this hospital is adding to these the deftness that comes from knowledge.

The rates at the hospital are low, and as a general thing all the wards and the private rooms are filled.

THE WOMAN'S DISPENSARY

The Woman's Dispensary, in Annunciation street, near Felicity, is the outcome of a belief on the part of several of the women physicians and many of the club women that a woman dreads the exposure and publicity of an ordinary hospital, and that she would prefer a hospital under the management of women alone, and with none but women to be numbered among the patients.

It would seem that the founders of this enterprise must have been correct in their judgment, for the women and children throng to the Free Clinic of the Dispensary, and whenever there is room in the hospital ward they are eager to be admitted, rather than go to larger and better equipped hospitals. It seems a pity that such an institution as the Dispensary should have to be cramped for space, but even in spite of this disadvantage the Dispensary has done an immense and important work among the poor of that section.

HOME FOR INCURABLES

In a beautiful oak grove in Henry Clay avenue, not far from Magazine, the Home for Incurables was established some years ago, through the long and united efforts of men and women who felt that these pathetic invalids must be

cared for. After several years, the lamented Miss Sophie Wright, with a faithful band of followers, began a campaign to raise funds for a Children's Annex to the Home, and was successful in establishing this most important addition to the Home. The place is managed by a board who devote a great deal of time and personal effort toward lightening the burdens of helplessness and poverty.



Touro-Shakespeare Almshouse.

HOMES FOR THE AGED.

Homes for old men and women are no less plentiful, throughout the length and breadth of the city. There is the Touro-Shakespeare Almshouse, a block from St. Charles at the end of Arabella street, where shelter is given to the aged poor who are helpless and unprotected in their old age. The Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, in Prytania street, just above the Touro Infirmary, is a beautifully equipped building, and this is for men and women who are old and poor. The Julius Weiss Home for the Aged, in connection with Touro Infirmary, is a model institution of its kind, and here the old of the Jewish race are sheltered. The Fink Asylum, in Camp and Antonine, houses Protestant widows and orphans; as does St. Anna's Home, St. Mary and Prytania, a Protestant institution for the relief of impoverished gentlewomen, established in 1850 by Dr. W. N. Mercer in memory of his daughter.

ASYLUMS FOR ORPHANS

The city of New Orleans has a greater number of orphan asylums, perhaps, than almost any other city of its size in the United States. The New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum, on Clio, between Camp and Prytania, has grown to such an extent that it was found necessary, years ago, to inaugurate two separate branches—the Infants' Asylum, in Magazine at the corner of Race, and St. Elizabeth's Asylum, in Napoleon avenue, which takes the girls from fourteen years of age up. The homes for the orphaned children of the Catholic church are to be found from one end of the city to the other.

Neither have the Protestants fared badly in this respect. In Jackson avenue is the Episcopal Orphans' Home; the Seventh Street Home is in Magazine street; the Poydras Orphan Asylum is in Magazine, at the corner of Peters avenue;

and it is to be noted that in the beginning this asylum was opened in Poydras street, because there could be gardens and flowers around it there. This is now the center of the wholesale district of New Orleans.

Another asylum is that for orphan boys, founded through the generosity of John McDonogh; standing for many years in St. Charles avenue, two blocks below Peters avenue, but now to be moved to the country, where it will have more room.

One of the beautiful institutions, too, is the Jewish Orphans' Home, St. Charles and Peters avenues, where the children who have been orphaned are given what is really a home.

NEW ORLEANS THEATRES.

THE TULANE THEATER

In spite of the onrush of the "Movies," there are several of the old-time theaters, the "legitimate" playhouses, which remain to New Orleans, and which appeal to a large class of people. Chief among these is the Tulane Theater, near the corner of Baronne and Common. It is entered through a picturesque arcade opening in both Baronne and Common streets, and is a beautiful playhouse, well arranged and comfortable, with a magnificent stage and splendid acoustic properties. Here the greatest men and women of the stage during the past decade or more have won the applause and the enthusiasm of New Orleans playgoers, who cherish the memories of Maude Adams and David Warfield and many others as something too fine to be lightly surrendered.

Those interesting old buildings which once made up the Tulane Medical or what now bears the name of Tulane, were torn down to make room for two theaters, the Tulane and the Crescent, and there are elderly men all over the country who still love this spot because it was here that they learned the profession which they have held in honor all these years.

THE CRESCENT THEATER

Side by side with the Tulane, next the corner of Common, entered through the same arcade, is the Crescent Theater. It is under the same management, and has always been a popular-priced house, bringing to the city minstrel shows and farces and the lighter type of plays which appeal immensely to a large number of people.

THE LAFAYETTE

Some years ago a theater was erected in Baronne street, near Lafayette street, by the Schubert interests, then in a financial struggle with the Klaw and Erlanger Syndicate. It was intended as a medium for legitimate drama; but the pressure was too strong, and it was never a paying venture. In the course of time its name was changed to "The Lafayette," and it became a moving picture place which won great popularity before the many movie palaces in or near Canal street drew the movie crowds in that direction. Then the Lafayette turned to vaudeville at popular prices.

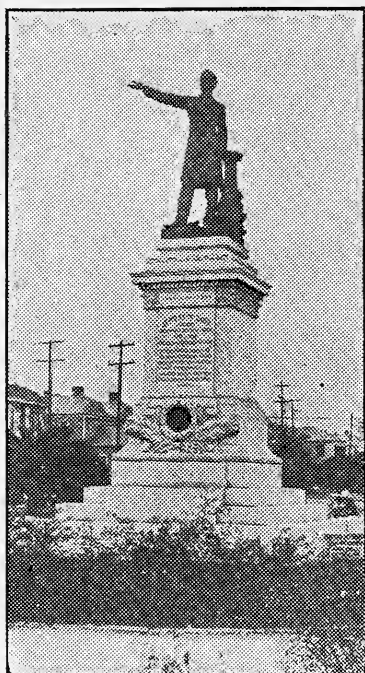
THE ORPHEUM THEATER

In St. Charles, between Poydras and Perdido (Commercial Alley) is the Orpheum, the home of vaudeville. On the spot where it stands, James H. Caldwell, foremost citizen of old New Orleans, built the celebrated St. Charles Theater in 1835. Never did a theater have a more interesting story through the years that led up to the destruction of the first building by fire in 1842.

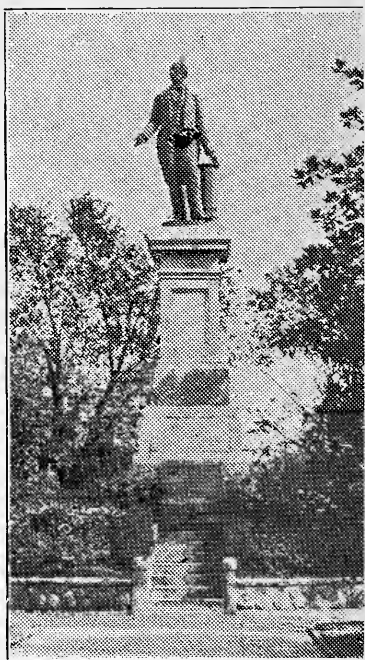
Another theater—the "Second St. Charles"—succeeded Caldwell's memorable structure, and attained even a greater celebrity; for it was during the regime of this structure that dramatic art was at its height, and the greatest actors of the world appeared on the stage of the second theater bearing the name St. Charles.

And then came another fire, in which the building was destroyed, in 1899.

The building that succeeded this is known as the Orpheum, and is leased to the regular Orpheum Circuit, which presents vaudeville in all the important cities of the United States. The Orpheum Company, however, has recently purchased a splendid site in University Place, opposite the Grunewald Hotel, and will erect a very handsome theater to be erected on the expiring of their present lease.



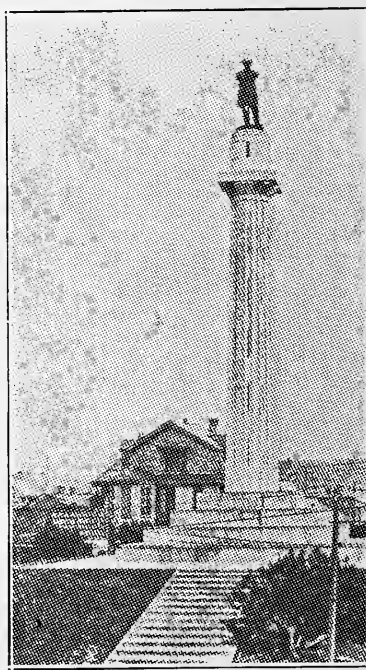
Jefferson Davis Monument.
Canal Street.



Clay Monument, Lafayette
Square.



Beauregard Monument, City
Park.



Lee Monument, in Lee Circle.



Washington Artillery Monument in Metairie Cemetery.

MONUMENTS AND STATUES.

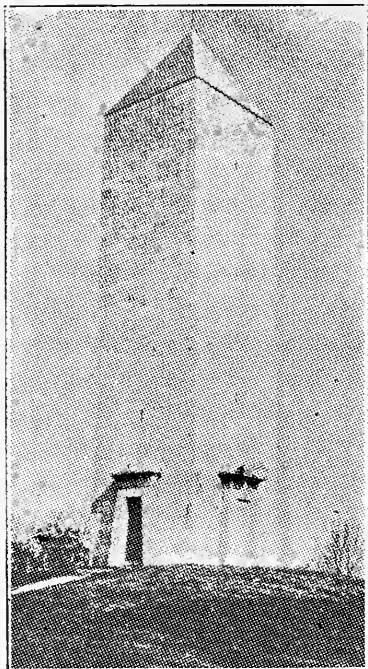
If New Orleans had been able to carry out her original plan, this city would have been sown thick with statues. However, one would have witnessed the melancholy spectacle of long lines of dismantled statues being hauled down from their proud positions, "in the public eye," and tucked away in some park where they would be less dangerous to life and limb.

The original plan was to place an imposing statue at the intersection of every important street with Canal street. The city began the work by placing a statue of Henry Clay, beloved friend and oft-time visitor, in the middle of Canal street, at the intersection of Royal. But that is as far as they ever went in statue rearing in Canal street.

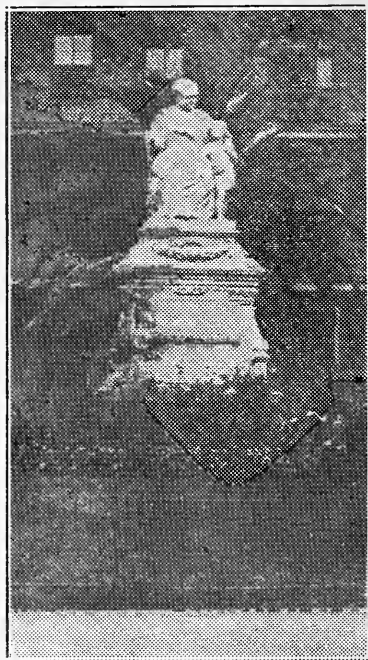
It was somewhat different, then. A flight of granite steps led up to it, as it used to dominate the busy street. Men and boys climbed up those steps and clung to the legs of the great Whig in their mad efforts for a point of vantage from which to see the Mardi Gras parades, or other interesting spectacle. In the meantime, relentless progress was taking hold on the city. Street car lines began to crowd one another and the steps to the base were in the way.

That was easily disposed of. They shaved them down, until the base was a polished shaft.

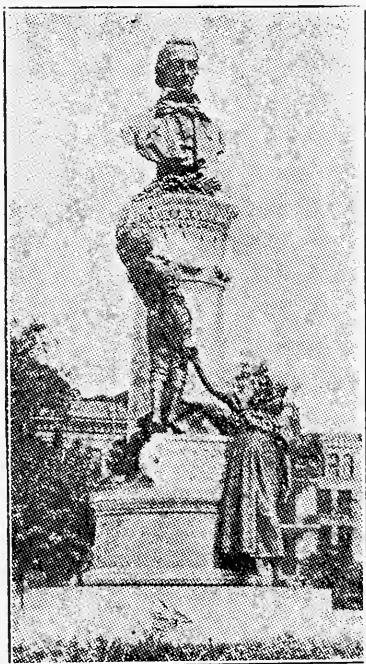
The car lines became closer. People who insisted on putting their "heads, arms and bodies out of the windows while in motion," had them neatly taken off by that unyielding block of granite. There was no recourse—the statue must be moved. So it was taken down from its proud eminence and placed in the center of Lafayette Square. It had taken part in history making, that statue. Whenever there was "anything doing" in New Orleans, in the old days.



Chalmette Monument.



Margaret Monument, Margaret Place.



**McDonogh Monument,
Lafayette Square.**



Audubon Statue, Audubon Park.



Monument to the Confederate Dead in Greenwood Cemetery.

the people always met at the Clay statue and had a little speech making to put them in the proper frame of mind; after which they departed on their errand and did it well. It was at the Clay statue they met when the battle of September 14 was brewing—and they fought gallantly. It was there that they met when the courts had been trifling with the Italian question; and the old Parish Prison heard the rush of their feet soon after.

The cornerstone of this monument was laid by the Clay Statue Association on April 12, 1856. Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky, was the sculptor who designed the statue.

THE JACKSON MONUMENT

In the center of Jackson Square is an equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans. A society called the "Jackson Monument Society" raised a fund of \$30,000 to erect this monument, about the same time that Madame Pontalba had rescued the square from its rundown condition and had it laid in formal beds and walks. Clark Mills was the sculptor who designed the statue, and the unveiling took place in 1846. At the same time the ancient name of the square was changed from Place d'Armes to Jackson Square. It is to be noted that the inscription on the base of the monument was placed there by General Butler, during the Federal occupancy of the city. General Butler took liberties with several statues, and the slow-moving finger of time has not yet erased his inscription.

THE LIBERTY MONUMENT

Near the head of Canal street, where the cars make their turn, is a small grassy triangle of ground which is called "Liberty Place." In the center of it is an obelisk erected in 1891 in honor of the citizens killed in the battle of September 14, 1874. The battle was fought around and across this space and in the adjoining streets, and the contending forces were made up of the Metropolitan Police on one side and the White League of New Orleans on the other. It was a struggle for white supremacy in Louisiana. When the battle was over the White League was triumphant, with smaller loss than had befallen the other side. The names of those who fell in the battle are inscribed on the base of the shaft.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE

Once upon a time the marble statue of Benjamin Franklin occupied the place in Lafayette Square which is filled by the Clay statue today.

To mention the Franklin statue is to call up the image of the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers—he who immortalized himself in his famous "Greek Slave." There was a time when the young sculptor was not so well known nor so successful as he became in later years. When he first started to Europe to study art a number of New Orleans people, influenced by Henry Kirke White, the poet, decided it would be a lovely thing to order from him a statue—any statue—say a statue of Franklin, and to pay him \$5000 down, "just to help him along," while the State of Louisiana gave him \$15,000 for a statue of Washington. This was in 1844. The sculptor did not complete the statue, the war came on—there were others things to think about, one may be sure. It was not till 1869 that the matter was brought up again. Powers agreed to complete the statue, which was done, and in 1871 it was given to the city on condition that a granite base be provided for it. The statue arrived, but by some mistake it was advertised for sale. The granite for the base was shipped from Boston, but was lost at sea; a second base was never heard of, and it was not till 1873 that the statue was finally placed in Lafayette Square.

After some years it was discovered that weather was injuring the beautiful marble of the statue, and it was moved to the New Orleans Public Library, where it is safe from further changes.

THE BEAUREGARD MONUMENT

The newest of the New Orleans monuments stands just outside of the City Park gate which leads to the Delgado Museum—a bronze equestrian statue of General Beauregard, mounted on a granite base. This monument is the result of the long-continued work of the Beauregard Monument Association, which knew no such word as fail when once it had determined that a monument to Beauregard should be set in some prominent place in this city. General Beauregard was a New Orleans man, active and interested and filled with civic pride, long before he was a Confederate general, and it is both citizen and soldier who are commemorated in this handsome monument.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT

The Jefferson Davis Monument Association, after a long struggle, at last succeeded in commemorating the Confederate president with a statue in New Orleans, and two or three years ago the statue was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. It stands in Jefferson Davis Parkway, at the intersection of Canal, surrounded with a beautiful growth of palms and shrubs, and attracts a great deal of attention from the many thousands who pass along Canal street. It was eminently fitting that there should be a Davis statue in New Orleans, for the city is filled with men and women who were personal friends of the chief of a lost cause, and who loved him devotedly. It was in this city that Davis died, and here his body lay in state and here it was temporarily interred.

Jefferson Davis Parkway, once with an open drain down the center, an eyesore and a menace to health, had already been filled and smoothed, under the old name of Hagan avenue. It is one of the broadest and most beautiful thoroughfares of the city, and the statue could not have been set in a more appropriate place.

R. E. LEE STATUE

As the St. Charles and Tulane Belt cars and several of the cars of other lines turn the curve on Baronne street and Howard avenue they pass a grassy eminence, at the top of which is a lofty pedestal on which stands the statue of General Robert E. Lee.

The grassy eminence and the circle of walks and drives around it make up Lee Circle, a spot dear to the children, for it is down this grassy slope that they tumble hilariously in the late summer evenings, running back and tumbling down again over and over. During the day men sit on the benches under the shade of the encircling trees; but in the evenings the slope belongs to the children; and there is never a time from 4 o'clock to dark when the place is not echoing with childish voices.

In the early days of the city this was Tivoli Circle, with an iron railing around it; but with the passing years the area of the circle was a little circumscribed, to make room for the street car lines and the wide streets. The Lee Monument Association erected the monument, beginning the work of raising funds in 1870, and realizing \$40,000 for this purpose. The heroic statue of General Lee standing with folded arms looking out over the city, was the work of the sculptor Boyle. The shaft is more than one hundred feet high. Cypress piles driven deep into the earth form the foundation, while the shaft is of white marble blocks. Inside the column is a staircase, which terminates in a small room just beneath the statue, and from its slitted windows one may look out over the city.

This statue was unveiled during the Carnival of 1883, in the presence of an immense multitude, and while a severe wind and rain storm was raging. This is one of the most conspicuous points of interest in the city.

AUDUBON STATUE

In Audubon Park, on the side next the river, one comes upon one of the many surprises which haunt that beautiful park. In a little slope among the trees at the right of the main entrance stands the Audubon Statue, erected to the memory of the great naturalist by the bird-lovers of this section. One of these bird-lovers, Mrs. Mary Suter Bradford, published a book and devoted the proceeds toward the statue; so that this one monument is unique in that it records the love of the people for the memory of the man who gave his life to his work and gave little thought to himself.

It was eminently fitting that the statue of Audubon should adorn that park in New Orleans which has his name, for it was here that he spent much of his time, and many of his finest specimens were secured while he wandered through the great naturalist by the bird-lovers of this section. One of these bird-lovers Louisiana forests or tramped along the shores of Louisiana lakes and bayous.

MCDONOGH MONUMENT

In Lafayette Square, just opposite City Hall, is a bust of an old man with an old-fashioned collar and tie, and with all the lines of his face turned down in sharp and gloomy curves. This is John McDonogh, who left half of his very large fortune to found public schools in the city of New Orleans.

McDonogh was born in 1779 in the city of Baltimore, of Scotch parentage, and while he was never a miser, as many called him during his life, he had the canny Scotch habit of thrift, and spent no money recklessly. There was a time during his young manhood when he was fond of society, when he lived in a beautifully furnished house at the northwest corner of Chartres and Toulouse and entertained there very lavishly. He had two unfortunate love affairs; first with Micaela, daughter of Don Almonaster y Roxas, and later with a Miss Johnson. It seemed the irony of fate that religious differences should have thwarted him on both occasions, for the two objects of his affections were Catholics, and as he would not become Catholic the relatives of the two young ladies interposed to prevent the marriage. The daughter of Almonaster married the Baron de Pontalba, whose religious tendencies were all that could be desired; and yet the marriage was a most unhappy one, and ended in a separation. The other young lady chose to take the veil, since she could not marry the man she loved, and afterwards became the religious head of one of the local orders; after which time McDonogh visited her frequently to the day of his death.

After this tragic ending of all his dreams, however, he lived in what was then called McDonoghville, now Gouldsboro, across the river. His business ventures

were large, and he amassed a considerable fortune, which he left jointly, at his death in 1850, to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore, for the building of public schools. The will was contested for a long time, but finally the cities were left to use the funds he had provided for them, and all over the city one may find McDonogh schools, which commemorate this lonely man's generosity. His tomb still remains in the rear of his little village, long empty, for his body was finally moved to Baltimore. Every year, on McDonogh Day, the monument in Lafayette Square is decorated by the school children of New Orleans with banks and wreaths of flowers.

MARGARET STATUE

At the junction of Prytania and Camp streets is a little triangle of ground, palm shaded; and there stands the statue of Margaret Haughery—plain of face and figure and garments, but considered almost the patron saint of orphans. Margaret Haughery came to this city with her husband and child about the middle of the last century. The death of husband and child left her alone, and she began her first work with and for orphans. In the course of time she acquired possession of a dairy, which prospered greatly; and then she added a bakery, from which she realized a comfortable fortune. She had at one time had employment at the Poydras Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Afterward the Sisters withdrew from the management of this asylum and started one of their own in a house on New Levee street. In 1840 it became evident that more room was needed; the grounds for an asylum and chapel were donated by Mme. Louise Fortier and her brother, Francis Saulet, on condition that both asylum and chapel were completed by 1850. It was then that Margaret came to the help of the asylum by raising the greater part of the funds needed, contributing very largely herself. Both asylum and chapel were completed before the specified time. The New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum, in the square back of the statue, is often called "The Margaret Home," in honor of this woman who gave not only what was hers, but herself as well, in loving service to others.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT

Not far from the entrance of beautiful Greenwood Cemetery is one of the most striking monuments of the city—the Confederate monument. This monument was erected in 1874 to the memory of the Confederate dead. The figure of a private soldier on picket duty surmounts it—one of the saddest and most pathetic and most heroic figures in the city. At the four corners of the shaft are busts of Lee, Johnston, Jackson and Polk. The bones of more than six hundred Confederate soldiers rest beneath the monument, gathered from many a battlefield years after the war. This was the first monument ever erected to the Confederate dead. When it was unveiled, Father Ryan's poem, "The March of the Deathless Dead," was read amid fast-falling tears; for the war was only a little way in the background then, and the hearts of the people were still sore. The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Louisiana erected this monument, and still has charge of it.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON

Just within the gates of Metairie Cemetery is a monument-tomb of the Army of Tennessee, surmounted by the splendid equestrian statue of Albert Sydney Johnston, executed by the sculptor, Doyle. This is one of the most interesting of all the statues of the city; and the tomb is no less interesting. A marble statue of an orderly calling the roll stands at the entrance. In the heart of the mound are the burial vaults, and on the tablet to the general whose statue is above is inscribed Dimitry's epitaph to General Johnston. General Beauregard is among the soldiers who sleep in this soldiers' tomb.

CHALMETTE MONUMENT

Many years after the Battle of New Orleans, somewhere during the decade that ended with 1840, the state of Louisiana undertook to mark the battlefield of Chalmette with an appropriate monument, in honor of Jackson—to be called the Jackson Monument.

Unfortunately, a description of this monument, written in 1884, says of it: "The monument is in a very dilapidated and forlorn condition. The base is of brick, supporting a shaft of brick faced with marble. The steps within are of iron, but many of them are gone. The roof, of wood, is nearly fallen in, rain-

stained and sun-scorched. Time, wind and rain have played havoc with it, and there is really very little roof left, and what there is is in a shaky condition and liable to be blown down in the first heavy storm. Over all the walls are scratched the names of venturesome souls who hope to make their names immortal."

The trouble was that the Legislature, after starting the monument, did not feel called upon to go on making appropriations which would have done more than cover the initial expense; and the monument was left to fall into gradual decay.

It stood, half finished and a reproach to the state, until a few years since, when the State of Louisiana offered it to the United States government, on condition that the monument would be completed within five years. It was completed in less than the time specified, at a cost of \$35,000; and the government made the Daughters of the Revolution and the Daughters of 1812 custodians. These two bodies of women are taking excellent care of the monument and grounds, so that it is a most attractive place.

AVENUES

It will be remembered that in laying out the upper city, the streets ran parallel with the river; but as the river made a far-reaching curve, the cross streets ran together before they had gone any great distance. Therefore it is that the city is spread out fan-wise, with the rim of the fan following the river and the rivet where all the sticks come together out "back-o'-town," in a general way.

These cross streets received many fanciful names in the course of the years, and of the irregular growth and laying out of the upper city; but every twelve or thirteen blocks one will find an avenue—wider, more dignified and picturesque. The first of these avenues is Howard, in which the Lee Statue is set; then follow Jackson, Louisiana, Napoleon Avenue, Peters Avenue, Henry Clay and Palmer, Broadway, Carrollton, Tulane. Similar avenues downtown are Esplanade, Elysian Fields, Jourdan, London, etc. These avenues are all wide and beautiful thoroughfares, some of which have been wonderfully beautified, while others are still to be dealt with by the city and the Parking Commission.

NEW ORLEANS STREETS

In nothing has New Orleans improved during the past few years more than in the beauty and attractiveness of many of her streets. Twenty years ago, open and stagnant gutters along the sides of the streets offended the eyes and the sense of smell, and were a constant menace to health; and now they have departed forever—there are beautiful grass-covered sidewalk-strips next the curb; trees shade the sidewalks, and in many cases other lines of trees or shrubs are stretched along the neutral ground on either side of the car tracks. Palms have been used very largely in giving a tropic note to the city, and the effect is most delightful and always arouses the enthusiasm of strangers, who cannot say enough about the beauty of the palm avenues. The bamboo and the common Louisiana cane have been planted along neutral grounds to a great extent and give a charming picturesqueness to the view along the streets. The camphor tree, one of the most beautiful of our importations from China, is to be found all over the city and in increasing numbers. The beautiful pink crepe myrtle waves its long plumes in many a street, and the ligustrum is to be found everywhere.

There are sections of the city where some lover of his kind did his tree-planting many years ago, and planted live oaks, so that we have splendid vistas where these magnificent trees stretch their branches over the street and make of it one long green tunnel. The finest specimens of these trees are to be found in upper St. Charles avenue and in Audubon and City parks.

Among the most wonderful street-pictures are those provided in the residence parks. In such places, houses and grounds and central park are all in harmony, and the visitor will find them very beautiful indeed.

The Parking Commission, established several years ago, has for three or four years been planting certain streets with certain trees, selected with a regard for place and for uniformity. The time is too short as yet for the city to appreciate the work that is being done by this fine commission; but in years to come this city will be enormously beautified by the tree planting that is going on today.

New Orleans has learned something in regard to the real value of trees, and does not sacrifice trees to every whim as recklessly as it did at one time. Now, every effort is made to save a tree when it is threatened with destruction, and tree surgery is carried forward in the parks and by many private citizens who will not willingly surrender the beautiful live oaks or elms that shade their homes.



Oak Trees in Audubon Park.

AUDUBON PARK

As the City Park is to the downtown section, so is Audubon Park to the dwellers above Canal street; and it may be said that, while convenience of access to either counts for a great deal, it would be hard to tell which is dearer to any citizen, uptown or down.

The river is kind to Audubon Park. It has been giving it territory during all these years, and the proud possessors of the park look smilingly forth on an ever-widening batture. All that comes will be gratefully received.

This was once the plantation of the French hero, Masan, who suffered imprisonment in that gloomy prison, Morro Castle, because he resented the transfer of this, his country, to Spain. After some years the plantation passed into the hands of Pierre Foucher, son-in-law of Etienne de Bore, whose own plantation lay below the boundary of the park. It was here that de Bore succeeded in granulating sugar, and raised the first crop of that staple that was profitable from a commercial standpoint.

Both plantations became the property of the Marquis de Circe Foucher, who sold them to the city for \$180,000.

Then the land lay dormant till the great Cotton Centennial Exposition, which did much for the beautifying of the park. Afterwards the place was given over to a commission, and it must be said that these gentlemen, laboring without reward other than the satisfaction of their own civic pride, have made this one of the most beautiful spots to be found in any city.

The St. Charles Belt cars pass beside the park, and here may be found the golf grounds, tennis courts and most beautiful drives. In this part of the park, too, the exquisite lake designed by noted landscape gardeners will throw an encircling arm around the lower side and end, with all the charm of lovely islands and wooded banks. This work is well under way.

The Audubon Society has placed on one of the slopes of this park a bronze statue of Audubon. The great naturalist is represented as clad in hunting garb, and, with a tablet and pencil in his hand, he is watching some bird in flight. It is eminently fitting that this statue should be placed in Audubon Park.

Adjoining Audubon Park, on the upper side, is the Louisiana Sugar Experiment Station, which has done a wonderful work for the development of sugar cane culture in this state.

One of the latest additions to the beauty and interest of the park is the Aviary which is being prepared for the wild birds of Louisiana, water fowl, and others, which will form one of the most delightful features of this beautiful park.

BASEBALL PARK

Where the Tulane Belt turns into Carrollton avenue near the canal is the baseball park, dearly beloved by all the devotees of athletics in almost any form. This was once the Athletic City, beautifully laid out in walks and shrubbery and fountains, and with its summer theater and many other attractions; but it was not a financial success. In the course of time the place was dismantled, and went to ruin for a while; but at last it was turned into a baseball ground, with a fine grandstand and a diamond.

New Orleans has always been baseball mad, as witness the thousands who stand before The Times-Picayune office when the score of the championship contests is being announced, and the wild cheers of exultation when the favorite team is to the fore; and during the baseball season this park is the center of attraction for the enthusiastic fans all over the city.

In addition to the professional baseball, which wakes the wildest joy of the average citizen, and to which Heinemann Park is consecrated, it is here that the young giants of the universities fight out their football contests; and in many cases they have an entirely different clientele from that one which is absorbed in baseball. Sewanee, L. S. U., Tulane, "Ole Miss"—to this haven they come, with their crowds of rooters, and raise merry pandemonium, and the city is filled with college boys, and everybody likes to see them come.

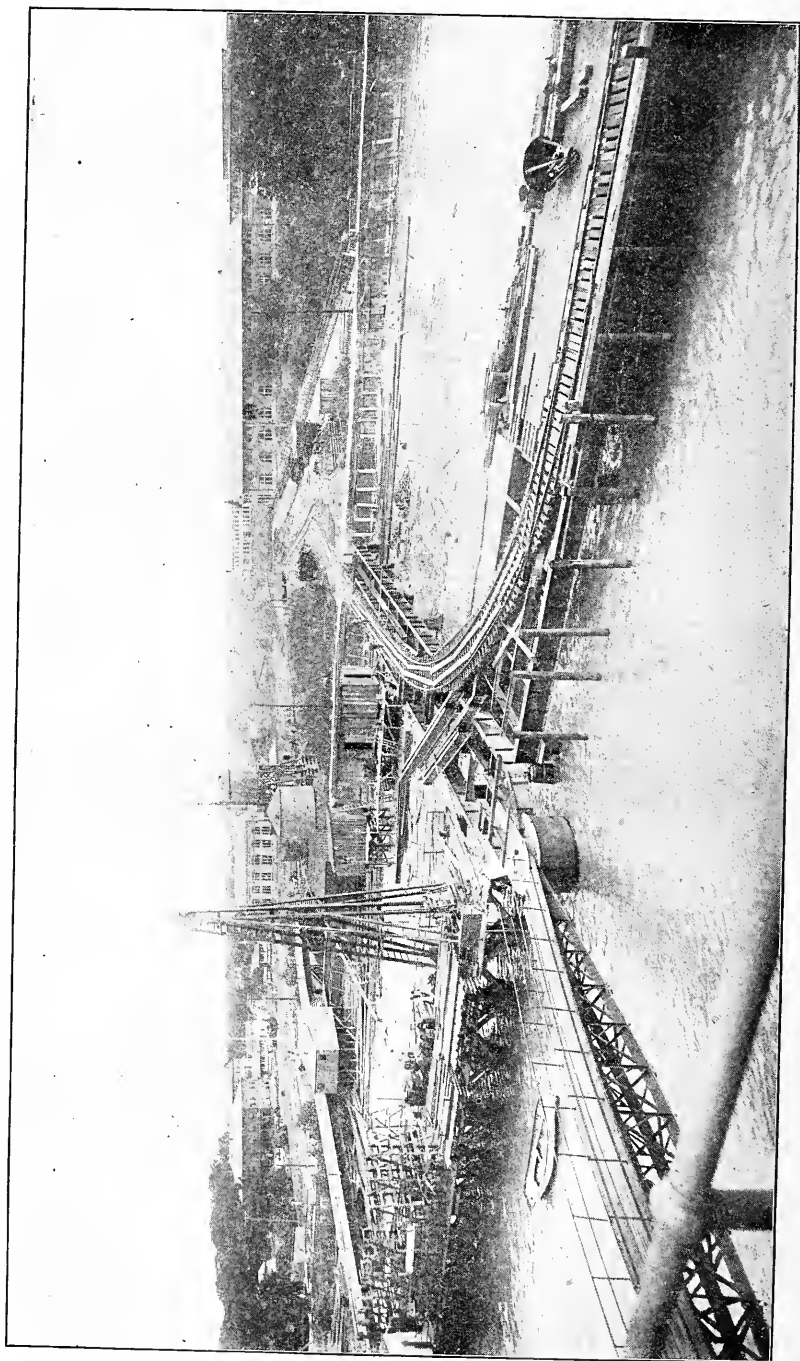
RAILROAD STATIONS

The Union Station, Howard avenue and Rampart street, is the most important of the city stations in view of the number of trains which go and come during every twenty-four hours. The Illinois Central, the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley and the Southern Pacific trains come in at this station; and there is never an hour when it is not a busy scene, with trains coming in and going out; with the crowds of autos and baggage vans and all the hurry of travel. The station is of red brick, with modern improvements and devices for handling and transmitting baggage.

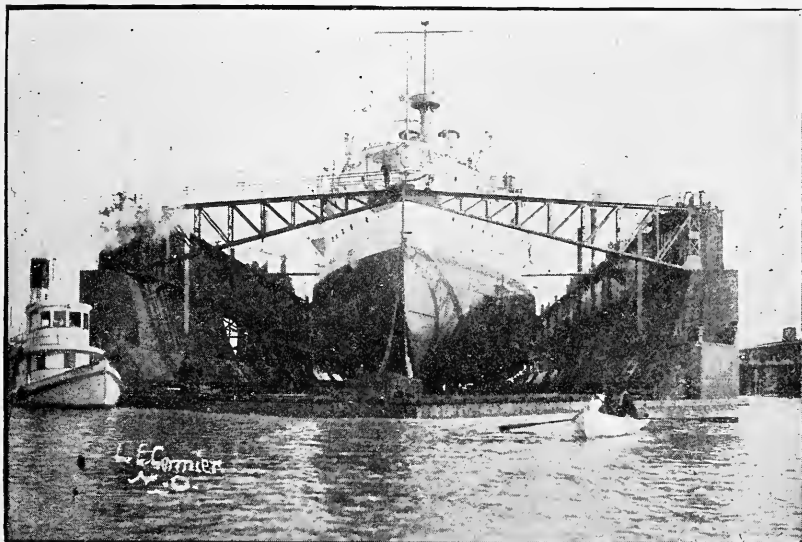
The Terminal Station, in Canal street, facing Elk Place, is one of the handsome stations, beautifully planned and commodious. The Queen and Crescent and the New Orleans and Great Northern trains come to this station, which is one of the most conveniently arranged in the city.

The Louisville and Nashville station, in Canal street, near the river, receives the Louisville and Nashville trains, and the Pontchartrain line also sends its trains here, instead of making the terminus in Elysian Fields street, as it did formerly.

The newest and handsomest of the stations is that of the Texas and Pacific, in Annunciation street, at the corner of Thalia. This road has spent an enormous amount of money in constructing a station that is the last word in stations, in beauty, permanence, convenience and in every other respect.



United States Naval Station.



Dry Dock, United States Naval Station.

ALGIERS.

That portion of New Orleans which lies on the west of the river, and which has gone by the name of Algiers for many long years, is one of the most progressive and up-to-date suburbs to be found in many a day's journey. It has grown to be a manufacturing center, as one manufacturing enterprise after another has sprung up along the banks of the river, and the hum of busy machinery is to be heard there in every direction and all day long. Some of the most important manufacturing enterprises of the Mississippi valley are located in Algiers. The dry dock and the naval station are on the Algiers side of the Mississippi; and there is a probability that other government institutions will be located in this thriving portion of the city. Algiers is reached by ferry from half a dozen points on the eastern side of the river. Schools are abundant, and several of the most beautiful churches of New Orleans are located on the Algiers side; notably the Catholic Church, which is famed for the beauty of its gardens.

When La Nouvelle Orleans was a tiny village, Bienville called the broad stretches of country over the river "the plantations of the king." All kinds of romantic stories have been told as to the origin of the name, "Algiers," which was given it at an early date. One of the stories was that Lafitte and his followers made that shore of the river an occasional rendezvous, and so it was likened to the resorts of pirates and corsairs on the African coast of the Mediterranean. Another is to the effect that a certain Captain Peter March, who had much to do with docks and shipyards, was on a particularly emphatic "jag" one night, and in that mood he abused the village which had arisen on the other side of the river without stint, and ended by calling it "Algiers" and its people Algerines, intimating that they were no better than the pirates of the African coast.

This is the story that seems to have obtained the most credence. However the name was obtained, the little city has struggled along under the handicap without even knowing that the name mattered in the least, and has prospered mightily, especially during the past few years.

The site of Algiers was originally the property of one Louis Borepo, who held it by a grant from the Spanish Governor O'Reilly. Borepo sold it to Jacques Rixner, who sold it in turn to P. Burgaud, and he left it by will to Martial Lebeuf, who sold it to Barthelemi Duverje, grandfather of the Olivier family.

Heirs and purchasers have come and gone; business enterprises have sprung up and streets have been laid out over old sugar plantations. Shipyards and drydocks began to figure among its industries. One of the interesting stories in connection with the drydocks on the Algiers shore has to do with the Civil War and the news that the Federal fleet was coming up the river. The owners of the docks suggested that the drydocks should go to the bottom of the river, rather than have them fall into the hands of the enemy; and a committee of citizens, acting under orders of General Lovell, commander of the department, notified the managers of the docks that they had been ordered to sink them. Beginning with the one farthest down the river, they sank them all in succession as they moved up the stream. Attempts were made to raise them after the war was over, but they were not successful. They lie at the bottom of the river, down the shore of Algiers, and it is safe to say that they will never be resurrected.

The great drydock of the United States Naval Station is the second largest dock of its kind in the world, capable of raising a vessel of 18,000 tons.

THE IMMIGRATION STATION

In Algiers, just below the naval station, is one of the important points of the city—the immigration station. It is here that all immigrants are met and examined, so that unknown and unguessed diseases may not be brought into the city, and that New Orleans may be protected in many ways. A great change has been effected by the inauguration of such outposts as this in the ports of the world; and the immigration station must be held in high esteem.

GRETNA

Across the river, by way of the Jackson Avenue Ferry, lies the thriving town of Gretna, parish seat of Jefferson parish. This town, so long a mere village, has been brought into great prominence through the manufacturing enterprises which have begun to line themselves up along the river banks—enterprises which turn loose many thousands of dollars in that town in the weekly payroll, which employ thousands of men and women and which are of the greatest importance in the development of the town. The growth of these enterprises has been so rapid of late years that there has been hardly time for Gretna to take stock of her opportunities—but there is no doubt that a prosperous future is ahead of the capital of Jefferson parish.

CARROLLTON GARDENS

Many years ago Carrollton was a village separated from New Orleans by miles of forest and swamp. The village was made up in large part of people whose little homes were surrounded by truck gardens, and who made their journeys to the city over atrocious roads, bringing their wagonloads of truck. In those days Carrollton was the county site of Jefferson parish; and the big building at the corner of Carrollton avenue and Hampson, now McDonogh School No. 23, was once the courthouse, while behind the school building is a thick-walled and narrow-windowed building, then the jail of that parish, and still used as a prison for the upper reaches of the city. This is, perhaps, the most massively-built prison in the city. At the corner, where the St. Charles Belt line turns, the Carrollton Levee is uplifted—quite the highest point in the city. Outside of that levee is the site of the old-time Carrollton Gardens, which the people of an older generation found a charming resort in the summer evenings. The river made such inroads that the levee had to be drawn in some years ago, and the site of the old gardens was left outside. Later a railroad line, the third steam railroad line in the United States, ran from the proximity of the Lee Monument to this point, as early as 1839; and the railroad erected a picturesque terminal at the head of St. Charles avenue; but in 1896 it had to be torn down to make way for the new levee. There was also a hotel once—and this is one of the many places where Thackeray was banqueted on his visit to New Orleans.

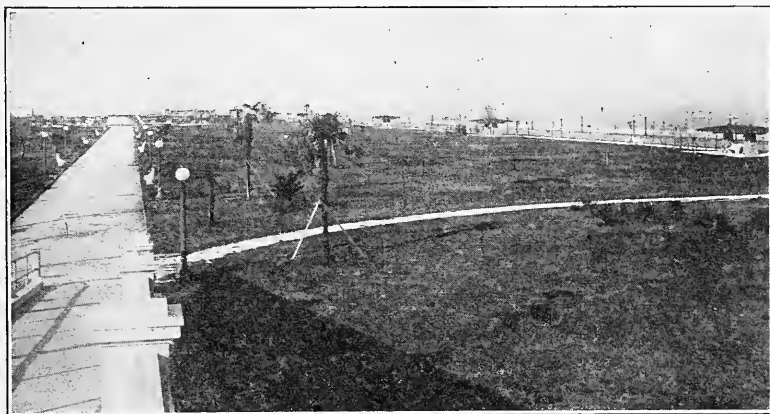
THE CITY'S VACATION PLACES.

In a city like New Orleans it goes without saying that there would be a place to play; for while the people of today are not idlers, when they have a little leisure they know how to spend it in the most effective way. Perhaps this accounts for the large amount they are accomplishing these days; they know how to relax, and they have the places for the most delightful relaxation.

If they are chained to the city and can take no more than a day off, why, they go to the City Park or Audubon Park, take the children along, with a generous basket of lunch, stretch themselves at their ease on the velvety grass, under the shade of moss-draped oaks, and forget that they have to be at work in time on the morrow. Or they take a little run out to West End, or Spanish Fort, or Milneburg, and fish for crabs and shrimp, and lounge and rest, the whole day long.

Or they take the excursion trains to Waveland, or Bay St. Louis, or Pass Christian, or Gulfport, or Mississippi City, or Biloxi, or Long Beach, or Ocean Springs; or they take the excursion boat across the lake for the balmy pine woods of St. Tammany—or they go to Hammond. The day is all that a day could be, and they come home in the evening tired, but yet rested, which is one of the excursion paradoxes.

But if they can spend a longer time; if they have a week, say—then what joy awaits them!



General View of West End.

WEST END

One of the city's most delightful breathing places is at West End, on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, reached by the West End and Spanish Fort cars, or, still better, by auto along the beautiful shell road.

West End has had varying fortunes for some years; sometimes the favorite resort of the citizens in the summer evenings, and sometimes in a condition of utter disrepair from storms. When the former state prevailed the citizens were fanned by the lake breezes as they listened to vaudeville on the great platform, built out on piles over the water, or ate delicious seafoods in restaurants similarly placed, or took long and peaceful walks through the groves down the lake front. When the latter thing had happened, the lake arose and tore down the platforms and upset the restaurants and overturned the pretty groves.

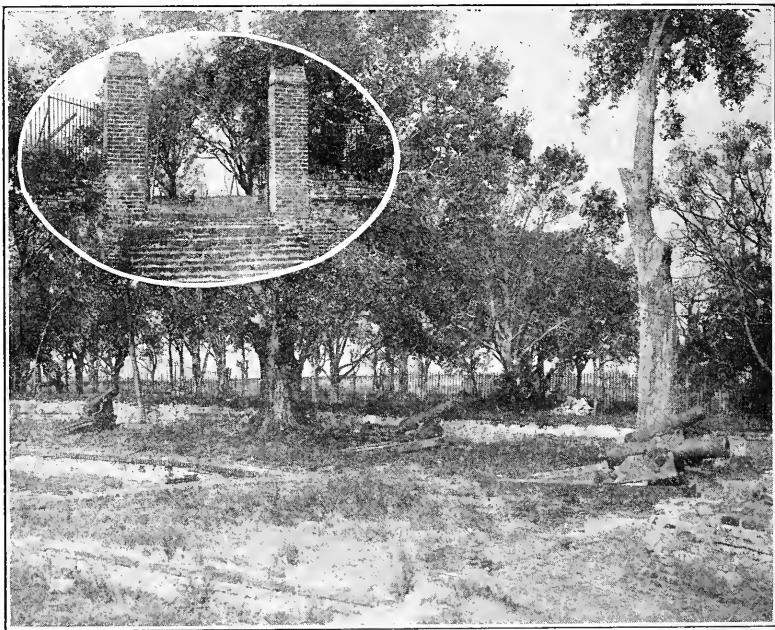
At last, however, the city has taken this favorite old resort in hand, and has made of the former West End a new and glorified spot, which will in a few years be one of the most beautiful coast resorts in the South. By leg-

islative enactment the city was able to secure \$175,000 from the street car company; and thus equipped, has constructed a substantial seawall along the entire front, as a beginning of development. Sand pumped in from the lake bottom has been used to build up a wide area back of the seawall, almost on the level with the top of the wall; and on this area beautiful driveways have been constructed and paved, hundreds of trees have been planted and lawns laid out and sodded; while concrete seats are scattered along the borders from end to end of the lake front and throughout the grounds.

As a final touch, the one thing needed to make the place perfect, there is the Prismatic Fountain.

In the first place, few things in the way of decorations for gardens and parks can compare with a fountain, even when it is just an ordinary, everyday fountain, and this is not of that kind. All that modern science and invention could do in the building of illuminated fountains has been done at West End. From an "under-sea" grotto beneath the fountain—you may catch a glimpse of it through the falling water, or may even be permitted to cross the bridge and enter—an electrical expert works a thousand levers and buttons, and makes a thousand combinations of shape and color in the glittering mass of water above him. So wonderful are all the changes that every one of them seems more beautiful than the last. This stands alone among all the fountains ever owned and enjoyed by the people of New Orleans, for in one evening it takes on all the forms and is woven through and through with all the colors ever imagined by a dreamer of fountains.

New Orleans possesses a treasure of rare value in the new West End and the new fountain.



At Old Spanish Fort.

SPANISH FORT

Many years ago, when the Spaniards had possession of Louisiana, they guarded their little city from an attack by way of the lake, erecting a fort at the mouth of Bayou St. John. This is the Spanish Fort of today, or this gives the amusement park surrounding it a local habitation and a name. It was there that General Jackson landed when he came to New Orleans to take command of the American forces. The fort was again brought into active use during the Civil War, when it was garrisoned and guns were mounted and

used in repelling the Federals. The ruins of the old fort are still there, not utterly demolished in spite of the years.

In the course of time a little village grew up around the ruined fort; but gradually it grew into a lakeside resort for the people of New Orleans. This place, like West End, has had its reverses, but for several years now it has been one of the favorite lake resorts of the city. All kinds of amusements are forthcoming, and the visitor who wishes to while away a sultry evening during the summer hastens to Spanish Fort, where he may enjoy the lake breezes and at the same time indulge in refreshments, or climb to giddy heights on the ferris wheel, or dance to his heart's content.

Spanish Fort is reached by the Spanish Fort and West End trains, from Canal street. The fare, which used to be fifteen cents for the round trip, is now five cents either way; but the street car company does not give transfers from any other line to these trains.

MILNEBURG

Many years ago one Alexander Milne, a wealthy Scotchman, endeared himself to the citizens of New Orleans for the charities which he projected for this city. It chanced that he owned a large body of what was then swamp land along Lake Pontchartrain, including a section which was chosen as the lake end of the old Pontchartrain railroad—a short line, but an immensely important one, as it was the second railroad built in the United States.

The little village which quickly grew up around the lake end of the road was called Milneburg.

There were many years when Milneburg had a reputation for fine restaurants and excellent cooking which extended all over the United States and into Europe. One of the chief of these was Boudroux, the chef with the magic touch. It was at his restaurant that Thackeray was entertained at a celebrated banquet during his visit to New Orleans; and the great novelist afterward paid tribute to that banquet in moving terms. When Jenny Lind was to be entertained by the Baroness Pontalba, during her brief stay in this city, Boudroux was engaged to act as caterer for the queen of song. There are many stories connected with this old caterer, and others, almost as well known in the old days.

At Milneburg, today, one finds hundreds of fishing camps, whose owners are in the habit of running over for a day or two, or a week or two, whenever occasion serves, to indulge in fishing; and these camps are always kept furnished, so that the owners may take possession at a moment's notice. There are also many permanent residents, and among these are multitudes of fishermen, who spend their days "crabbing" or "shrimping" or "soft shelling" in season, and in many ways make the lake help to keep the pot boiling.

The Pontchartrain railroad trains still run to Milneburg, and here it is one takes the boat for "Across-the-Lake."

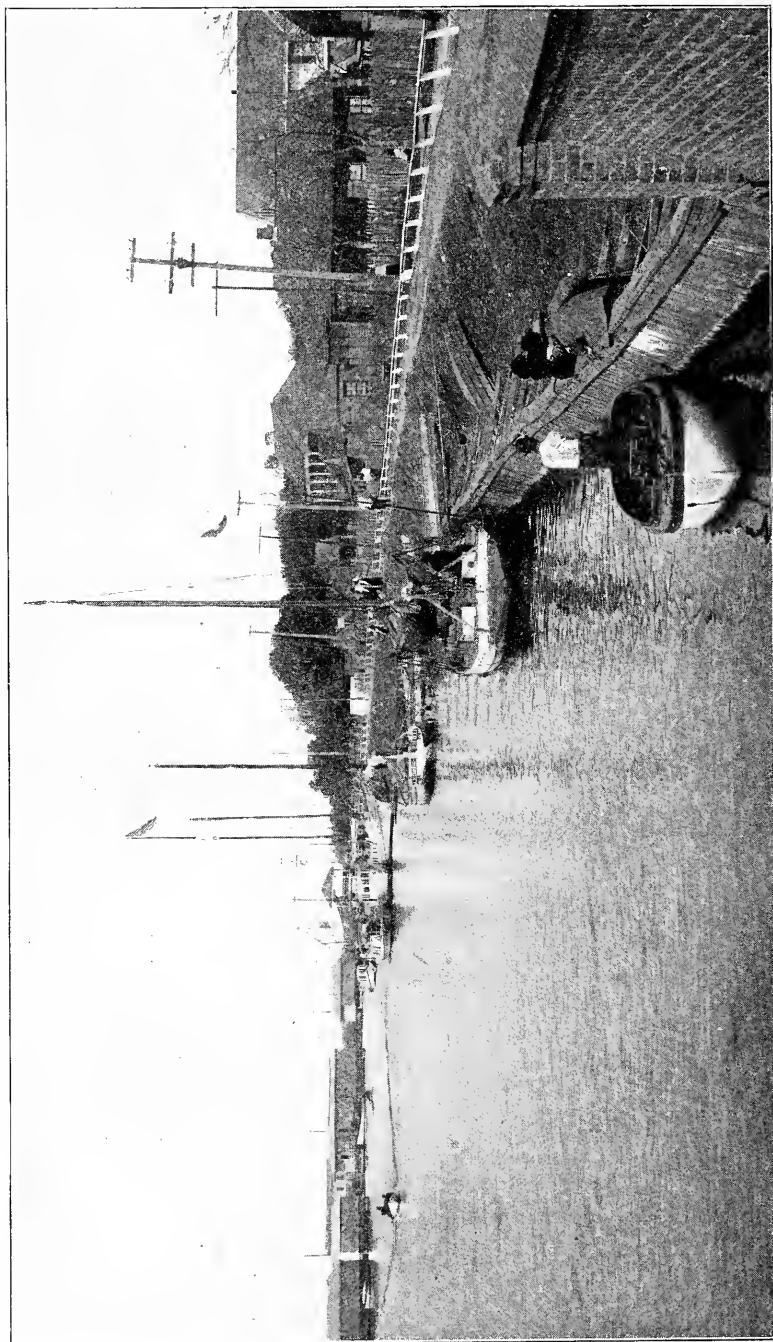
"ACROSS-THE-LAKE"

If you go out to Milneburg, riding on the second oldest railroad in the United States, and take the big lake steamer that is tied up to the pier, you will reach that magic country known lovingly by New Orleans as "Across-the-Lake." It is a designation that takes in a large extent of territory, including wonderful St. Tammany parish, with its pine forests, health-giving and murmurous; the place where invalids go to breathe in the balmy fragrance of the pines, and grow strong and well thereby; where well people go to gain such rest as they can never enjoy elsewhere; and where the children go to have the best time children ever had since the world began. You may stop at Mandeville, the birthplace of Audubon, the home of giant oaks and pecans; the town where you can have bathing and fishing to your heart's content, and where summer is one long period of simple country and waterside joy.

Or, you can go on a few miles further—by rail or by motor car, or auto, over beautiful roads—to Abita Springs, still among the pines and with wonderful water pouring from the earth in beautiful streams.

Or, you can go on to Covington, one of the most interesting old towns of Southern Louisiana; Covington, with its three romantic rivers, the Bogue Falaya, the Abita and the Tchefuncta, overhung by mossy oaks and reflecting every still leaf in their crystal depths.

That is what they mean when they tell you that they spend the summer "Across-the-Lake"; some of them in rented cottages, some in magnificent homes fitted with all kinds of luxuries.



Bayou St. John.

The country is filled with the playgrounds of New Orleans.

WAVELAND

You take the Louisville and Nashville to go to Waveland. It leaves you at a delightful little station, seemingly dropped down quite by accident by the side of the road; and you will find autos and carriages there—or if you like it better, you can walk down to that stretch of glittering water woven thick with sunshine, which you see among the trees. And there at Waveland, rest and fun and delightful ease await you. You can fish, if it strikes you that way; or you can bathe, or you can go sailing; or you can drive—or you can just simply lie out in a hammock, shaded by big trees and swept by salt breezes, and get all the weariness of all the months rested out of your system.

BAY ST. LOUIS

Five miles further on you will find Bay St. Louis, perched on pretty elevations above the beach, bowered in trees, with white rows of glistening streets, with schools and colleges and churches; and with scores of summer visitors who have been coming here so many years that they would not feel themselves at home in any other place, in summer. Many of them own their cottages on the front, and keep them always ready; and when the city begins to pall upon them too much, they pack their wearing apparel, and come over, ready to begin housekeeping as soon as they can have a talk with the grocer and get the automobile unloaded.

PASS CHRISTIAN

Further down the road, over the long bridge and across the woods, and there is what is familiarly called "The Pass." No more beautiful water front is to be found in the South; and there are no more beautiful homes anywhere than those that are strung along the beach for several miles. Such lovely old homes, with old-fashioned wide galleries and splendid halls, through which all the winds that blow go careering; such big windows, with muslin curtains a-flutter; such beautiful trees, that stretch their long branches as though they wanted to take in the whole world—it is like a dream of summer idleness and restfulness, the mere vision of Pass Christian. No wonder it has become the favorite haunt of presidents and novelists.

Who wouldn't like to be there?

GULFPORT

There are many citizens of New Orleans, who, whenever they are loosed for a day or two from the ever-turning wheel, will immediately announce: "I am going down to Gulfport." Such hotels—such homes—such everything as one finds in that magic city which has made record time in developing from the day it was started! There, too, New Orleans may sit in the shade and watch the city grow; or it may disport itself in the hammock under the oak trees and rest from its labors.

MISSISSIPPI CITY

Mississippi City is another of the places fronting the gulf and offering to the city dweller all that beautiful beach and long stretches of sea can offer. Many are the citizens of New Orleans who, cast their vacation days in such pleasant places as this, and come home like giants refreshed when vacation days are over.

THE SEASHORE CAMP GROUNDS

Two miles out from Biloxi, facing the beach, one finds the beautiful groves of the Seashore Camp Grounds, with the cottage roofs peering through them. This has been the gathering place of the Methodists of three states, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, for many years. Here the annual camp meeting is held; here the Summer Divinity School draws its crowd of lecturers and of young ministers; here the great Sunday school conventions are held, and here the Epworth League, made up of the young people of the Methodist Church, gathers its throng of delegates. Many who are not connected with the Methodist Church have learned to love this place and the people who assemble there, and they may be found among the cottagers summer after summer. It may be said that the Seashore Camp Grounds is the headquarters of Methodism, and that it is also one of the finest vacation fields within all the range of the New Orleans playgrounds.

BILOXI

One of the most beautiful and the most interesting towns on the gulf coast, within the reach of New Orleans vacationists is Biloxi. Its history dates back for more than two hundred years, and in its delightful mixture of the old and the new, it offers many attractions.

This old town has won the affections of many New Orleans citizens, as well as of pleasure seekers from all over the North and West. If you visit one of the hotels or the boarding houses or the homes that are opened to invited guests, you will find little circles of friends from half a dozen different states; friends who met there by accident years ago, perhaps, and have been coming back year after year, like homing pigeons, to go on the same old sailing parties; to sit in awning-shaded porches and go on with the same old fancywork; to take a new lease on life in many different ways. It is not to be wondered at that New Orleans loves Biloxi.

GRAND ISLE

At one time, a few years ago, Grand Isle was one of the most delightful resorts on the gulf coast. The happy voyager, intent on a holiday, used to go across the river and take boat down the canal and the Bayou Barataria—beloved haunt of two old-time gentlemen known as the Lafitte brothers—and so across Barataria bay and to that romantic land known as Grand Isle. Hotels were there, then, and homes of summer dwellers in Arcadia. But the place is exposed to the wrath of hurricanes and the more audacious summer resorts were wrecked. Today a few modest boarding places are found well back in the protection of the grove or "cheniere" of live oaks that covers the middle island.

The New Orleans and Southern railroad, however, is preparing to rescue Grand Isle from its obscurity. Somewhere down the line it will put on a fast motorboat service, connecting with the island; thereby shortening the distance from the city very materially. Then, no doubt, the old friends of the island, those who have many happy memories connected with it, together with many new friends, will begin to establish themselves there and to seek restfulness in that enchanted land, where the finest surf bathing beach of the entire South is to be found.

HUNTING AND FISHING

To the devotees of the gun, the rod and the reel, New Orleans furnishes the rarest sport to be found in any one place, the country over. If the hunter takes almost any train out of the city and rides for two or four or half a dozen hours, with his dogs in the baggage car ahead, he may come on portions of the country where coveys of quail start up all along the line of march; or where he may have a fine shot at a deer without any trouble at all. Out of town on the early morning train and back again in the evening with his game bagged—what could be finer than that? The season for deer lasts four months, and one must be careful not to hurry it along too much, or overstep the bounds at the last of it, for the Game Commission of Louisiana is strict in its interpretation of the law.

All along the shores of the lake is a wide stretch of marsh or "trembling prairie," and all through this space the wild ducks and geese find their feeding grounds. With the first cold in October one may hear their cry, as they pursue their way across the trackless void; and here many of them remain until it is time for them to take up their wedge-shaped flight northward when the winter is over. They afford rare sport to the huntsman, who braves the marshes and threads the marsh bayous in search of them. Teal and wood ducks join them later; and, indeed, many of the latter winter in this state.

If the hunter can cross the lake, he will find in the high lands on the other side not only quail but an occasional wild turkey, and squirrels may be added to the bag before the end of the day's shooting.

As for fishing—the lake shores, the Rigolets, Chef Menteur, Lake Catherine—there are dozens of fishing places, which are a delight to the sportsman. Some of them are guarded by private clubs, but there are others where a man may get boat and a guide and tackle and bait, and go forth thoroughly equipped, and return to an excellent dinner. As for the fish—there they are—red snapper, and sheephead and Spanish mackerel, and green trout, and black bass, and pompano, and croakers—a world of varieties, ready to his hand.

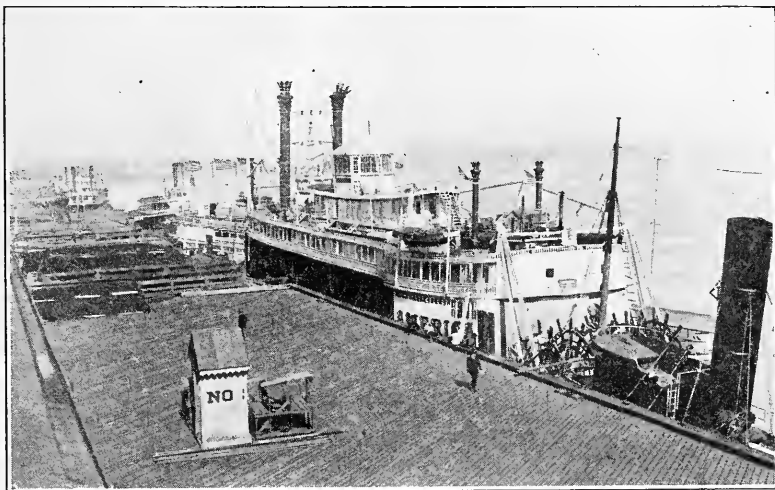
At Dunbar, one may go up Pearl river, and there, during the summer, a variety of fish awaits the fisherman—among these, the jackfish. It is said

that the jackfish rarely exceeds forty pounds in weight, but the angler will have some hours of hard work getting that forty pounds ashore. In all the rivers, up a little way, trout and "goggle-eyed" perch abound, and furnish excellent sport, as well as many a delightful meal; and the fresh water cat, even, is abundant, and is not despised by the connoisseur when it is properly cooked, as only those to the manner born know how to cook fish.

At the Rigolets, the narrow neck of water which connects Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne, both hunting and fishing are at their best; but the best hunting area is a private preserve and is properly posted.

Three miles from the Rigolets is Lake Catherine, famous for its duck hunting grounds, as well as for the excellent fishing. Many of the best fishermen of the city go to this resort on every possible holiday, during the season, and bring home game and fish enough to divide with their friends and for their own tables as well.

It is in St. Tammany parish, however, that one finds the sportsmen's paradise. All through the river bottoms, along the Bogue Falaya, the Abita, the



Steamboat Landing.

Tchefuncta and the Bogue Chitto and Pearl rivers there is game for the sportsman; and Honey island, once the abode of the robber and the home of old-time romance, the hunter may get a shot not only at deer, but even, on occasion, at bears. Not only that, but fox hunting is not unknown in this St. Tammany country—only two or three hours out from New Orleans.

Tangipahoa, also, is not without its attractions to the hunter. At Pass Manchac, La Branche, and on up to the Mississippi line, there have always been quail—not so many now as formerly, for the hunting has been too enthusiastic. Nor do the New Orleans hunters stop there. At Chatawa, the beautiful hill country just beyond the Mississippi line, there is excellent hunting; and certain of the old inhabitants of that little summer resort of the lovely old times, go back on pilgrimages when the hunting season opens every fall, and are out in the frosty morning with dog and gun, hunting over the old hills they learned to love when they were barefoot boys.

In short—there is such hunting, there is such fishing around New Orleans as will arouse the keenest interest of the sportsman from whatever clime he may hail. Another fishing wonderland is found in the network of bays and bayous known as the Barataria region, lying south of New Orleans, and between the city and the Gulf of Mexico. The region is reached by powerboats and by the New Orleans and Southern railway. Several important fishing and hunting clubs have been established in that broad area.

OLD CREOLE STORIES.

NEW ORLEANS IN 1802

One of the most disagreeable features of the city in those early days was the condition of the streets, in which not a stone had been laid. A wooden drain served for a gutter, the banquette was also of wood, and the street between the sidewalks was alternately a swamp and a mass of stifling dust. Wagons dragged along, with the wheels sunk to the hubs in mud. It was not till 1821 that any systematic attempt was made to pave the streets. The city in that year offered \$250 per ton for rock ballast as inducement to the ship captains to ballast with rocks instead of sand, and this plan was quite effectual. In 1822 St. Charles street was paved for several blocks, and patches of pavement were made on other streets.

Prior to 1815, and indeed, for some years afterward, the city was lighted by means of oil lamps suspended from wooden posts, from which an arm projected. The light only penetrated a very short distance, and it was the custom always to use lanterns on the streets. The order of march when a family went out in the evening was: First, a slave bearing a lantern; then another slave bearing the shoes which were to be worn in the ballroom or theater, and other articles of full dress that were donned only after the destination was reached; and last, the family.

There were no cisterns in those days. The water of the Mississippi, filtrated, served as drinking water, while water for common household needs was obtained from wells dug on the premises.

New Orleans in the beginning of the nineteenth century was woefully deficient in promenades, drives and places of public amusement. The favorite promenade was the Levee, with its king's road, or *Chemin des Tchoupitoulas*, where twelve or fifteen Louisiana willow trees were planted facing the street corners, in whose shade were wooden benches without backs, upon which people sat in the afternoon, sheltered from the sun. These trees, which grow rapidly, extended from above St. Louis street to St. Philip. Outside the city limits was the Bayou road, with all its inconveniences of mud and dust, leading to the small plantations or truck farms forming the Gentilly district, and to those of Metairie Ridge. It was the fashion to spend an hour or two in the evening on this road, riding on horseback or in carriages of more or less elegance.

Almost up to the year 1800, the women of the city dressed with extreme simplicity. But little taste was displayed, either in the cut of their garments or in their ornaments. Headgear was almost unknown. If a lady went out in summer, she was bareheaded; if in winter, she usually wore a handkerchief or some other such trifle as the Spanish women delight in. And at home—so, at least, said those who had penetrated there—she even went about barefooted, shoes being expensive luxuries.

A short, round skirt, a long, basque-like over-garment; the upper part of their attire of one color, the lower of another, with a profuse display of ribbons and little jewelry—thus dressed, the mass of the female population of good condition went about visiting or attended the ball or theater.

But by 1802 the ladies of the city appeared in attire as different from that of 1799 as could well be imagined. A surprising richness and elegance of apparel had taken the place of the tasteless and primitive garb of the few preceding years. At that period, the natural charms of the ladies were heightened by a toilette of most captivating details. Their dresses were of the richest embroidered muslins, cut in the latest fashions, relieved by soft and brilliant transparent taffetas, by superb laces, and embroidered with gold. To this must be added rich earrings, collars, bracelets, rings and other adornments.

NEW ORLEANS IN 1805

When Governor Claiborne came down to inspect New Orleans and take possession of Louisiana, he noticed "a sawmill with two saws, turned by horses; a wooden-horse riding circus for children, a French theater, two banks, a customhouse, navy yard, a barracks, a fort, public warehouses, government house,

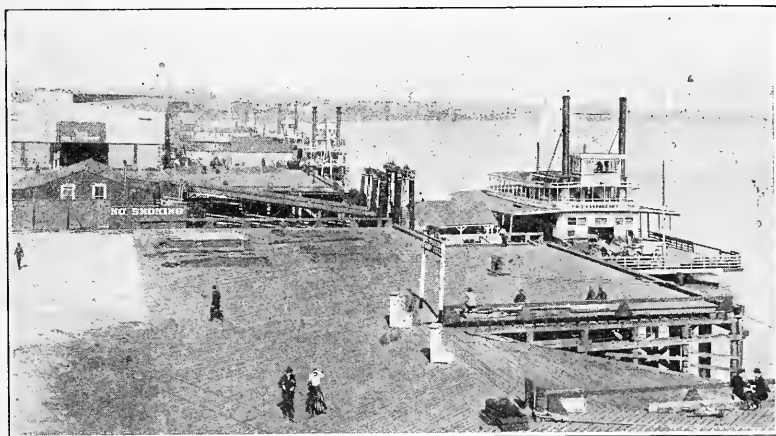
a Catholic Church of the first order in size and elegance, and the capitol, a superb building adjoining the church, both built by a Spaniard at an expense of half a million dollars, and presented by him to the Spanish government at New Orleans. The cotton presses of the city give much labor, and the 'pressing song' of the men is interesting. It is similar to the 'heave ho' of the sailor, with this difference, that several are engaged in singing and each has his part, consisting of two or three appropriate words, tuned to his own fancy so as to make harmony with the other. Other presses go by horse or steam power, where the men have no other labor than rolling the bales, untying, retying, etc. They repress a bale in seven or ten minutes."

NEW ORLEANS IN 1822

An old directory published in 1822 gives the following description of the New Orleans of that day:

"The city is regularly laid out; the streets are generally thirty-eight feet wide; but Orleans street is forty-five feet, Esplanade and Rampart each 108 feet; Canal street, 171, and Champs Elysees, 160 feet.

"The spacious streets which bound the city, Canal, Rampart, Esplanade and the Levee, have lately been planted with four rows of the sycamore or butternut tree, which in the course of a few years will afford a fine shade,



The Ferry Landing at Canal Street.

contribute to the health of the city and present one of the most elegant promenades in the United States. There are several large public squares, one of which, the Place of Arms, 350 feet on the levee by 330 feet in depth to Chartres street, is very handsome, being planted with trees and enclosed with an iron palisade, having beautifully ornamental gateways of the same metal. The Circus public square is planted with trees and enclosed, and is very noted on account of its being the place where the Congo and other negroes dance, carouse and debauch on the Sabbath, to the great injury of the morals of the rising generation. It is a foolish custom which elicits the ridicule of the most respectable persons who visit the city.

"Those streets that are not paved in the middle have brick sidewalks and gutters formed of wood, which are kept clean by the black prisoners of the city, who are generally runaways, carrying heavy chains to prevent them making their escape.

"The wells are generally from five to fifteen feet in depth. Drinking water and that used for cooking and washing is taken from the river, carried through the city for sale, in hogsheads or carts, and sold at the rate of four buckets for six-and-a-quarter cents, or fifty cents per hogshead. The water is either filtered through a porous stone or is placed in a large jar and cleared by alum, etc. The water is considered wholesome.

"The buildings were formerly almost entirely of wood, but those recently erected are for the most part of brick. The houses are built without cellars, in consequence of the dampness of the earth, but an experiment has lately been made in the new stores, New Levee, above Gravier street, which promises to be highly useful. The cellars are lined with strong plank, the joints of which are caulked and pitched to keep out the water, and which is found to answer, notwithstanding the surface of the water in the river is at this time higher than the bottom of the cellars.

"The city is guarded at night by about fifty armed men, who, during the day, are generally private citizens. They patrol the streets in small squads, which are generally—and should always be—composed of persons capable of speaking both French and English.

"A cannon is fired at 8 o'clock in the winter and 9 in the summer as a signal for all sailors, soldiers and blacks to go to their respective homes, and all such persons found in the streets afterward without a pass from their employers or masters are taken to the calaboose or city prison. It is also a notice for groceries and taverns, with the exception of a few reputable hotels and coffee houses, to be closed.

"The present population of the city and suburbs of the city is about 40,000. The population is much mixed, consisting of foreign and native French, Americans born in the state and from every state in the Union, a few Spaniards and foreigners from almost every nation.

"The State Prison, in 1821, contained 226 debtors and criminals. The debtor is confined in the same prison with the criminals.

"The Charity Hospital is in Canal, between Basin and St. Philip street, and the average number of the patients is 130. There were also the Masonic and Naval hospitals and a private hospital.

"The Poydras Female Orphan Asylum, situated at 153 Poydras street, is a neat, new frame building with a large garden. Any female child in want may be admitted by consent of the board, though not an orphan. This excellent charitable institution owed its existence primarily to the liberality of Julien Poydras, who contributed a house and the large lot on which the house now stands. The State Legislature voted \$4000.

"Among the public buildings is Market House, a neat building about 300 feet long, situated on the levee, near the Place of Arms, containing more than 100 stalls, erected in 1813.

"There are no less than nineteen lodges of the various orders of Free Masons in New Orleans, and the Grand Lodge of Louisiana was formed and constituted on the twentieth day of June, 1820.

"The means of extinguishing fires are twelve fire engines and ladders, hooks, and a great number of leather fire buckets. The citizens during a fire are generally active, and are set a worthy example by the indefatigable mayor and fire wardens, who, on an alarm, are the first to repair to the spot.

"Perhaps no city in the United States can boast of being better lighted than New Orleans. There are 250 of the most complete and brilliant reflecting lamps, suspended to iron chains, which are stretched from the corners of houses or high posts, diagonally across the junctions of the various streets, in such a manner as to be seen in a range from the middle of any street, the cost of which is about \$45 each."

THE FIRST THEATER

In 1802 New Orleans possessed a theater—such as it was—situated in St. Peter street in the middle of the block between Royal and Bourbon, on the left-hand side going toward the swamp. It was a long, low, wooden structure, built of cypress and alarmingly exposed to the dangers of fire. Here, in 1799, half a dozen actors and actresses, refugees from the insurrection in San Domingo, gave acceptable performances, rendering comedy, drama, vaudeville and comic operas. But, owing to various causes, the drama at this place of amusement fell into decline; the theater was closed after two years, and the majority of the actors and actresses were scattered. Some, however, remained, and these, with a few amateurs, formed another company in 1802. Several pieces were presented; among others, by the amateurs, "The Death of Caesar"—the character of the illustrious Roman being taken by an old citizen who had lived in the colony for forty years.

OLD-TIME DANCING

The devotees of the dance in those primitive days were compelled by circumstances to satisfy themselves with accommodations of the plainest description in the exercise of this amusement in public. In a plain, ill-conditioned, ill-lighted room in a wooden building situated on Conde street, between St. Ann and Dumaine, a hall perhaps eighty feet long and thirty feet wide, the adepts of Terpsichore met, unmasked, during the months of January and February, in what was called the Carnival Season, to indulge at the cost of fifty cents per head for entrance fee in the fatiguing pleasures of the contre-dances of that day. Along the sides of the hall were ranged boxes, ascending gradually, in which usually sat the non-dancing mammas and the wall-flowers of more tender years. The musicians were composed, usually, of five or six gypsies, and to the note of their violins the dancing went on gaily.

THE MARIGNY DUELS

Bernard Marigny, of the most illustrious family in Louisiana, was a great wag. Among his friends was a Monsieur Tissier, afterward a prominent judge, who was a confirmed "beau." Marigny delighted in nothing more than to quizz his friend, and did so upon every occasion. Meeting him in the street or in the ballroom, Marigny would throw up his hands, assume an attitude and expression of the most intense admiration, and exclaim: "What a beau you are! How I do admire you!" Monsieur Tissier bore it for a long time without remonstrance, but forbearance at last ceased to be a virtue, and he insisted that Monsieur Marigny should be more considerate of his feelings. Monsieur Marigny waited until he met his friend in the ballroom among the ladies, and repeated the offensive exclamation, whereupon Monsieur Tissier challenged him. The challenge was accepted, pistols were chosen, and the whilom friends repaired to the Oaks. They were placed in position, the word was about to be given, when Monsieur Marigny threw up his hands, his face assumed the old expression, and he said in tones of the deepest grief: "How I admire you! Is it possible that I am soon to make a corpse of Beau Tissier?" Monsieur Tissier's anger was not proof against this attack, and he burst into laughter, threw himself into his opponent's arms, and the duel was brought to a sudden and peaceful termination.

Another affair was recorded somewhat later, in which Monsieur Marigny was also one of the principals. Marigny was sent to the Legislature in 1817, at which time there was a very strong political antagonism between the Creoles and the Americans, which provoked many warm debates in the House and in the Senate. Catahoula parish was represented by a Georgian giant, an ex-blacksmith, named Humble, a man of plain ways but possessed of many sterling qualities. He was as remarkable for his immense stature as for his political diplomacy, standing as he did nearly seven feet in his stockings. It happened that an impassioned speech of Monsieur Marigny was replied to by the Georgian, and the latter was so extremely pointed in his allusions that his opponent felt himself aggrieved and sent a challenge to mortal combat. The Georgian was nonplussed. "I know nothing of this dueling business," said he. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You have the choice of weapons, and you can choose in such a way as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked time to consider the proposition, and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to Monsieur Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege, I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

Monsieur Marigny was about five feet six inches in height. The wit of the Georgian so pleased Monsieur Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied and the duel did not take place.

THE ELDER MARIGNY

The father of Bernard Marigny was a Creole of immense wealth and distinction. It was he who received Louis Philippe when he came to this country, on his plantation, which comprised the territory afterward laid out as a

faubourg, and now the most densely populated portion of the city. When the father died, Bernard inherited his wealth, and laid out the plantation in squares and called it the Faubourg Marigny. The ground was sold at a large profit, and Bernard became the wealthiest man of his time.



Carondelet and Canal Streets.

THE FIRST EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

There were a few Indian slaves. They were always troublesome, not submitting to slavery as readily as their African brethren, and becoming finally so dangerous that the government interfered and issued the first American emancipation proclamation, freeing all the Indians. The result was a negro uprising, which was put down only with considerable loss of life, and which was commemorated for some time afterward by the decapitated heads of the negro leaders, which were stuck on pikes at the city gates to overawe the colored population.

GOVERNMENT TROOPS OF THE OLD DAYS

These troops, which the government had managed to collect at some trouble were a very hard set. They spent most of their time singing, drinking and gambling in the cabarets on Toulouse street. They were allowed a good deal of freedom, and did pretty much what they pleased. Occasionally, however, when after a long spree on very bad tafia, they ran amuck and grew so violent as to knock down and beat some quiet and inoffensive farmer from the German coast, come to the city with a cargo of cabbages to sell, they were locked up in the guardhouse until they could sober off, and perhaps received in addition a dozen or so lashes.

This was far from being agreeable medicine for them, and, on the very first opportunity, they mutinied, killed their officers, and like Captain Dalgetty, entered the service of any country that would have them. If, however, they were caught, it fared badly with them. Military discipline was loose in Louisiana—the men knew more about tafia than guns, and spent more of their time in cabarets than in bastions—but military punishment had caught some of nice little ideas from the Inquisition. A recaptured mutineer was treated in a very emphatic and exemplary manner. Dressed in the “wedding garments of the grave,” he was nailed alive in a neat, comfortable cypress coffin, which was then slowly sawed in half by the executioner.

If the deserter escaped, but could not reach any neighboring nation, he generally took to the woods, fraternized with the savages, married a squaw, became a chief, and in a little while had forgotten his language, his religion and his name.

OLD-TIME HIGH COST OF LIVING

Rents on the Rue de la Levee and the streets nearest to the river were much higher than in other parts of the town. Immigration had tended to double the price of nearly every commodity, and as the commerce of the place was carried on near the levee, in front of the city, where were moored the flat-boats, the pirogues and the schooners and few barks and ships that constituted the shipping, rooms and houses in that quarter were held at high rents. A barrel of rice cost in the market from \$8.00 to \$9.00; a turkey from \$1.50 to \$2.00; a capon from 75 cents to \$1.00; a hen from 50 to 75 cents; a pair of small pigeons 75 cents; a barrel of flour from \$7.00 to \$8.00.

NIGHT WATCHMEN

The city was guarded at night by Spanish watchmen, who sang out the hours as well as the state of the weather: “Nine o’clock and cloudy,” or “Ten o’clock and the weather is clear,” as the case might be. In the daytime the gens-d’armes patrolled the city in squads of four or five, each with a full uniform of gold lace, cocked hat and sword. Many were the battles fought between the gens-d’armes and the flat-boatmen.

THE FIRST PARISH PRISON

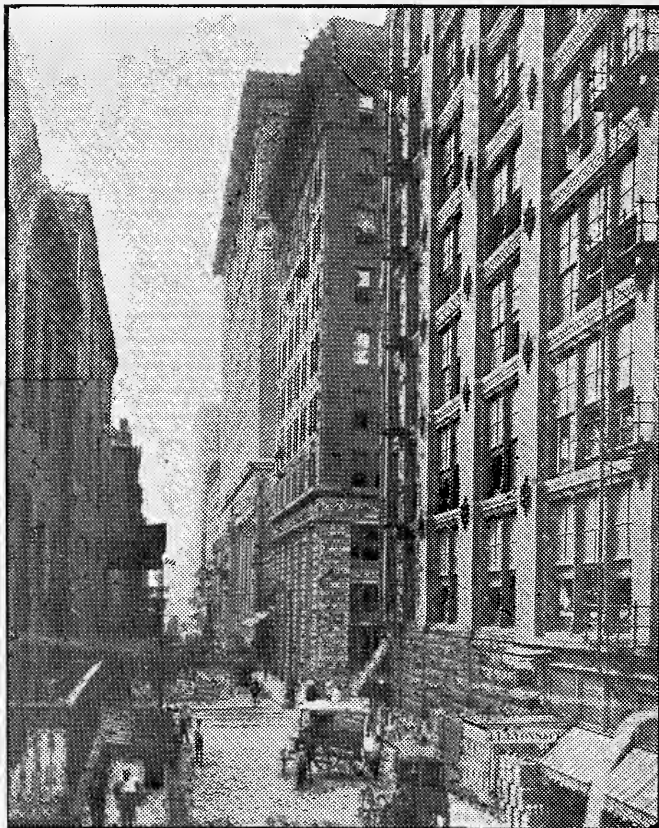
After the close of the war with England New Orleans began to grow rapidly and overflowed beyond its ancient boundaries. A new and larger prison became necessary, and in 1834 the foundations for the prison back of Congo Square were laid. As soon as it was completed all the prisoners were carried thither, and the work of demolishing the calaboose was commenced. It was a work of much more difficulty than was expected. The mortar of the Spaniards, made from the lime of lake shells, was as tenacious as the most durable cement and would not yield. It was found easier to cut through the solid bricks than to try to separate them; and therefore the work of tearing the old dungeon down occupied some time. There is a story of how the workmen discovered skeletons bricked up in the walls, and chains and shackles in the vaults, but none of our citizens who were living at that time ever saw any of these ghastly souvenirs of Spanish rule. Beneath the building, it is true, they came across some three or four deep vaults, which had apparently not been used for years, and this was enough to give rise to reports that they had discovered the dungeons of the Spanish Inquisition. The tale has come down, and many of the old Creoles still believe it.

PERE ANTOINE

It was in 1789 that Father Antonio de Sedella was sent to New Orleans for the avowed purpose of introducing the Spanish Inquisition into this city. Miro was then the governor, and he is called in the ancient chronicles, "Just, humane and fearless." He received the reverend father, heard his mission, and dismissed him to the place appointed for him, saying that troops should be sent to his residence without delay. The troops came, according to the ancient story, and hurried him to the levee, put him on board a Spanish vessel and sent him back to Cadiz.

The Inquisition was never planted on the shores of the new land.

A few years later Pere Antoine came back, but by that time he had dismissed all thought of the Inquisition. He made himself so beloved by the people that his



Scene in Gravier Street.

memory is yet revered as that of a great Saint by the Catholics of New Orleans. He is buried under the altar of St. Francis, in the Cathedral; but there are not many who know his resting place, and even the priests of the old church have forgotten it. Several portraits of him are still in existence. The shadow of the monk thus preserved compels respect and admiration. He seems to have had a grand old face, long, and yet massive in its length. His snowy beard flowed down even to the hempen girdle at his waist, and, together with his tonsure, lent him the holy aspect of a medieval St. Anthony; his habit was of the coarsest brown material, and his naked feet were protected by wooden sandals.

He lived like an anchorite, though dwelling in the heart of the city. In the rear of the old St. Louis Cathedral—where he has slept since 1829—he built himself a rude hermitage. It was a hideous little hut of planks and boughs, much more

uncomfortable than a dog kennel, and much more exposed to weather than a cow shed. It had no furniture but a bed, made of two hard boards; a stool and a holy water font. But here the good priest slept and ate and prayed, blessing God alike, whether it rained or froze; dispensing alms to the poor, and fighting the devil and his angels. Although at his death he left little or nothing, his income must certainly have been enormous, for he never visited a scene of birth, of death, or of marriage, without receiving some gift of the world's goods, and his daily visits were many. His charity, however, was greater than his income; and his purse, like that of the fairy tale, was being forever emptied, though fresh gold always glittered in the place of that taken out. This purse, tradition says, was a great bag filled with clinking coin, and carried at the girdle. Whenever Father Antoine appeared upon the street, with cowl and sandaled feet, and with that delightful purse, all the children of the French quarter followed after him, like the children of Hamelin after the Pied Piper. They would kneel down beside him in the mud to ask his blessing, and they never failed to demand that a lagniappe in the shape of a small coin be thrown in with the blessing.

The good Father died at the age of eighty-one years amid the lamentations of the entire community. So beloved was the old priest by all classes and denominations that we even find in the papers of that day a published call to attend the funeral issued by the Masons of all branches. This call contained the following:

"Masons! Remember that Father Antoine never refused to accompany to their last abode the mortal remains of our brothers; and gratitude now requires that we, of all rites and degrees, should, in our turn, accompany him thither with all the respect and veneration he so well deserved."

The Masons responded to the call. The whole city went forth to honor the dead. The newspapers suspended publication. The theaters were closed, the courts adjourned, and the City Council wore crape on the left arm for thirty days in memory of the priest who had come to this city to introduce the Inquisition. This was the tribute to the greatest humanitarian of his day.

SCENES AROUND THE OLD PLACE D'ARMES

Here, in front of the Place d'Armes, everything was congregated—the Cathedral, the convent of the Capuchins, the Government House, the colonial prison and the government warehouses. Around the Square stretched the leading restaurants and botiques of the town; on the side was the Market, where not only meat, fruit and vegetables were sold, but hats, shoes and handkerchiefs; while in front was the public landing. Here was the religious, military, industrial, commercial and social center of the city. Here the troops paraded on fete days, and here even the public executions took place, the criminals being either shot or nailed alive in their coffins and then slowly sawed in half. Here on holidays all the varied, heterogeneous population of the town gathered—fiery Louisiana Creoles, still carrying rapiers, ready for prompt use at the slightest insult to their jealous honor; habitants fresh from Canada; rude trappers and hunters, voyageurs and coureurs-des-bois; plain, unpretending 'Cadians from the Attakapas, arrayed in their home-made blue cottonades and redolent of the herds of cattle they had brought with them; lazy emigre nobles, banished to this new world under lettres-de-cachet for interfering with the king's amours or taking too deep an interest in politics; yellow sirens from San Domingo, speaking a soft bastard French; staid and energetic Germans from the "German coast," with flaxen hair and Teutonic names, but speaking the purest of French; haughty Castilian soldiers, clad in the bright uniforms of the Spanish Cazadores; dirty Indians of the Houma and Natchez tribes, some free, some slaves; negroes of every hue, from dirty white to deepest black; and, lastly, the human trash, ex-galley slaves and adventurers, shipped to the colony to be gotten rid of. Here, too, in the Place d'Armes, the stranger could shop cheaper, if not better, than in the boutiques around it, for half the trade and business of the town was itinerant. Here passed peddling merchants, mainly Catalans and provençals, who, instead of carrying their packs upon their backs, had their goods spread out in a coffin-shaped vehicle, which they wheeled before them; colored marchandes selling callas and cakes; and milk and coffee women, carrying their immense cans well balanced upon their turbaned heads. All through the day went up the never-ceasing cries of the various street hawkers, from the "Barataria! Barataria!" and the "Callas tout chauds!" in the early morning to the "Belles Chandelles!" that went up as twilight deepened from the sturdy negresses who sold the only light of the colony—horrible, dim, ill-smelling and smoky candles made from the green wax-myrtle.

THE CONQUERING HERO

The cold blast blew through the square; the leaves shriveled up and dropped from the trees. But though Nature was asleep, New Orleans was not. The square was covered with all colors, all races, all ages, in holiday attire and smiling faces, save here and there a dress of black and an eye glistening with tears. From the balconies of the Town Hall and the parsonage opposite looked down the Creole belles of the city. The old cathedral was burnished up in splendid style, its whole front wreathed in hanging evergreens. In the open space in the center of the square stood a tall arch of triumph, supported by six Corinthian pillars. Beneath this arbor stood two little girls, in white muslin dresses, radiant in many-colored ribbons. From this to the cathedral door



CAMP STREET
The Times-Picayune Building on Left.

extended on either side a long line of evergreens, upheld by golden lances from each of which floated a flag embroidered with the emblazoned arms and motto of a sovereign state. Beside each banneret stood as guardian a fair Creole, upon her forehead a silver star, over her arm a basket filled with blooming flowers.

Upon the other side, leading to the levee, stood two long ranks of soldiers; upon the right hand, a company of mulattoes. Next to them, a body of Choctaw Indians, plumed, painted and blanketed as usual. Opposite these stood a set of rough-looking men, with long, unwashed faces, and scraggy, unshaven beards, arrayed in dirty woolen hunting shirts of dingy blues and browns, and pants of butternut or grass-green color. Upon their heads, fur caps, adorned with bushy tails that spoke of raccoon and squirrel hunts in the wilds of Kentucky

or Tennessee; in their rough, untanned deerskin belts, rows of knives, pistols and tomahawks, and on their shoulders their trusty rifles, no two alike in length, size or make.

Suddenly a roar of cannon on the levee echoed through the square, the boys on the treetops shouted, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the soldiers brightened up and strove to assume military attitudes as a group of half a dozen men entered the levee gate.

The first man who entered was a tall, gaunt old man with iron-gray hair. His face was beardless and wrinkled, and an expression of severity and sternness gave it a forbidding aspect. His dress was simple, almost threadbare. A leather cap protected his head, an old blue cloak his body.

A single glance revealed Andrew Jackson. Though different in dress, his form and face were the same which in bronze today look down upon and protect the square.

As they walked up these human aisles, cheers on cheers went up in endless succession. They neared the arch, the general stopped, the two little girls mounted on tiptoe, removed his cap and dropped a laurel wreath on his brow, which blushed a rosy red beneath its weather-beaten sallowness.

A young lady holding in her hand a banner bearing the proud name of Louisiana stepped forward and in that name welcomed "the hero of New Orleans." The old soldier's face brightened, and in a trembling voice he had begun: "Ladies of Louisiana—" when the young ladies drew handfuls of flowers from their baskets and drowned the general in a floral rain.

THE CREOLE MATRON OF THE OLD TIMES

The Creole matron is the inevitable duenna of the parlor and the constant attendant chaperone at all public assemblies; an ever-vigilant guide and protector against aught that may offend the fine feeling, the noble pride or the generous heart of the demoiselle. And when the time comes for la belle to marry, she does not trust her own unguided fancies, although she may have read in story-books of gallant knights. The Creole matron saves her all the trouble in the perplexing choice of a husband, and manages the whole affair with extreme skill, tact and ability. The preliminaries arranged, the selected husband is invited to the house, the drawing room cleared of all superfluities, and the couple left to an agreeable tete-a-tete, during which they behave like sensible children and exchange vows and rings. The nuptial mass at the church follows, and there is no breaking of engagements or hearts in Creole etiquette.

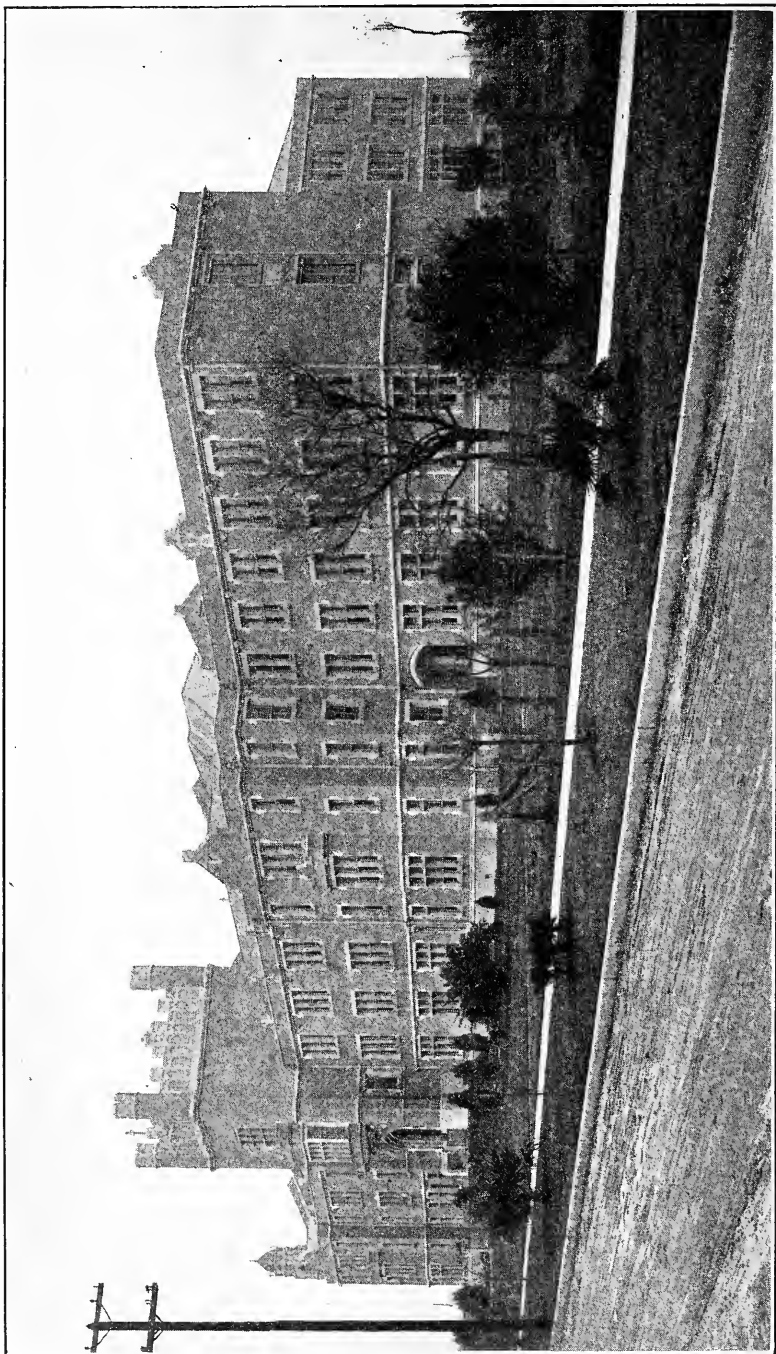
A TASTE OF THE OLD CREOLE SONG

George W. Cable, in his readings some years ago, gave a number of specimens of Creole dialect songs, of which the following is an example:

"Z'autres qu'a di moin, ca yon bonheur;
Et moin va di, ca yon peine—
D'Amour quand porte le chaine,
Adieu, corri tout bonheur!
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi,
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi,
Pauvre piti' Mamzel Zizi,
Li gagnin doulor, doulor, doulor—
Li gagnin doulor dons coeur a li!"

The sober English of this is:

"Others say it is your happiness,
I say it is your sorrow;
When we are enchanted by love
Farewell to all happiness!
Poor little Miss Zizi,
Poor little Miss Zizi,
Poor little Miss Zizi,
She has sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
She has sorrow in her heart!"



New Ursulines' School, State Street.

STORY OF THE PLAN FOR THE RESCUE OF NAPOLEON

It is not generally known, perhaps, that one of the most daring plots for the rescue of a prisoner ever made, in fact or fiction, was elaborated in this city, and that the prisoner was the Emperor Napoleon. The man who was to carry out the scheme was a retired sea captain named Bossiere, who was ready for any adventure and would look death in the face with an unflinching eye.

The most interesting incident connected with Captain Bossiere, or retired sea captain, was that which, many years ago, was quite familiar to many of our citizens. This was the fact that his vessel, the *Seraphine*, was built for a special purpose, and a large sum of money was made up in New Orleans and in Charleston to carry out that object, and complete her in a style that would render her the fastest vessel in the world, the staunchest and the most navigable.

Bossiere was the chief agent of the parties engaged in this plot. To him was assigned the supervision of the building and equipment of the vessel. When launched in the great enterprise to which she had been dedicated, Bossiere with a picked crew was to command her.

The object of the parties thus enlisted in the adventure in question was the rescue of the Emperor Napoleon from his rocky prison in the island of St. Helena. The plot was well laid. Several old French residents of New Orleans engaged warmly in it. Among these was Nicholas Girod, mayor of the city for several terms, the same who received Jackson on his entrance into the city in 1814, and of whose gallantry and efficiency Jackson bore eloquent testimony in his general orders. He was a sturdy, patriotic and philanthropic old gentleman, and at his death made the handsome bequest to the city known as the Girod legacy.

Mr. Girod was an intense and devoted friend and admirer of the great Napoleon and a vigorous hater of the British. He never tired in his denunciation of the brutality of imprisoning so illustrious a man in that miserable island, and with other old Napoleonists was constantly devising means for his escape. As a proof of his confidence in this expectation he had erected what was then considered the finest building in the city, at the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets, which he intended to donate to the emperor as his future residence in this city.

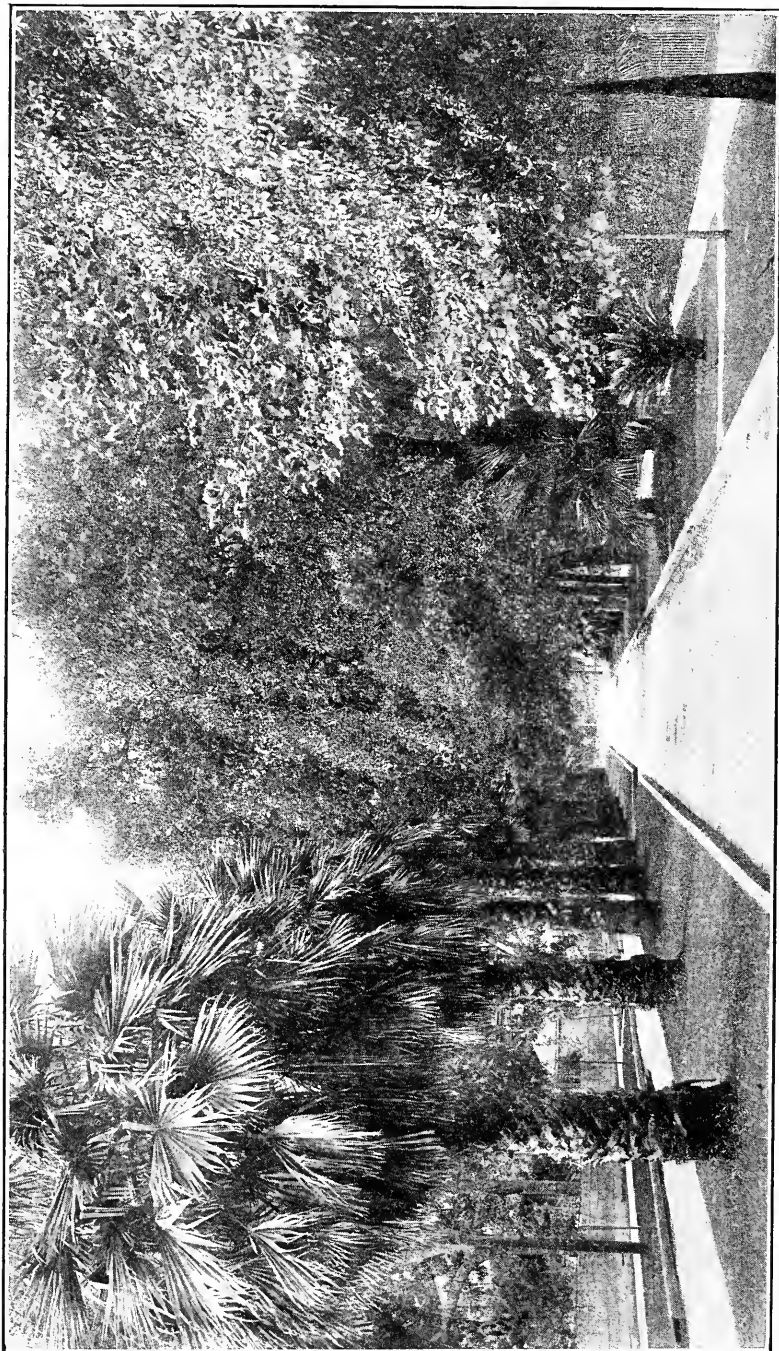
It was in co-operation with him and other old Napoleonists in this city and Charleston that Bossiere proceeded with great energy in constructing and equipping his clipper. When completed, she proved to be a beauty—a model of a fast sailing and strong clipper of about 200 tons. The crew, too, had already been engaged and thoroughly drilled. They were picked sailors and fighters, men of the most desperate character. Bossiere had been provided with the most accurate maps of the harbor and plans of the fortifications, with the stations and armaments of the various ships of war guarding the island, and with the regulations of the military force and garrison.

Bossiere's whole soul was in this enterprise. But alas, man proposes, God disposes. Three days before that which had been fixed for the departure of the *Seraphine*, the news reached America of the death of the great Napoleon, on the 5th of May, 1821. Never was a man stricken with more poignant grief than Bossiere.

THE LAST PUBLIC EXECUTION

In former years all, or nearly all, executions were public, but the last one was that of Delisle and Adams, the former a Creole and the latter a Frenchman, who were convicted of murdering a woman in what is now the Third district. They saw the woman secrete a bag containing what they thought was specie, and they killed her to obtain possession of it; when, to their consternation, the bag was found to contain pecans. The circumstances surrounding their execution were so horrible that a riot was imminent. It is said that they appeared—to the eyes of the multitude assembled on the neutral ground in Orleans street—on the small gallery extending across the alley or court between the two buildings, the male and the female departments, which form the Parish Prison.

Delisle was violent and demonstrative, while Adams was subdued and quiet, and wished to precipitate matters. Ropes were adjusted around their necks,



An Uptown Street in New Orleans.

Delisle expostulating loudly all the time. The weather was dark and gloomy, a somber cloud overspread the face of the sky, angry flashes of lightning lit up the scene, followed by the dull, rolling noise of the thunder in the distance.

The trap fell, and at the same instant a blinding flash of lightning, instantaneously followed by a loud clap of thunder, almost frightened the people into spasms. The rain poured down in torrents. Many fled the terrible scene, rendered doubly terrible by the ominous appearance of the heavens. When the fear, which was only momentary with most of those present, had somewhat subsided, the ropes were seen dangling and swaying loosely in the wind, for there was nothing at the lower end.

On the flagging beneath the gallows two forms were seen lying on the pavement—they were the bodies of Delisle and Adams. The former started to crawl away on hands and feet, and the latter lay moaning with pain. His arm was broken. Pity for the two men became predominant in the hearts of the multitude; but the law was inexorable, and its servants were compelled to perform their horrible duty. The two men were picked up and conducted back to their former positions on the scaffold, despite the torrents of rain which fell, and, in defiance of what seemed to the terror-stricken people to be an intervention of Providence, they were hanged.

The police force at that time was under the command of Steve O'Leary, and he, with a detail of fully two hundred men, had great difficulty in quieting the mob during the confusion which ensued.

This execution was viewed with so much abhorrence and indignation throughout the city that the Legislature, at its next session, passed a law prohibiting public executions.

MCDONOGH'S PRECEPTS

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The following precepts were inscribed on the tomb of the philanthropist who left a fortune to New Orleans for schools:

Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence.

Time is gold, throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

Do unto all men as you would be done by.

Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

Never bid another do what you can do yourself.

Never covet what is not your own.

Never think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice.

Never give out that which does not first come in.

Never spend but to produce.

Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life.

Study in your course of life to do the greatest possible amount of good.

Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality.

Labor then to the last moment of your existence.

AN OLD RISE IN THE RIVER

The Mississippi, in the spring of 1844, began to rise early and rapidly, and for more than a month rushed by the city brimful, threatening devastation on all sides. About the first of May the waters began to decrease, having exhausted their supply, and in the course of a few weeks, safety seemed assured, when, on the afternoon of the 30th of May, the bank above the point at Algiers caved in, carrying with it a number of small shanties and some cotton. Below this spot stood, besides the boathouses, a large salt and produce warehouse and a tavern, but no one for a moment supposed that these buildings, situated some distance from the water, were in danger. The evil was thought to be past, but that evening at about half past nine, while most of the residents of Algiers were at church, the alarm was sounded that the whole point was going down into the water. In an instant the church was deserted, and all flocked to the river just in time to see the roof of the old warehouse whirled away by the angry, seething flood, into the darkness of the stormy night. When the morning broke, not a vestige of the boathouse or the other buildings near them remained; and on the spot where they had stood the lead found nine fathoms of water. Nothing in any of the buildings was saved except a canary in its cage, which was rescued from the Algerine boat-house by Mr. Clark, one of the boat-club.

BIENVILLE, FOUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS

It was entirely due to Bienville's perspicacity and obstinacy that New Orleans was finally made the capital of the French possessions in America. The state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans have ill requited him. In the United States Customhouse there is a basso-relievo in marble of Bienville, which is the only monument ever erected to him in New Orleans. A single street bears his name, thanks to de la Tour, his own engineer. Beyond this, New Orleans has done nothing to honor the man to whom she owes her foundation, and whom for years her people called "father."

COTTON AND SUGAR IN 1802

In the faubourg that extended above the city, with a frontage of 600 yards by a depth of 300, were two establishments where cotton was cleaned, put up in bales and weighed. The only other factory that deserved the name, also in the faubourg, was a sugar refinery, where brown sugar was transformed into a white sugar of fine appearance. This establishment the city owed to the enterprise of certain French refugees from San Domingo.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN 1802

Of the public buildings which are familiar to the eyes of the present generation, only the French Market, the Cathedral and the Cabildo remain. The Cathedral was not yet finished, and lacked those quaint white Spanish towers and the central belfry which in 1814 and 1815 were added to it. The "Very Illustrious Cabildo," which held weekly meetings in the building by that name, was the municipal body of New Orleans. It was composed of twelve individuals called regidors, and was presided over by the Governor General or his Civil Lieutenant. Jackson Square, called then the Place d'Armes, was used as a review-ground by the troops, and was resorted to by nurses and children—the elders taking their airing on the levee, or the Grand Chemin that fronted the houses of the Rue de la Levee. The Square was then but a grass plot, barren of trees, and used as a playground by the children. It was rather a ghostly place, too, for the children to play. A wooden gallows stood in the middle of it for several years, and more than one poor fellow was swung off into eternity about the spot where General Jackson now sits in effigy. Then, there were no trees, no flowers, and there was no watchman to drive away the little fellows at play. The gallows was not the only stern and forbidding and uncongenial thing about the place, either; for the Calabosa stood just opposite.

RULES REGARDING THE TREATMENT OF SLAVES

"Slaves," said Article 20 of the ordinance, "who shall not be properly fed, clad and provided for by their masters may give information thereof to the attorney general of the Superior Council, or to any officer of justice of an inferior jurisdiction, and may put the written exposition of their wrongs into their hands; upon which information, and even ex-officio, should the information come from another quarter, the attorney general shall prosecute said masters without charging any costs to the complainants. It is our loyal will that this regulation be observed in all accusations for crimes or barbarous and inhuman treatment brought by slaves against their masters." Slaves, disabled from working, either from old age, disease or otherwise, be the disease incurable or not, were to be fed and provided for by their masters, and in case of being abandoned by said masters, said slaves were to be adjudged to the nearest hospital, to which said masters were compelled to pay eight cents a day for the food and maintenance of each of these slaves, and for the payment of this sum said hospital had a lien on the plantation of the master.

DESCRIPTION OF JEAN LAFITTE

Lafitte's person is thus described: He was a well-formed, handsome man, about six feet two inches in height, strongly built, with large hazel eyes and black hair, and generally wore a mustache. Dressed in a green uniform and an otter-skin cap. He was a man of polite and easy manners, generous disposition, and of such winning address that his influence over his followers was almost absolute.

DR. ANTOMMARCHI

That the plot to free the Emperor Napoleon and bring him to New Orleans was known to and authorized by Napoleon's staff at St. Helena was long afterwards acknowledged by Dr. Antommarchi and Marshal Bertrand, who visited the city some years after the death of their chief. Dr. Antommarchi testified his appreciation of the generous impulses and sentiments of the people of New Orleans by presenting a death mask of Napoleon, which, though for many years kept in the City Hall, is now on exhibition at the Cabildo.

THE ACADIANS

The "Cajan" was as prolific as his Canadian cousin. In 1765-66 some 866 Acadians arrived at New Orleans; in 1788 a few more came, making altogether, perhaps, one thousand; who in the lapse of less than a century, numbered at least 40,000, covering the whole western part of the state.

In Louisiana the expelled people were free from persecutions and found a kindred tongue. They settled in the western portion of the state, on the prairies of the Opelousas, where they mainly live to this day, wonderfully increased in numbers, but in many respects the same primitive people they were when they left Nova Scotia.



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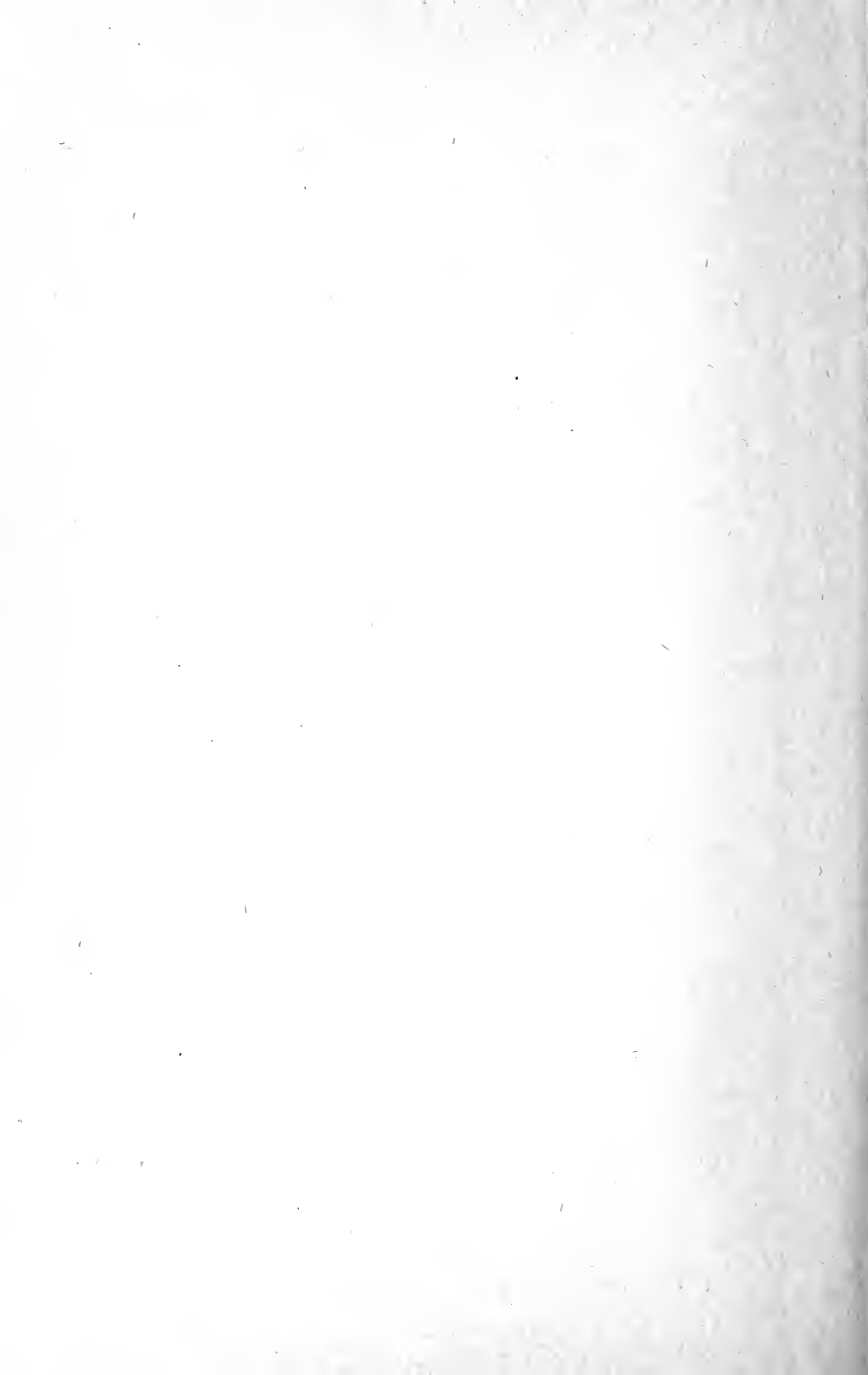
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